

SMASH

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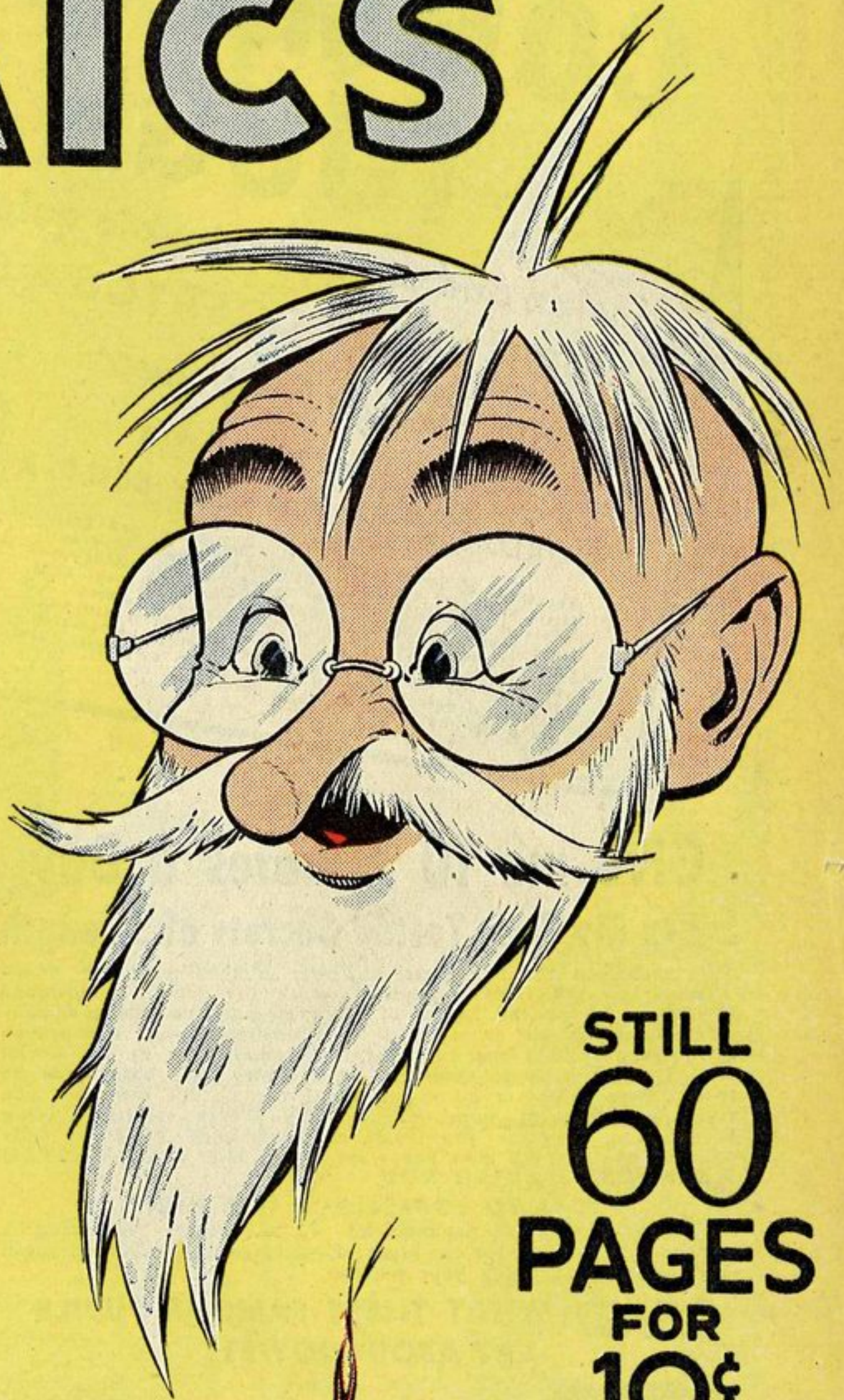


FEBRUARY
No. 69

COMICS

MIDNIGHT

GETS THE BIRD FROM
SIR NUTS!



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



-JACK COLE-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

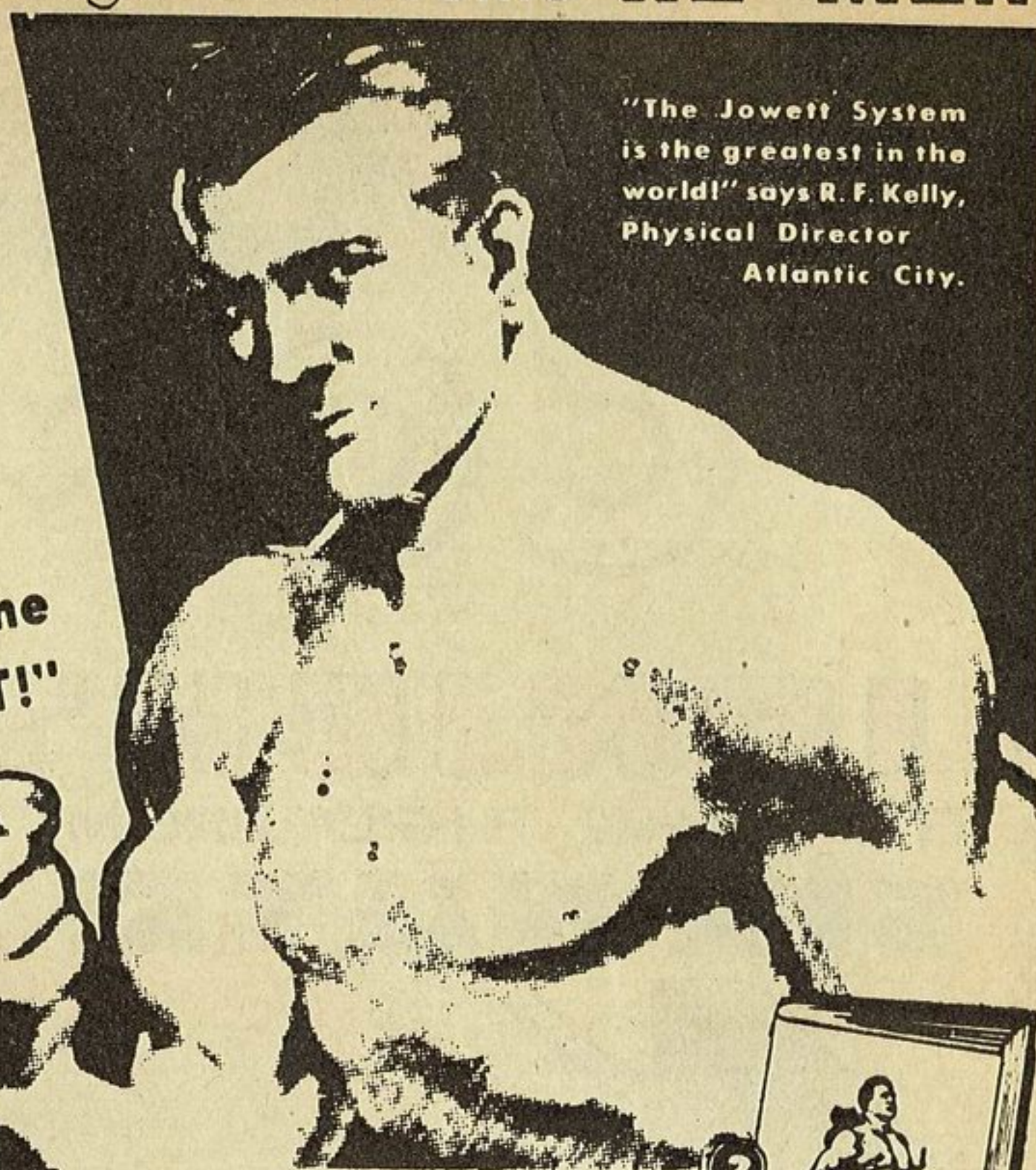
"Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF **COMMANDO -TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept Q-72 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept Q-72 New York 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- ☐ All 5 courses for.....\$1
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME.....Age.....
(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS.....

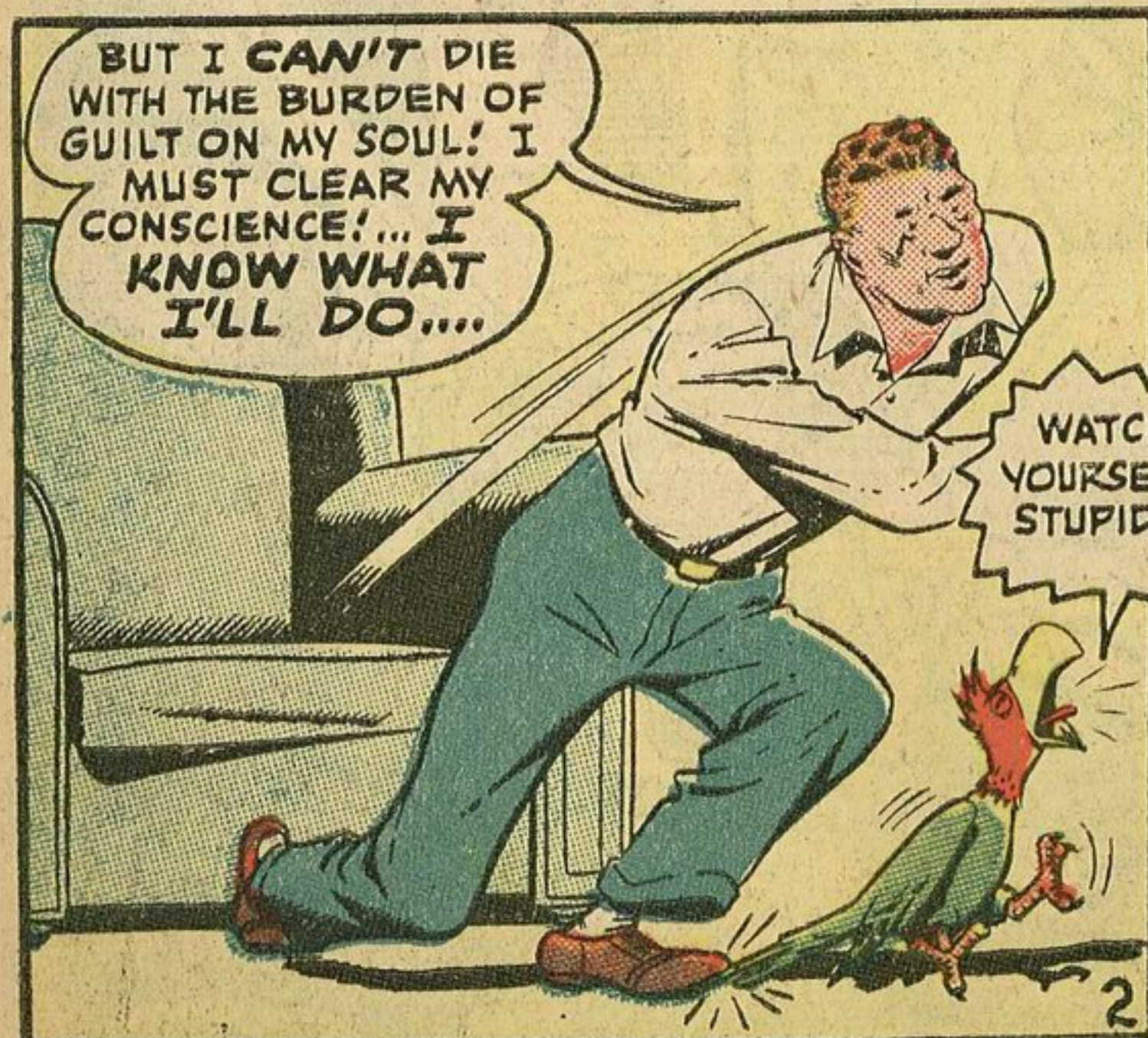
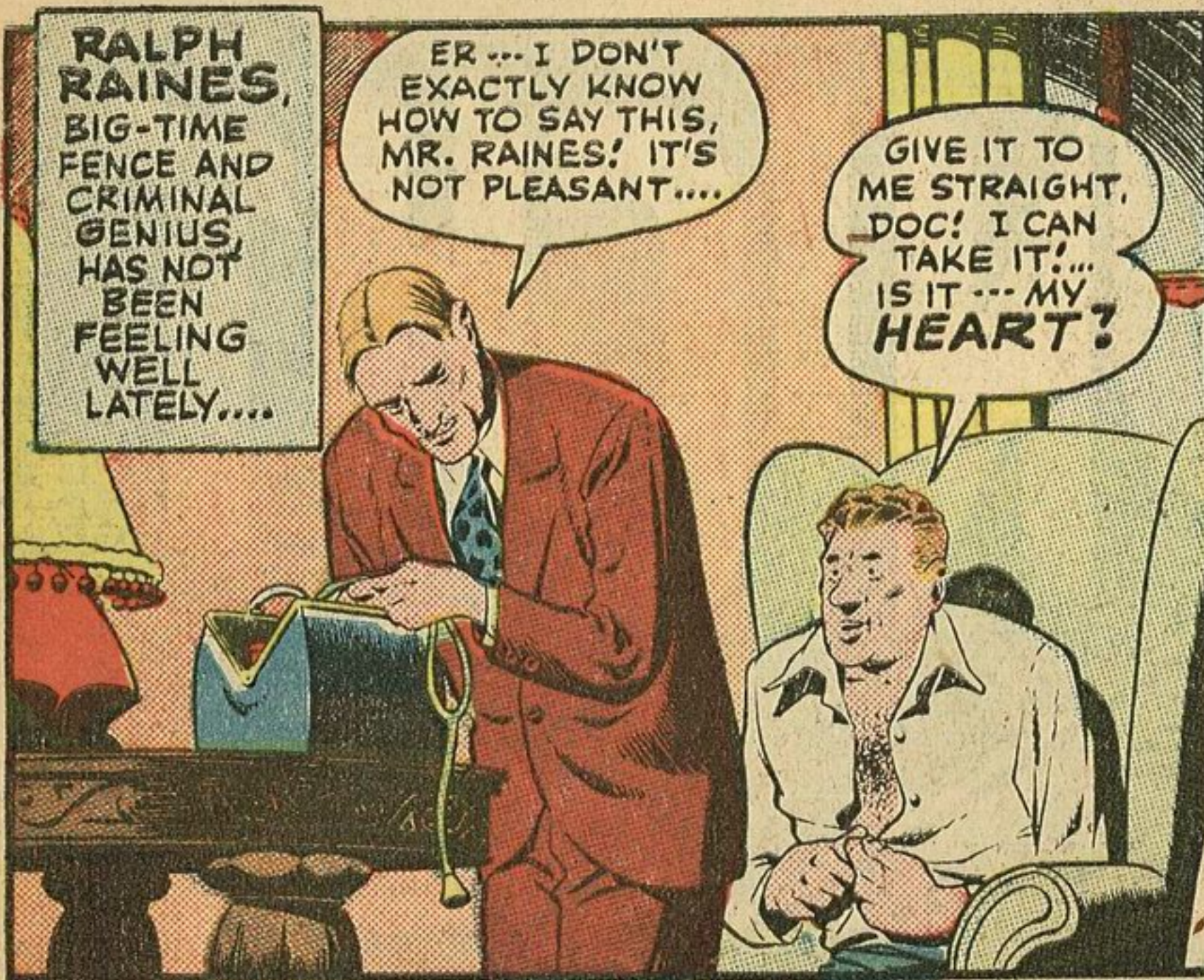
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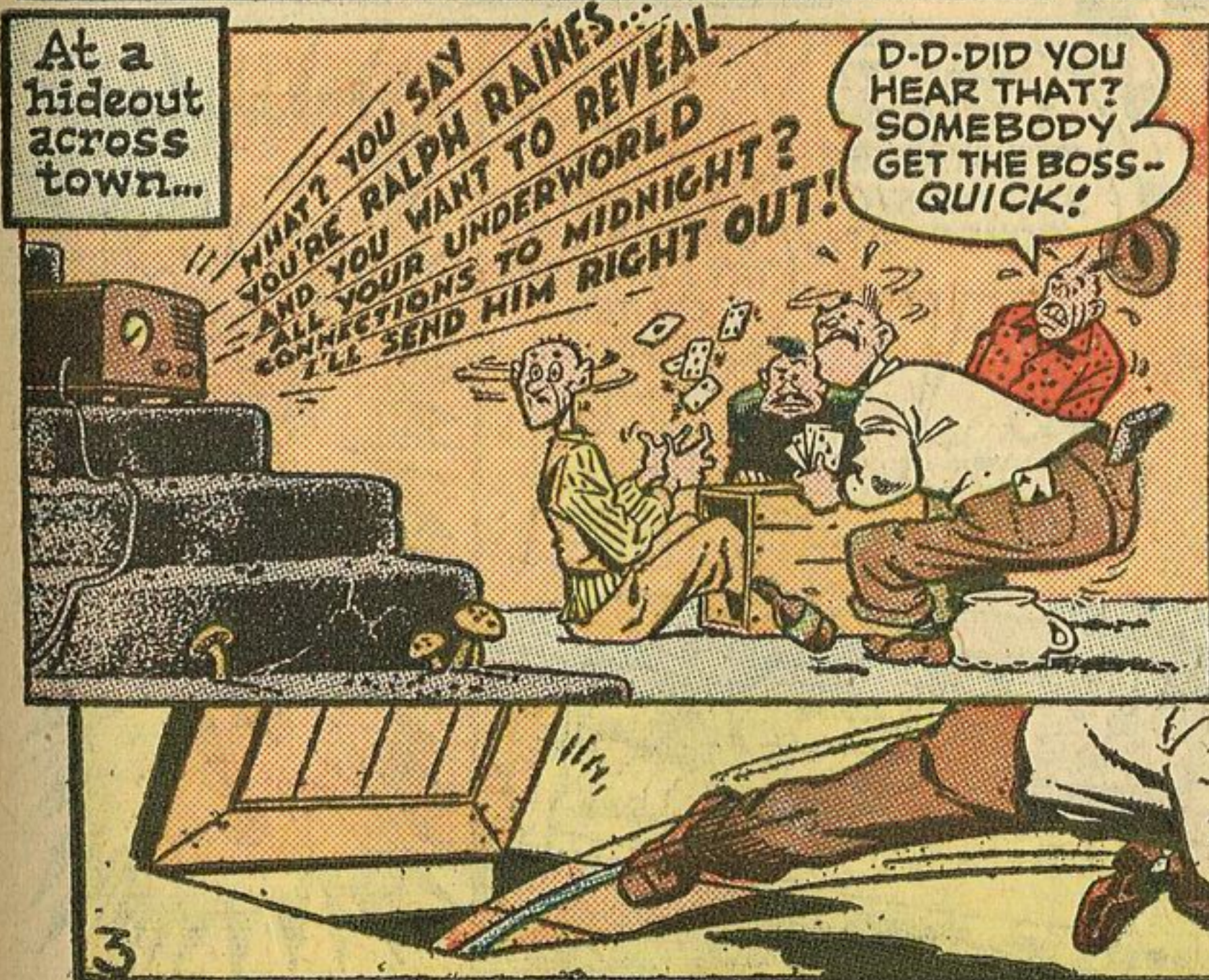
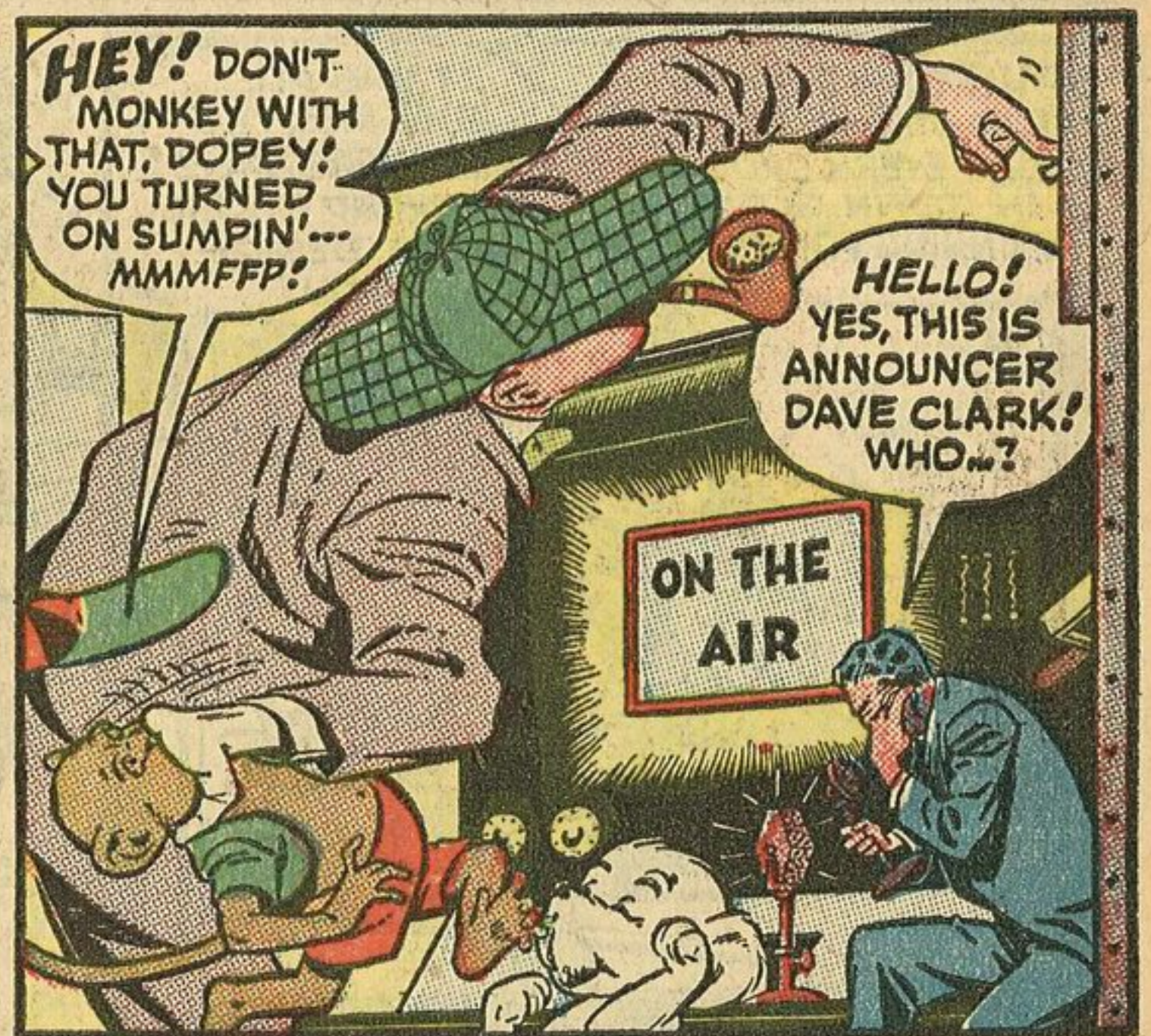
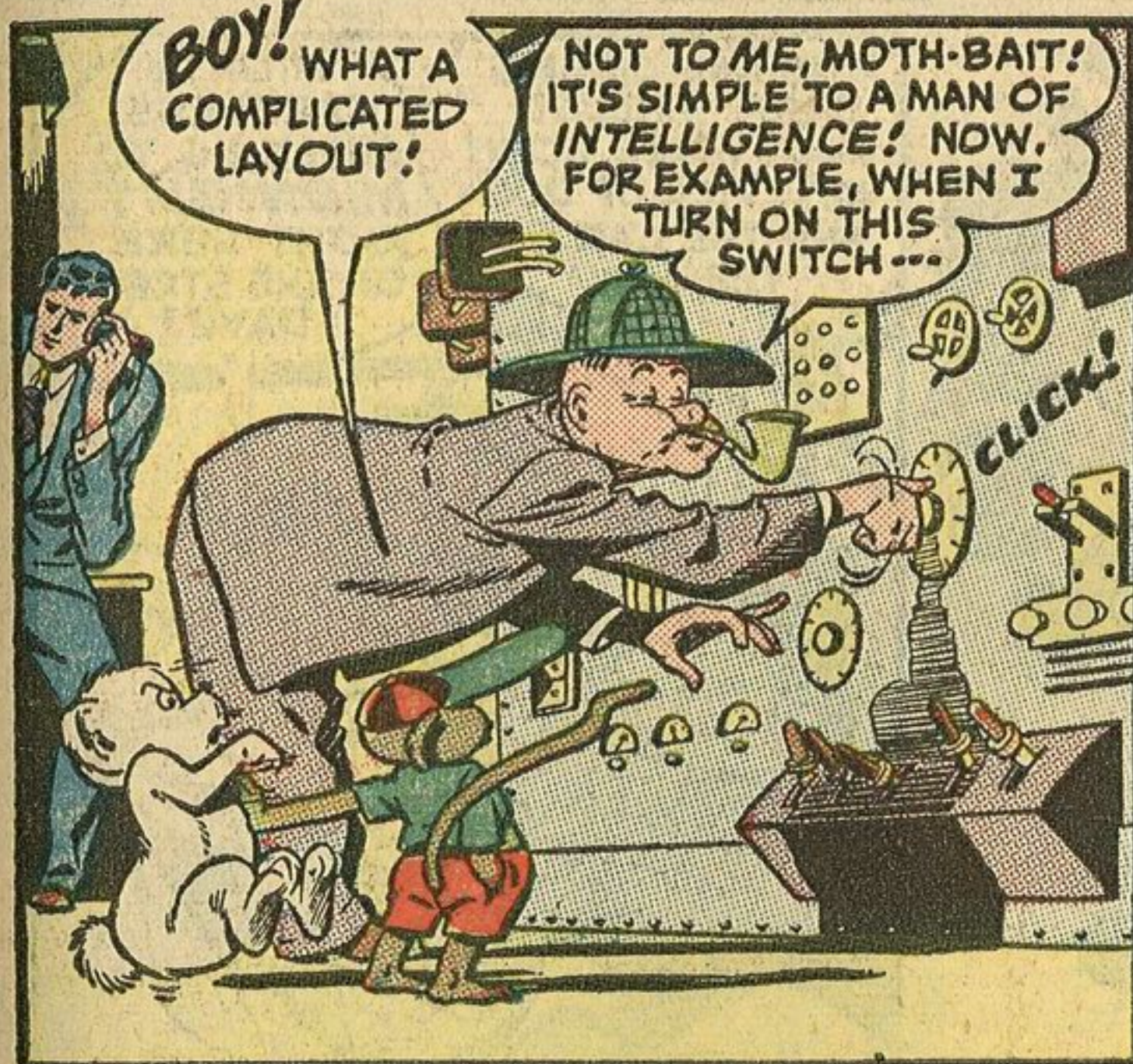
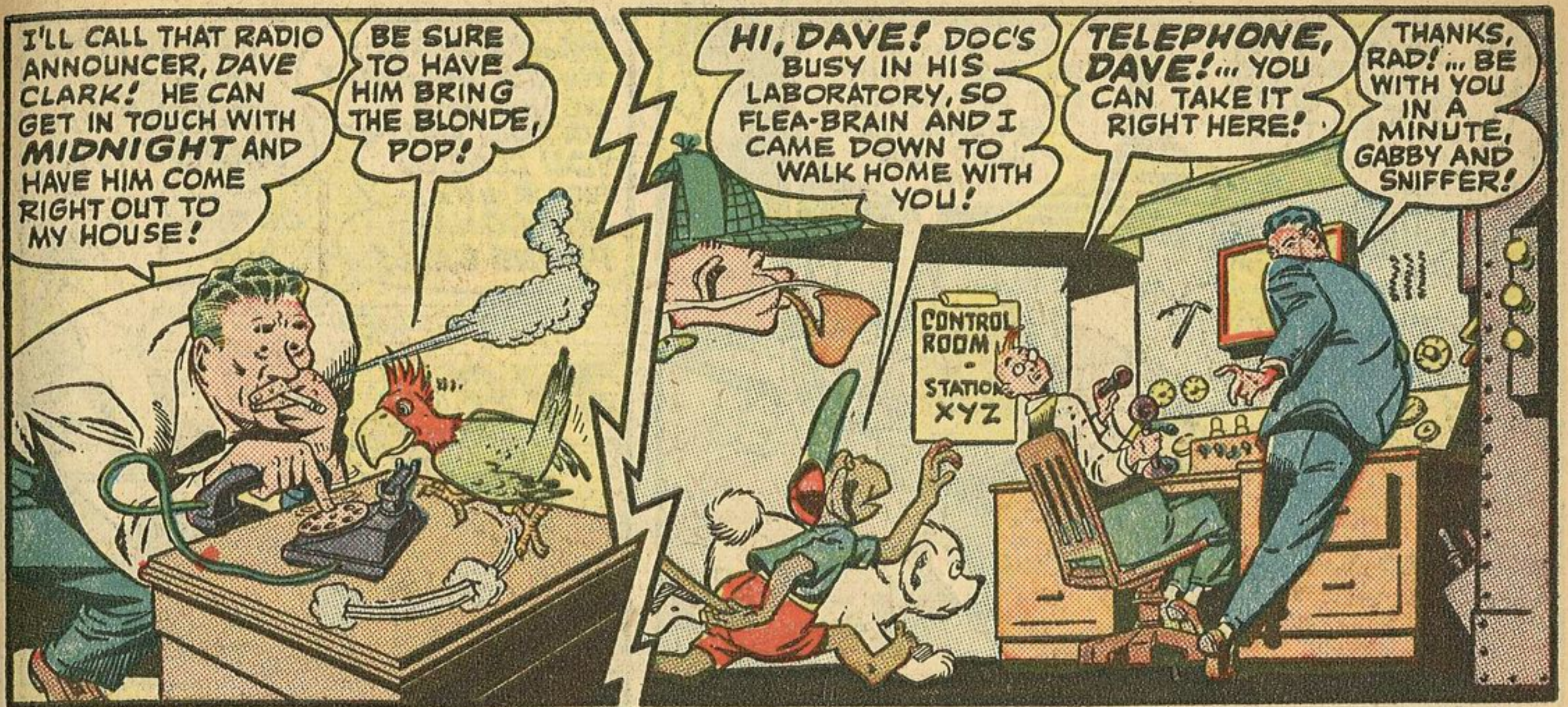
WHEN A DYING MAN
GAVE *MIDNIGHT*
THE BIRD, IT DIDN'T
HURT HIS FEELINGS...

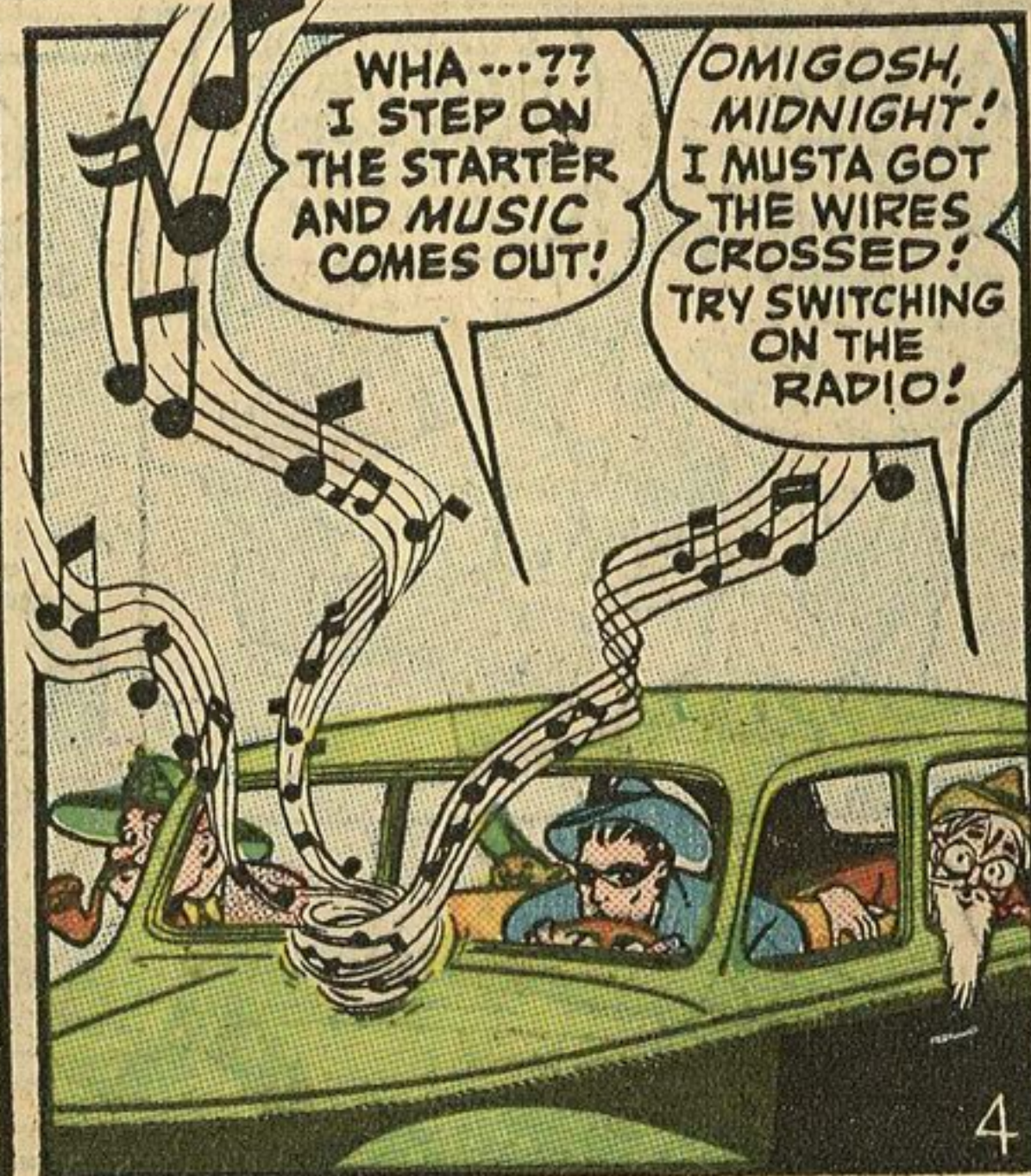
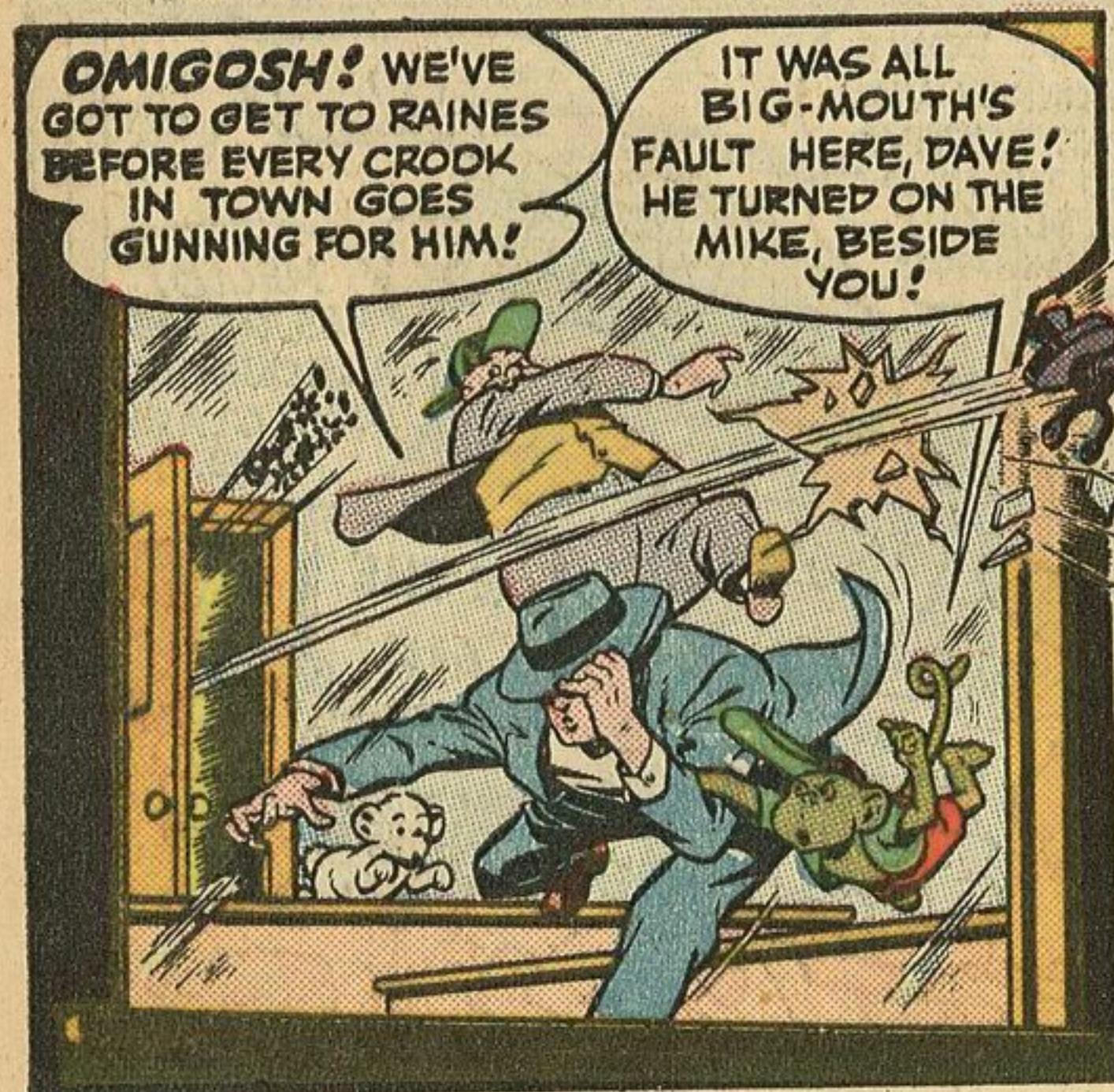
BUT IT BOOTED HIM
INTO THE MIDDLE OF
A MAD MESS OF
MAYHEM, MURDER
AND MONKEY-
BUSINESS ON
THE TRAIL OF THE
SINFUL SIR NUTS!

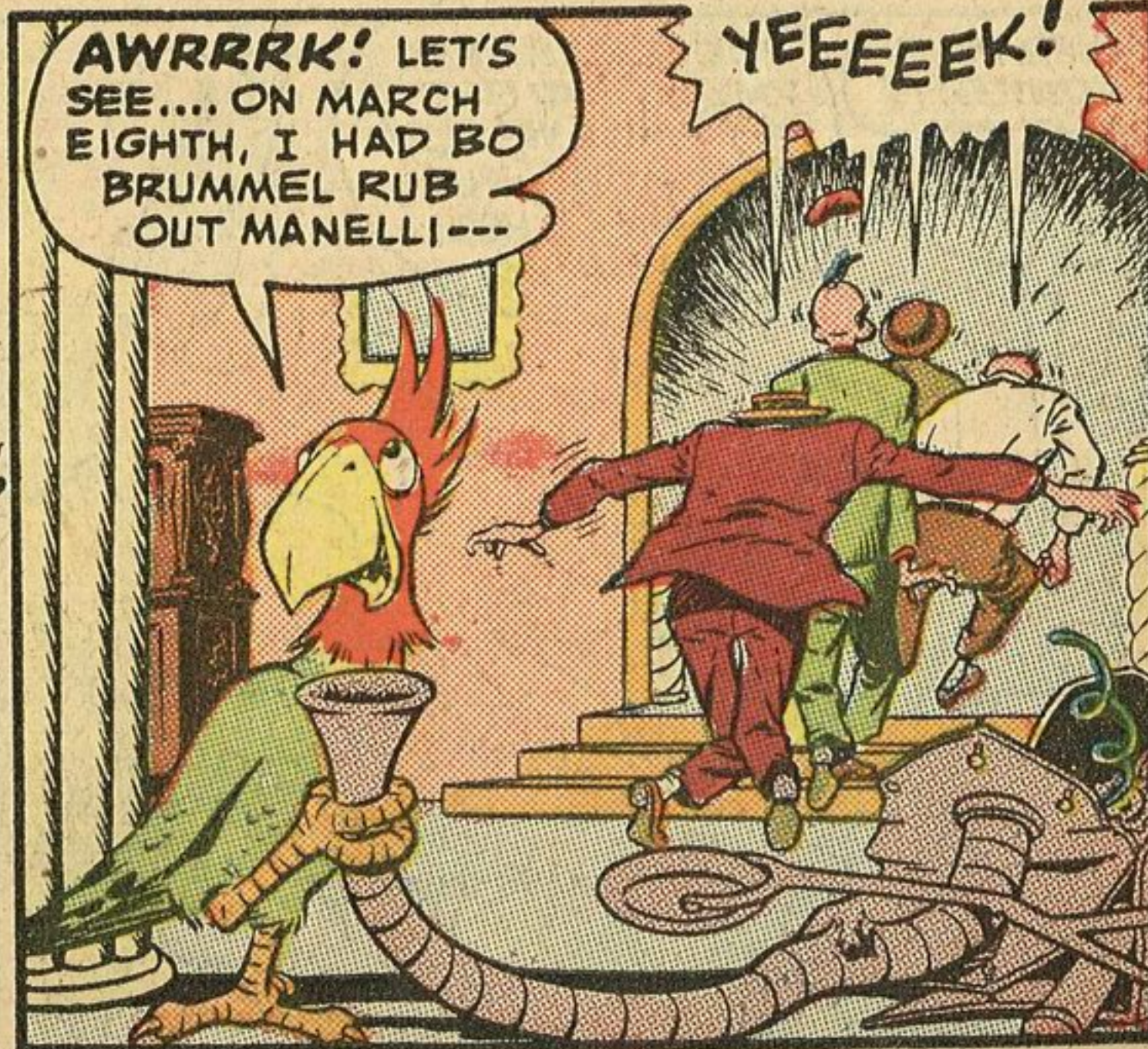
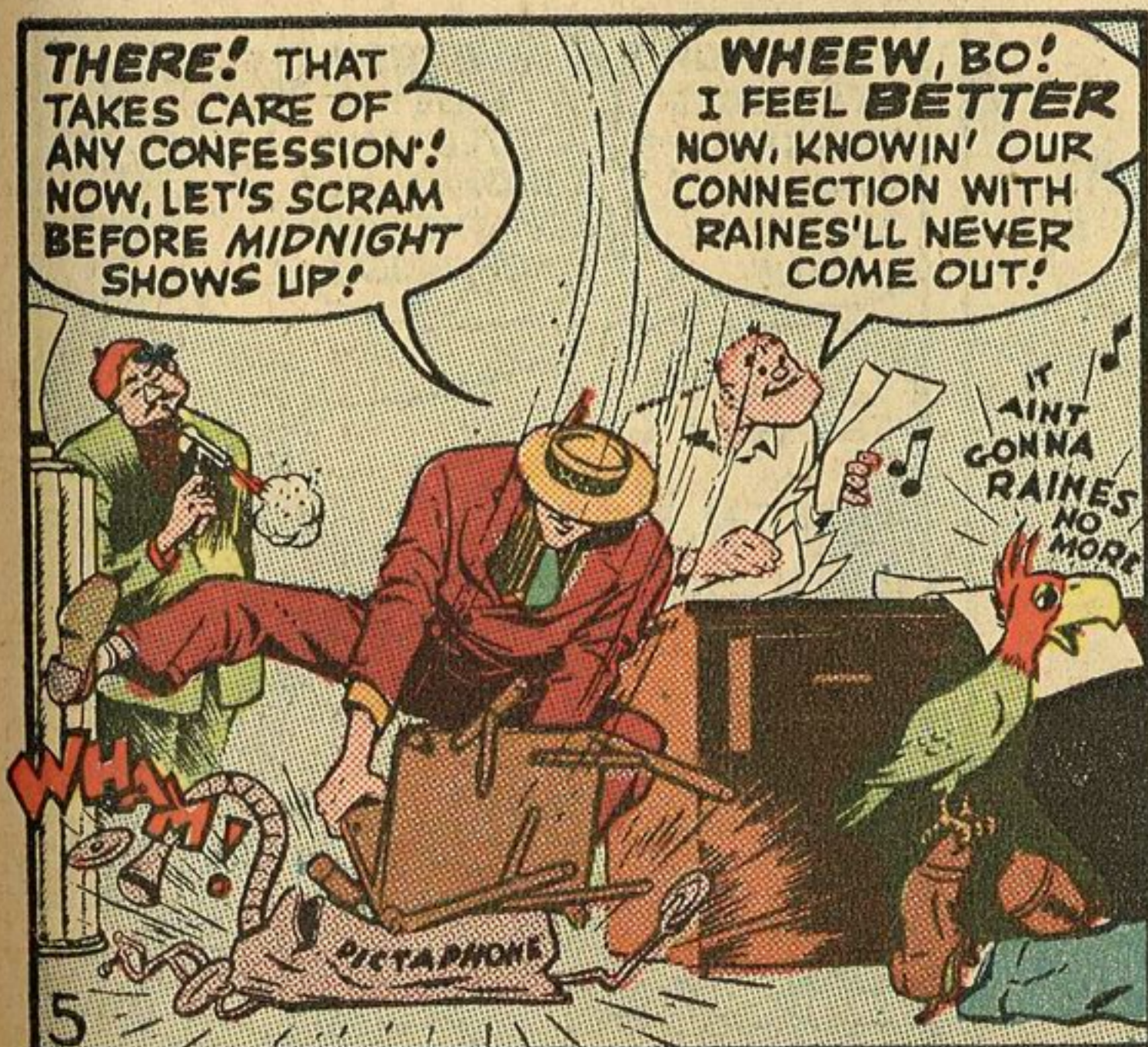
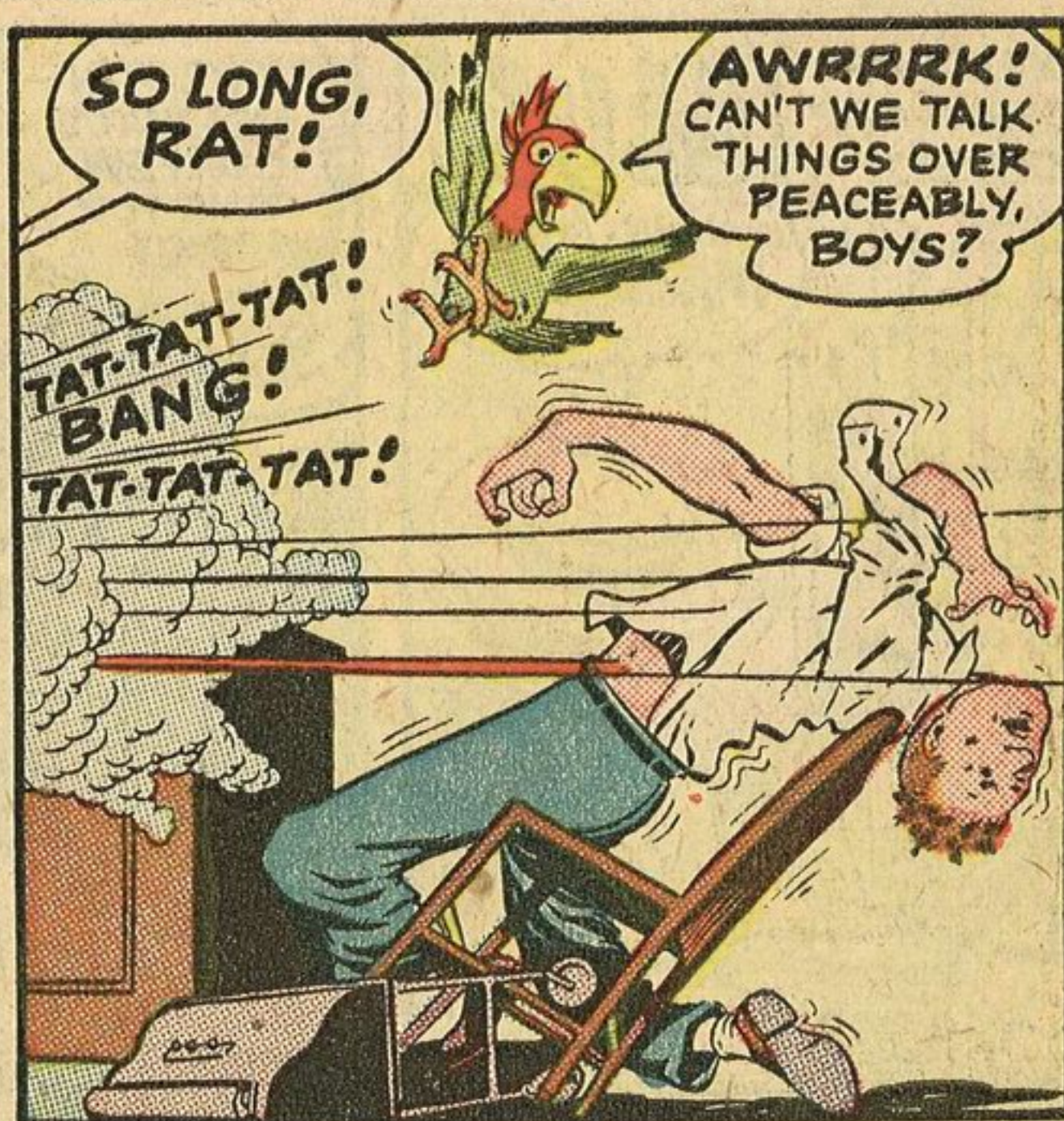
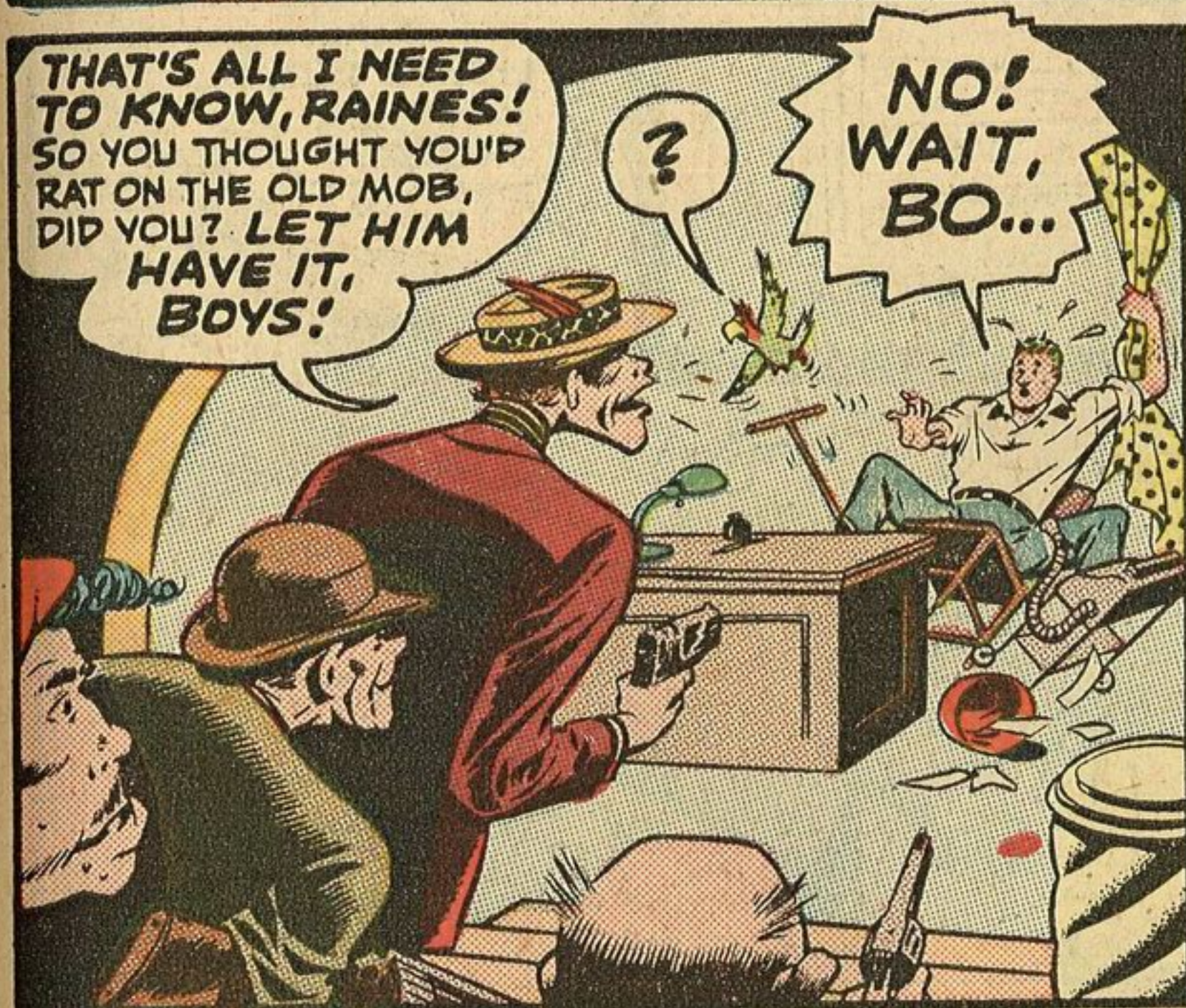
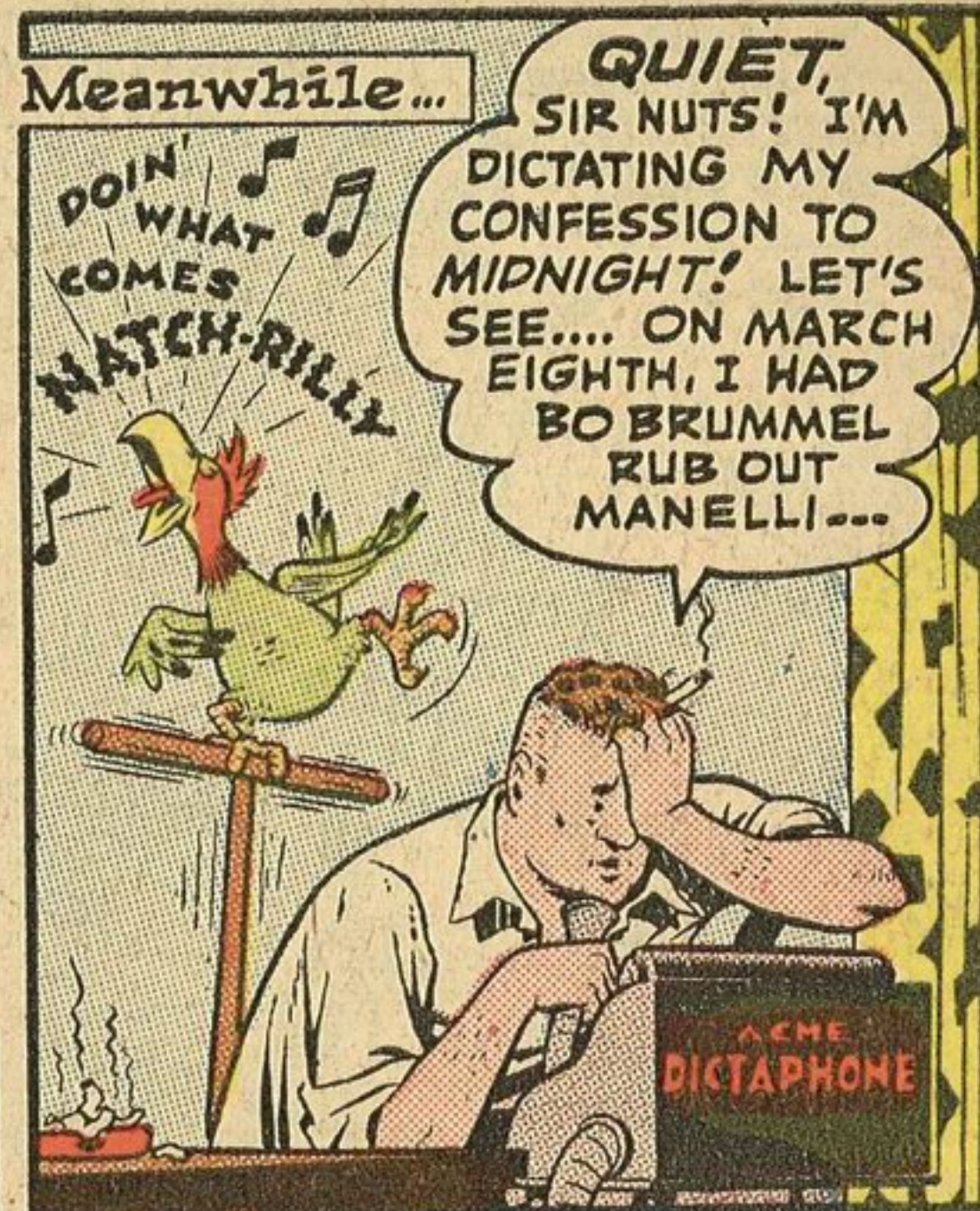
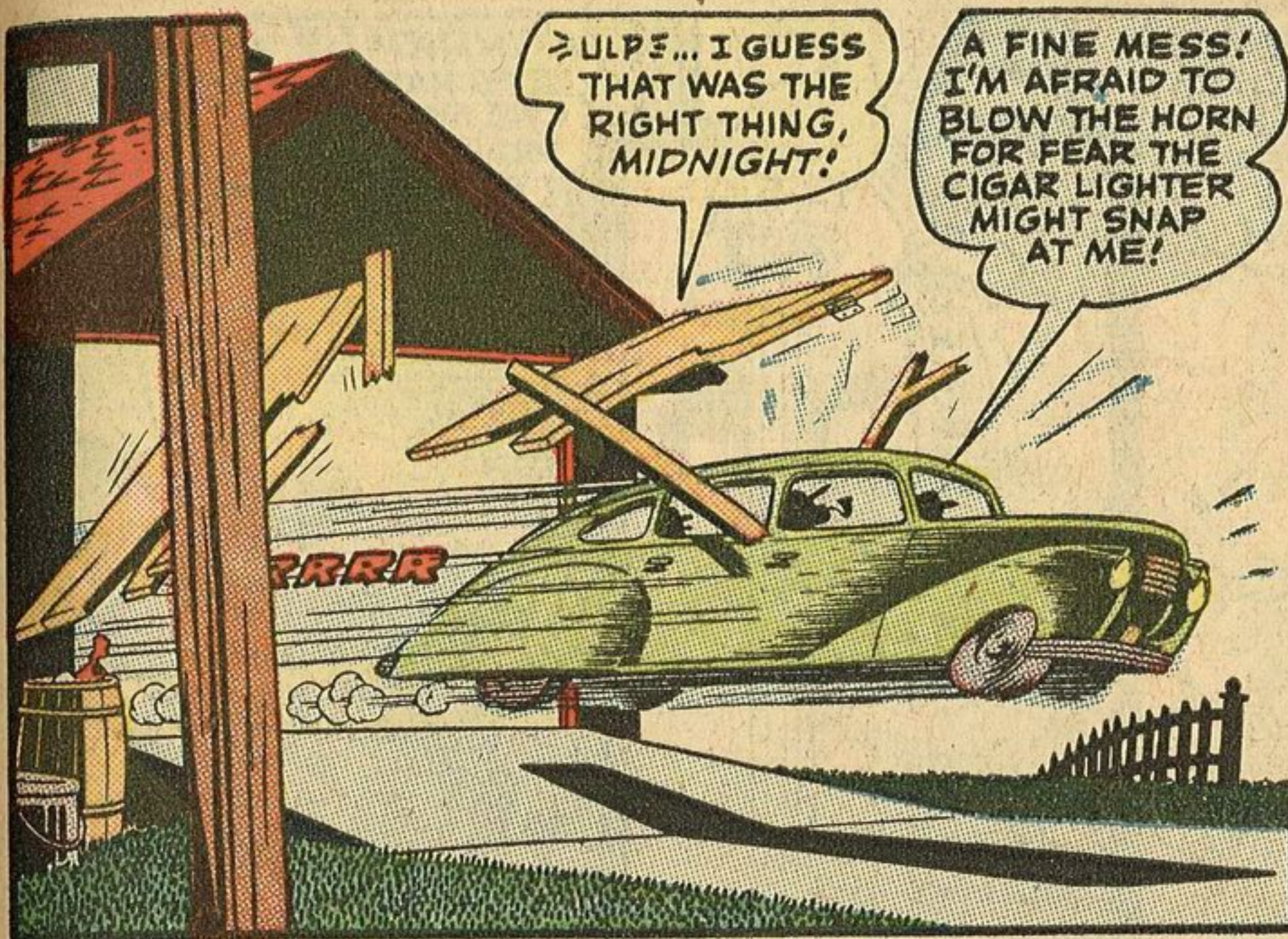
SNAPPY WORK.
KIDS! NOW
SET 'EM UP
IN THE NEXT
ALLEY!!

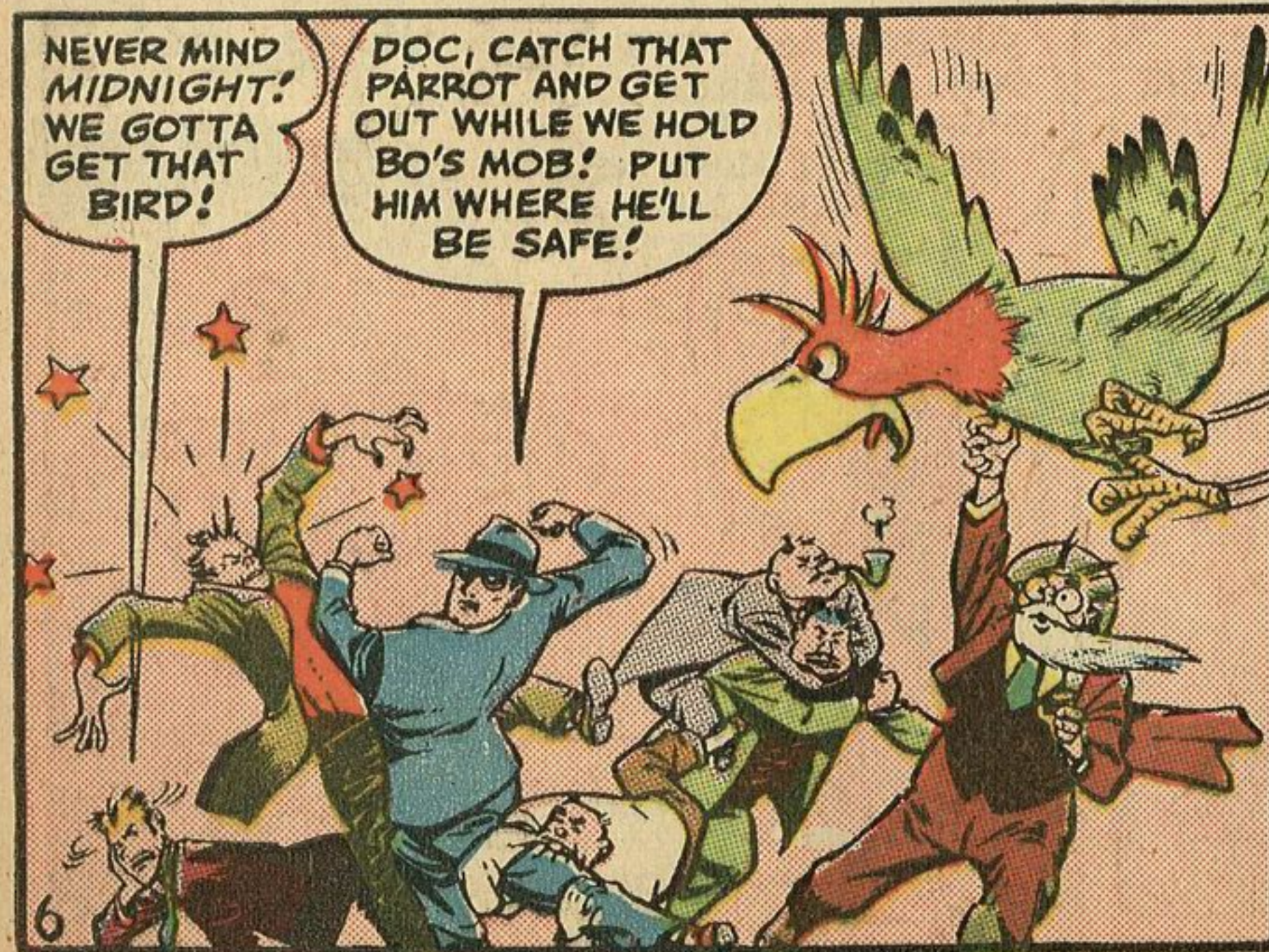
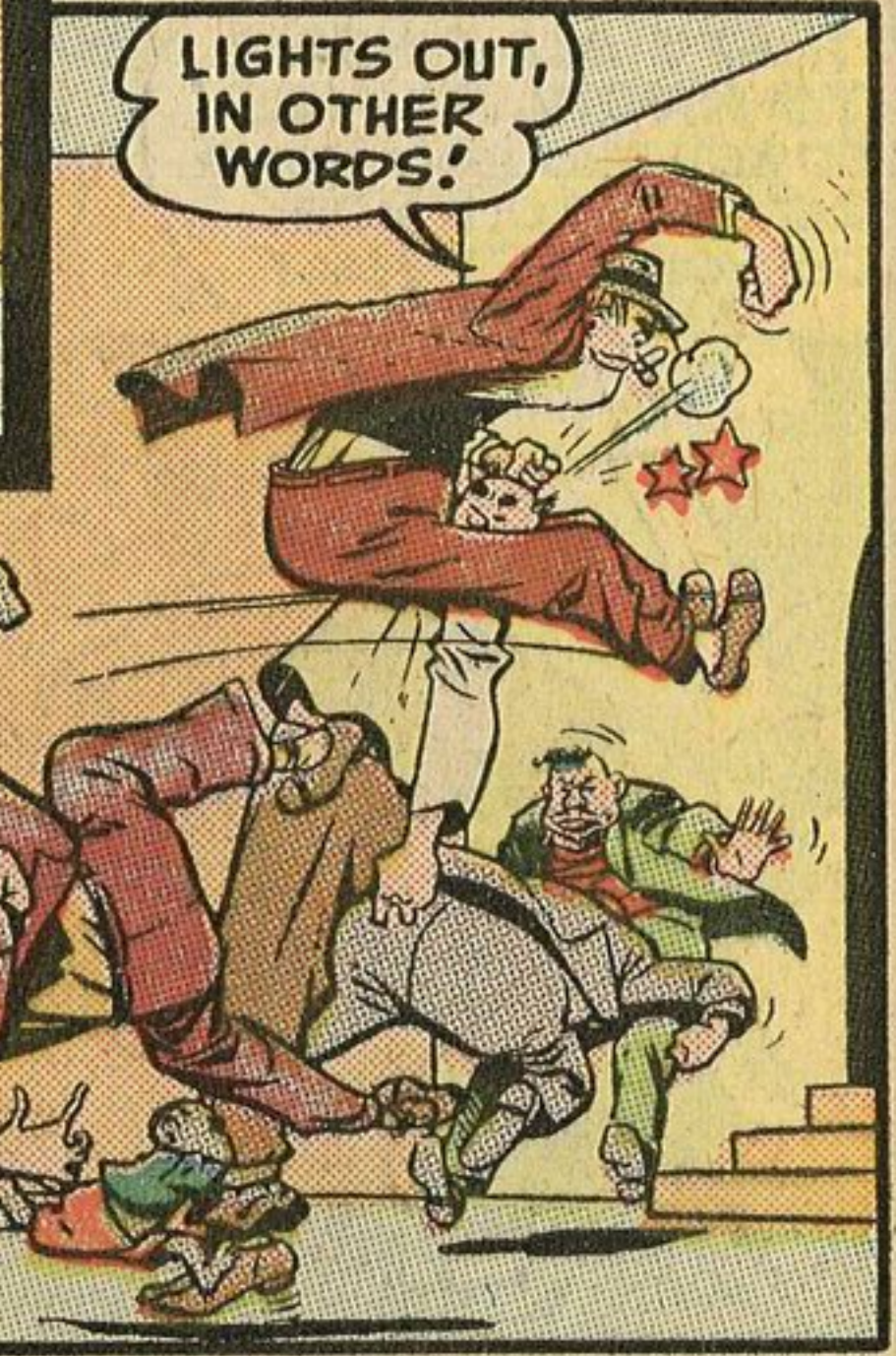
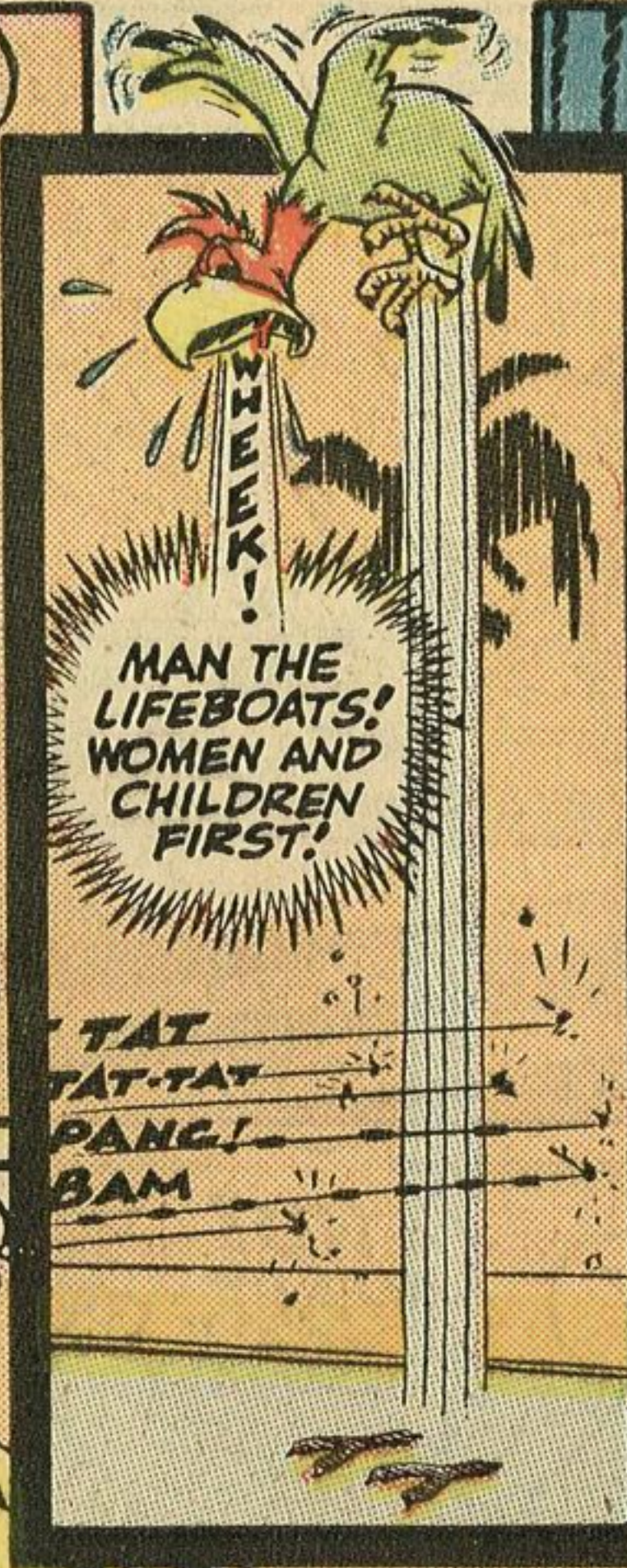
JACK COLE

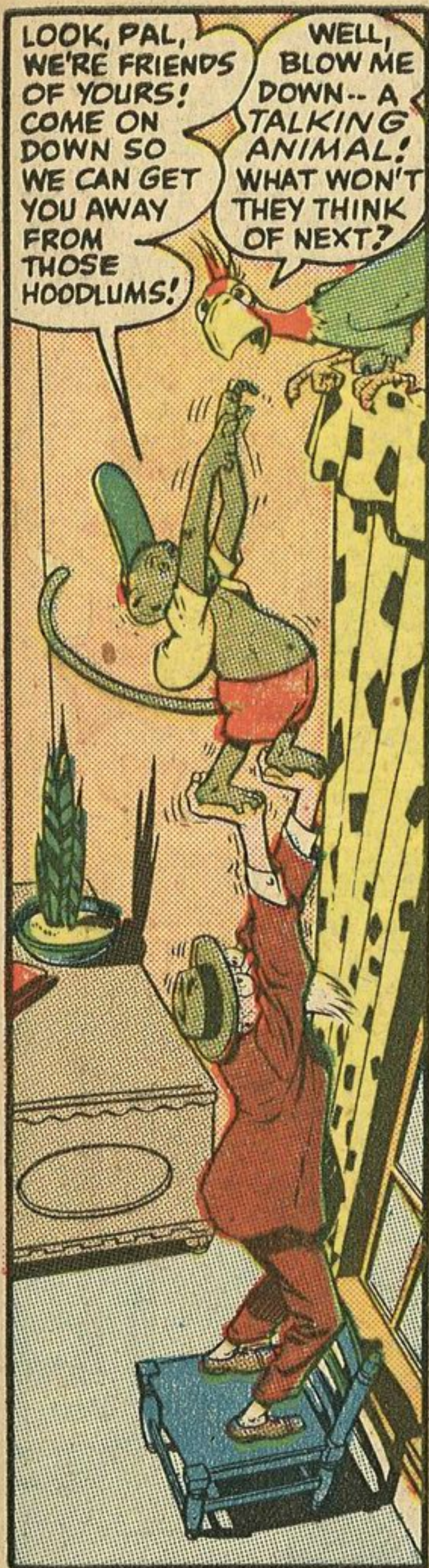


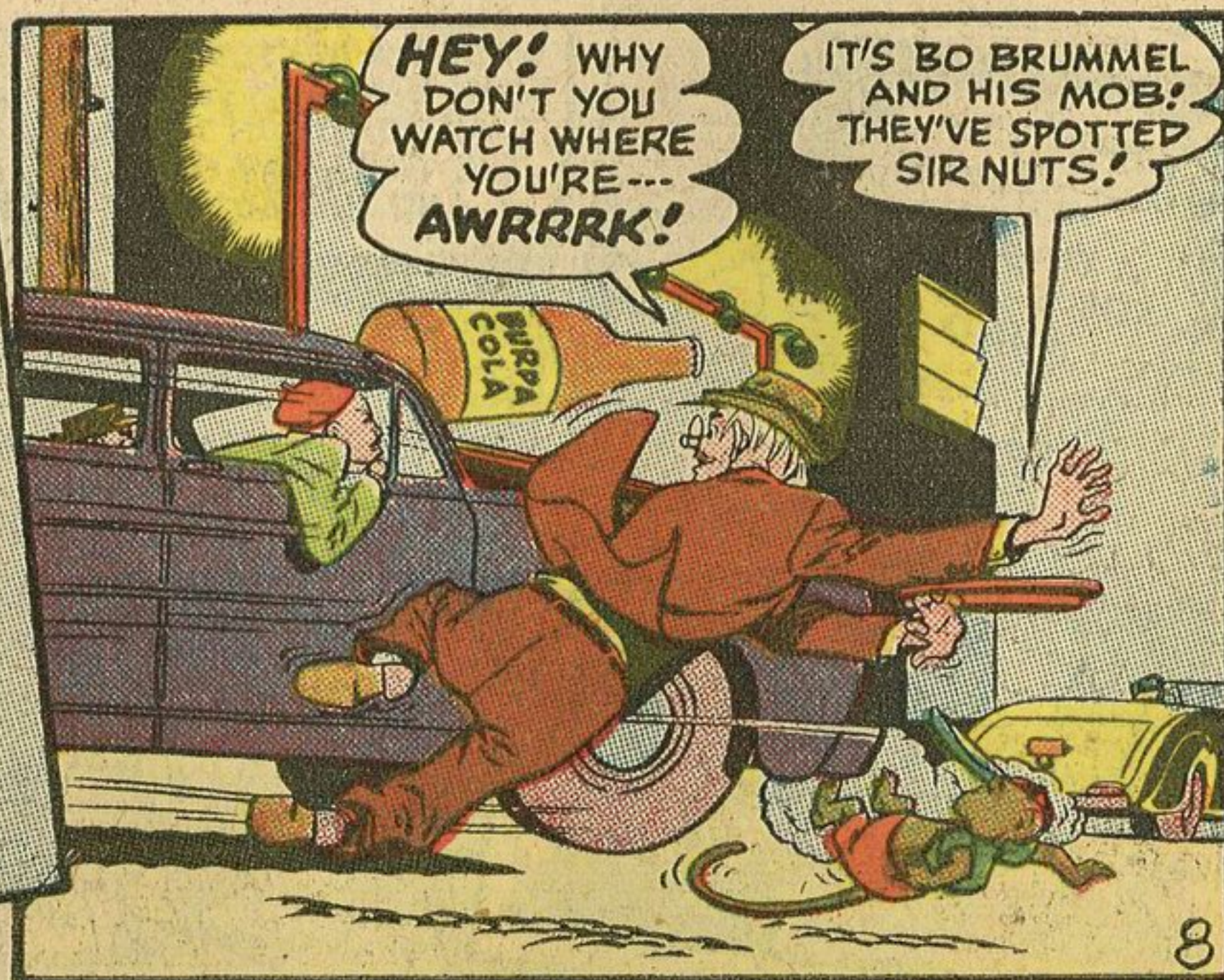
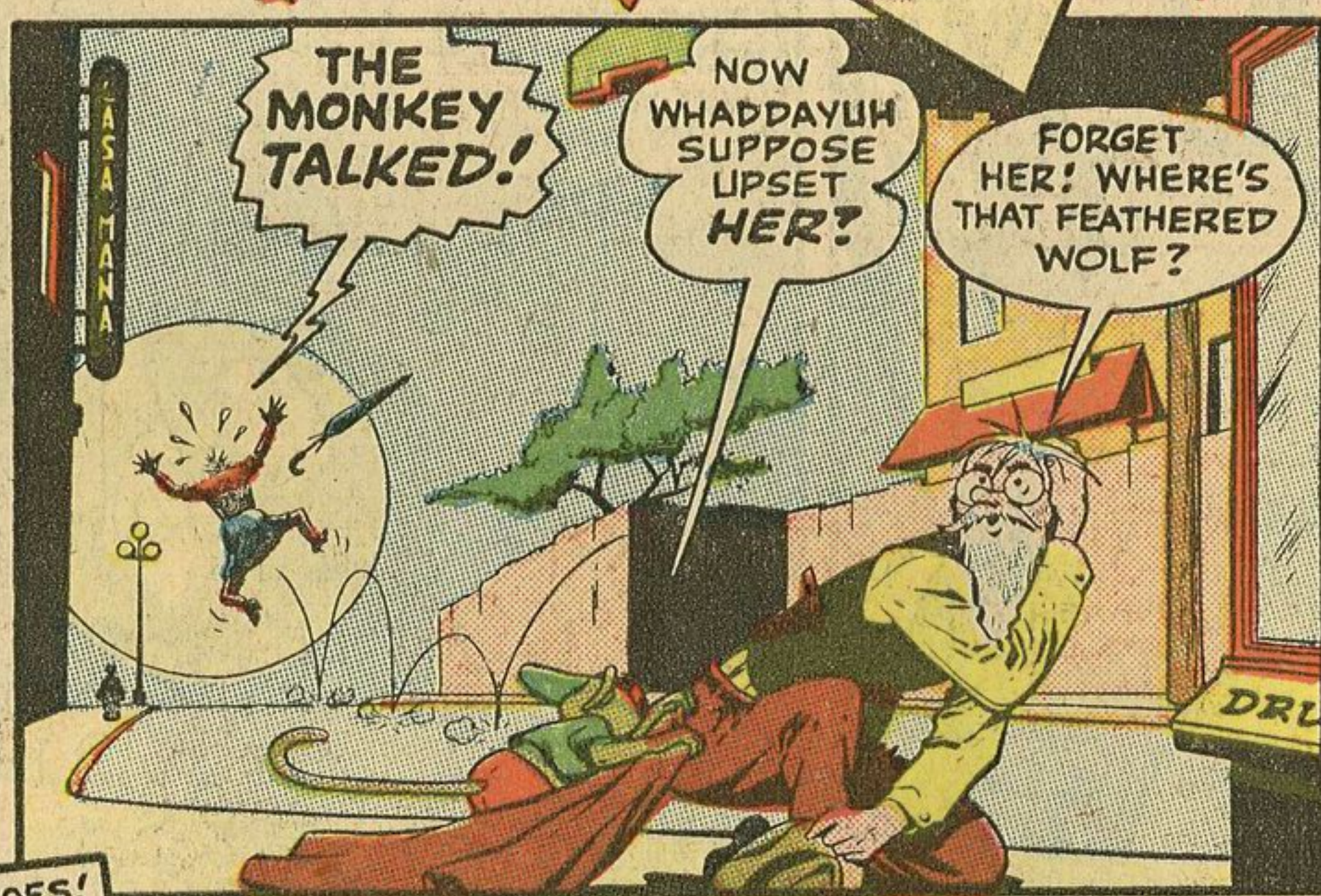
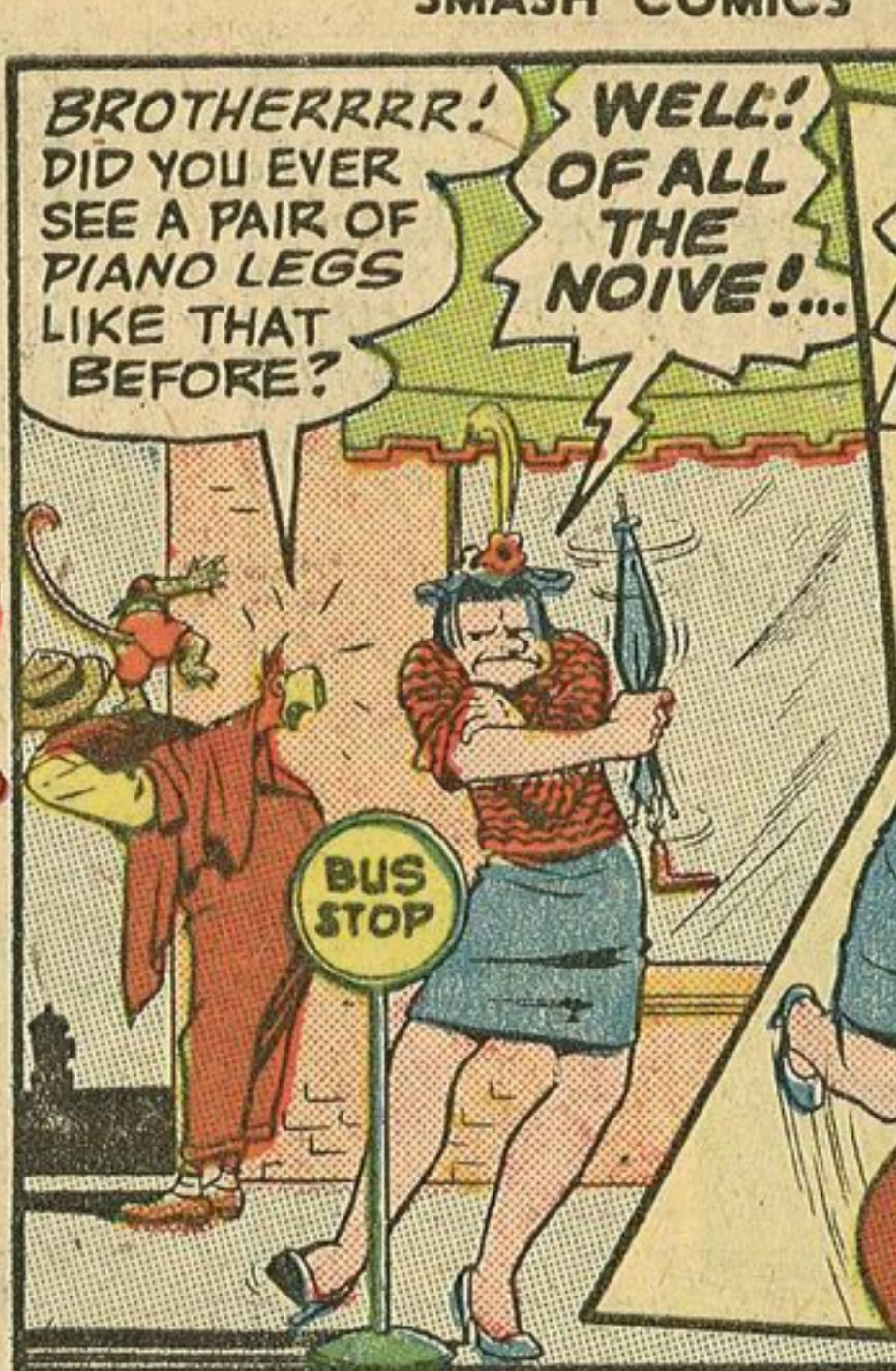


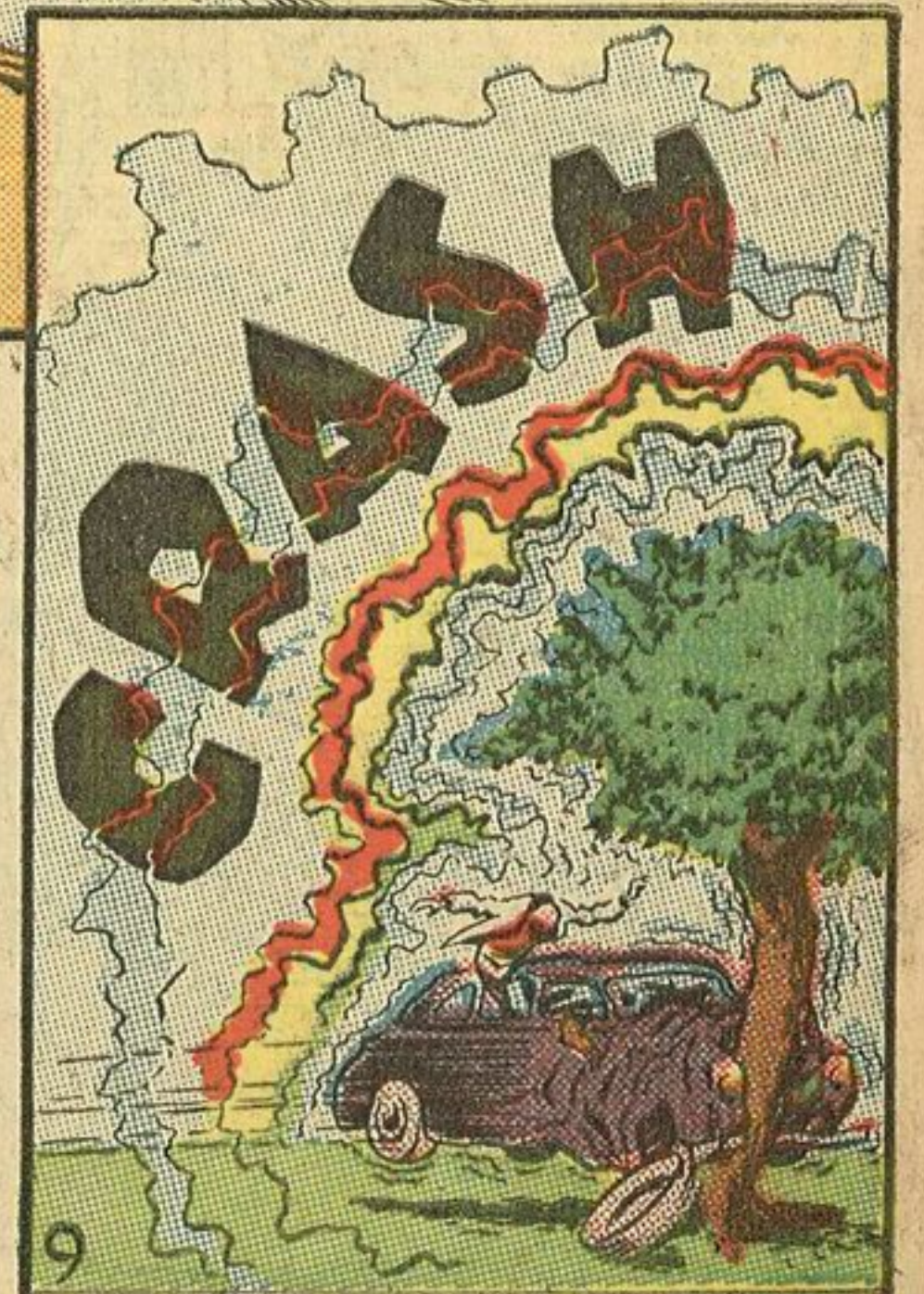
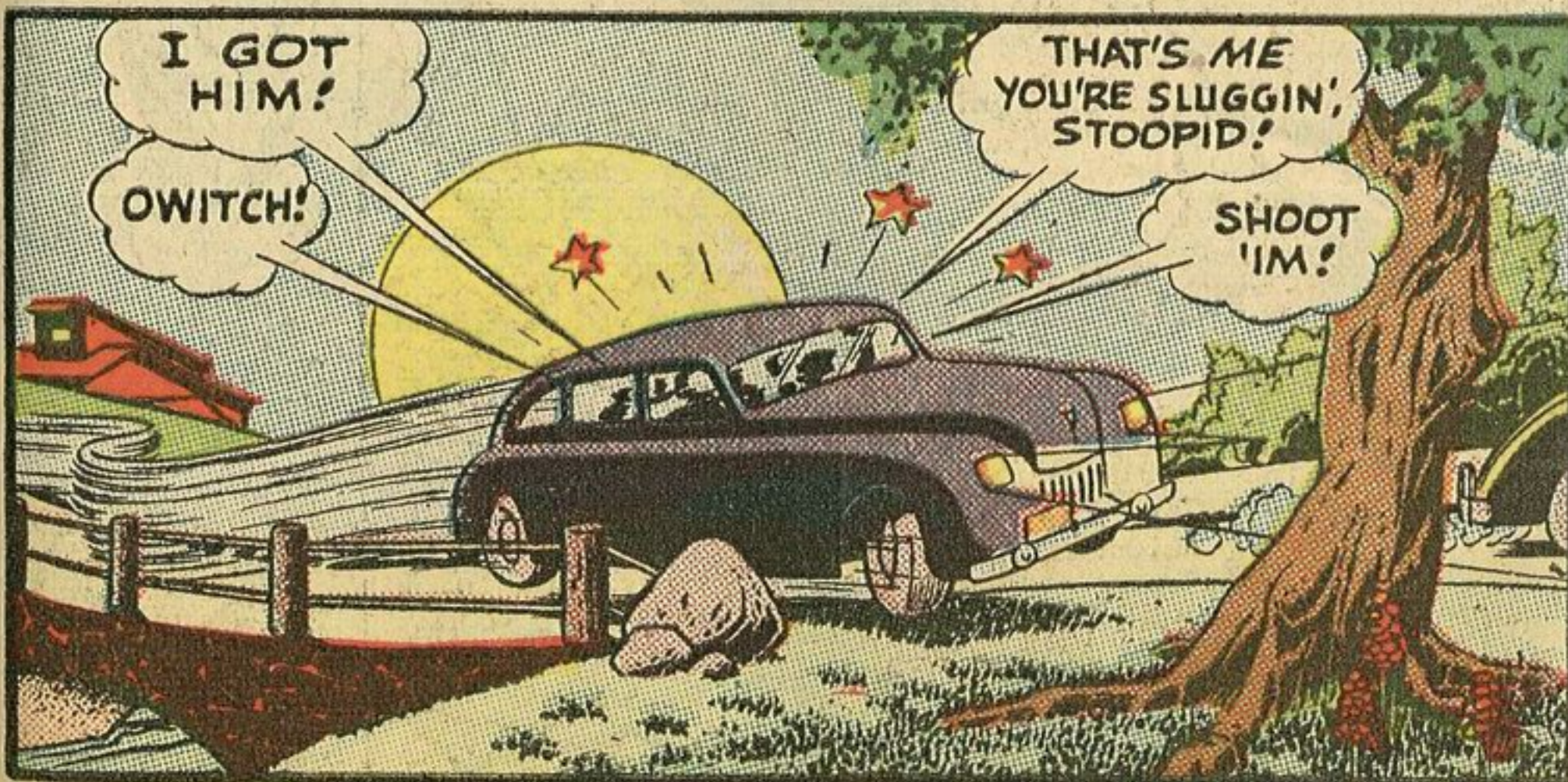
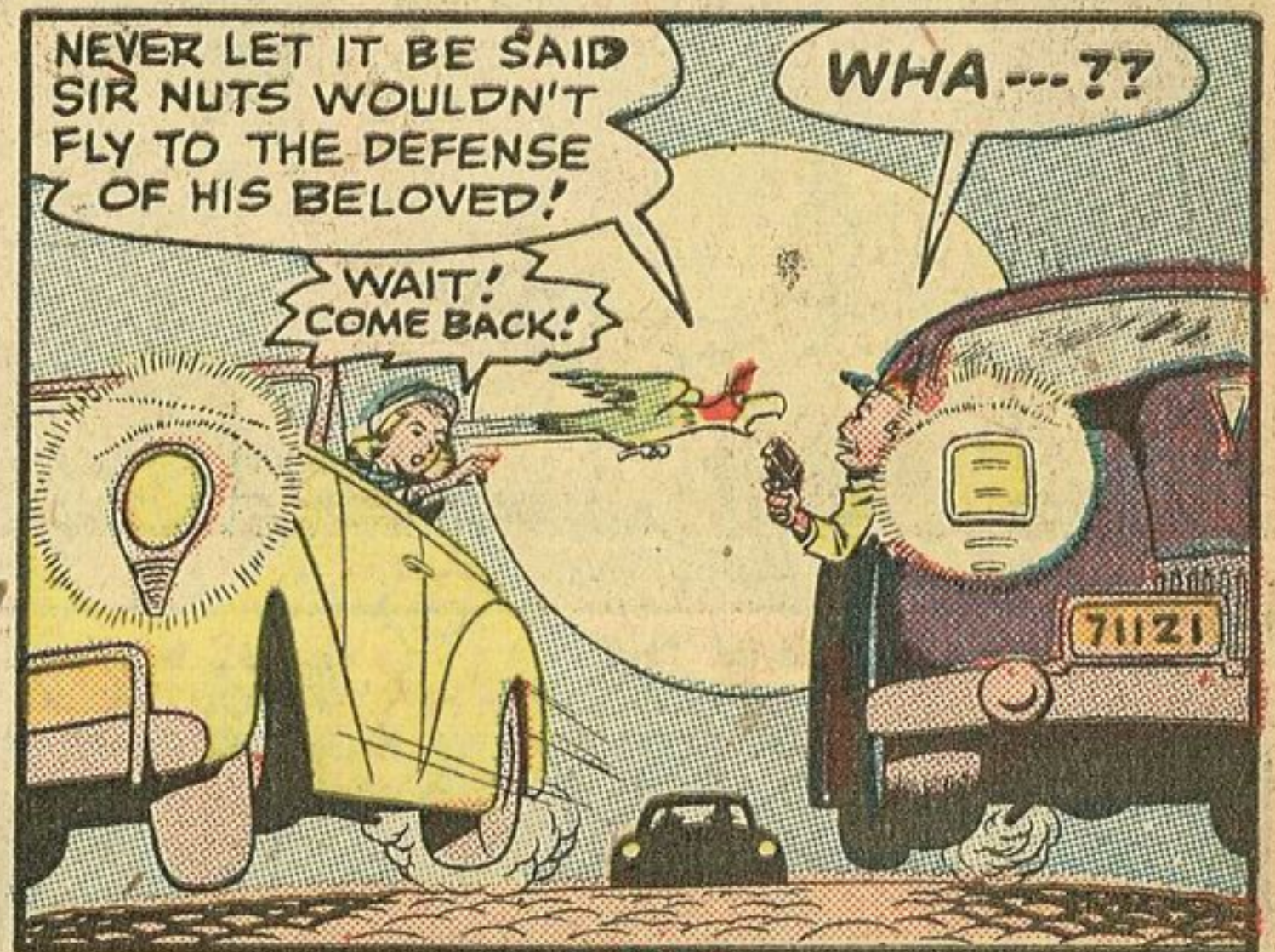


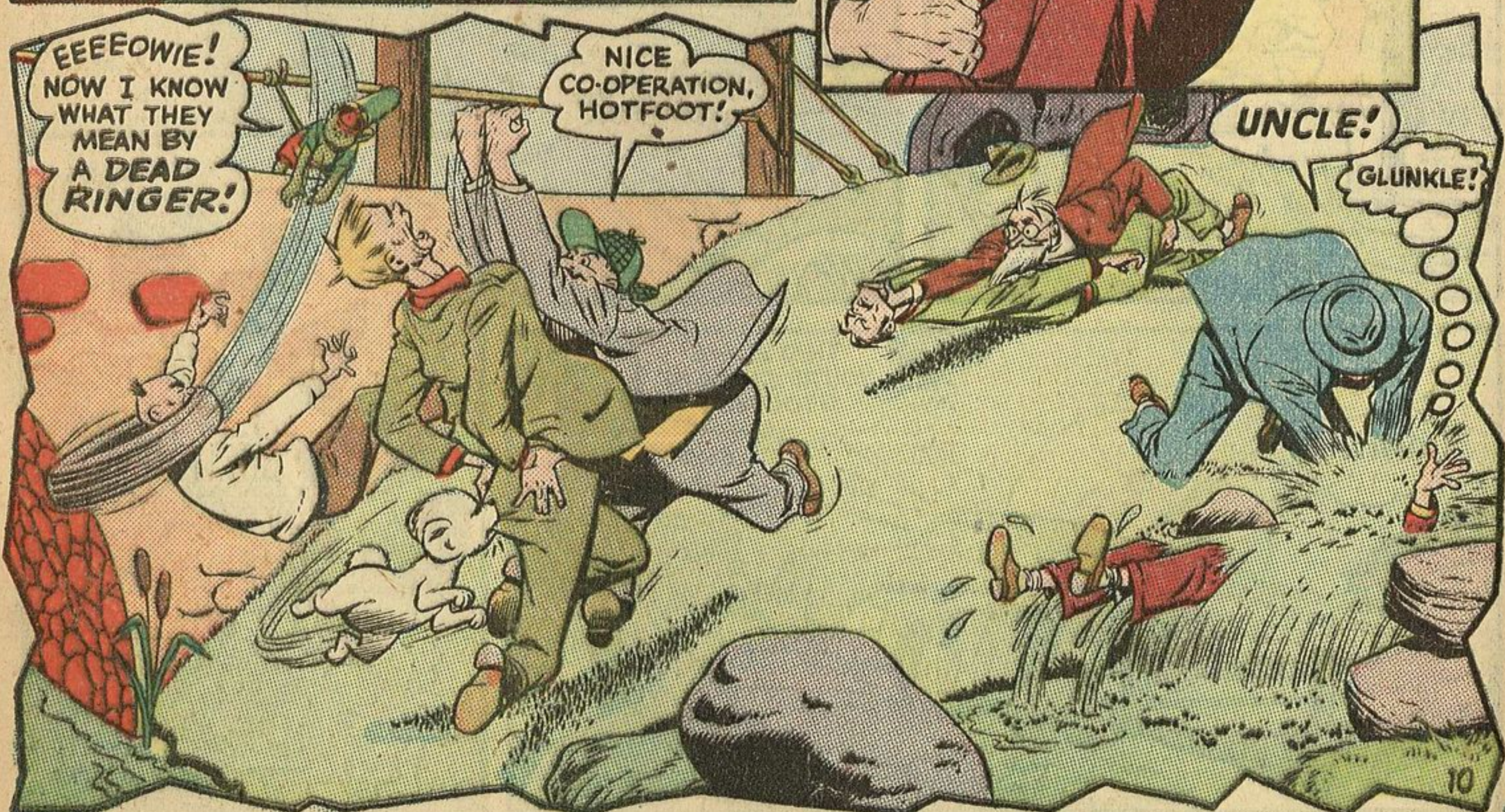
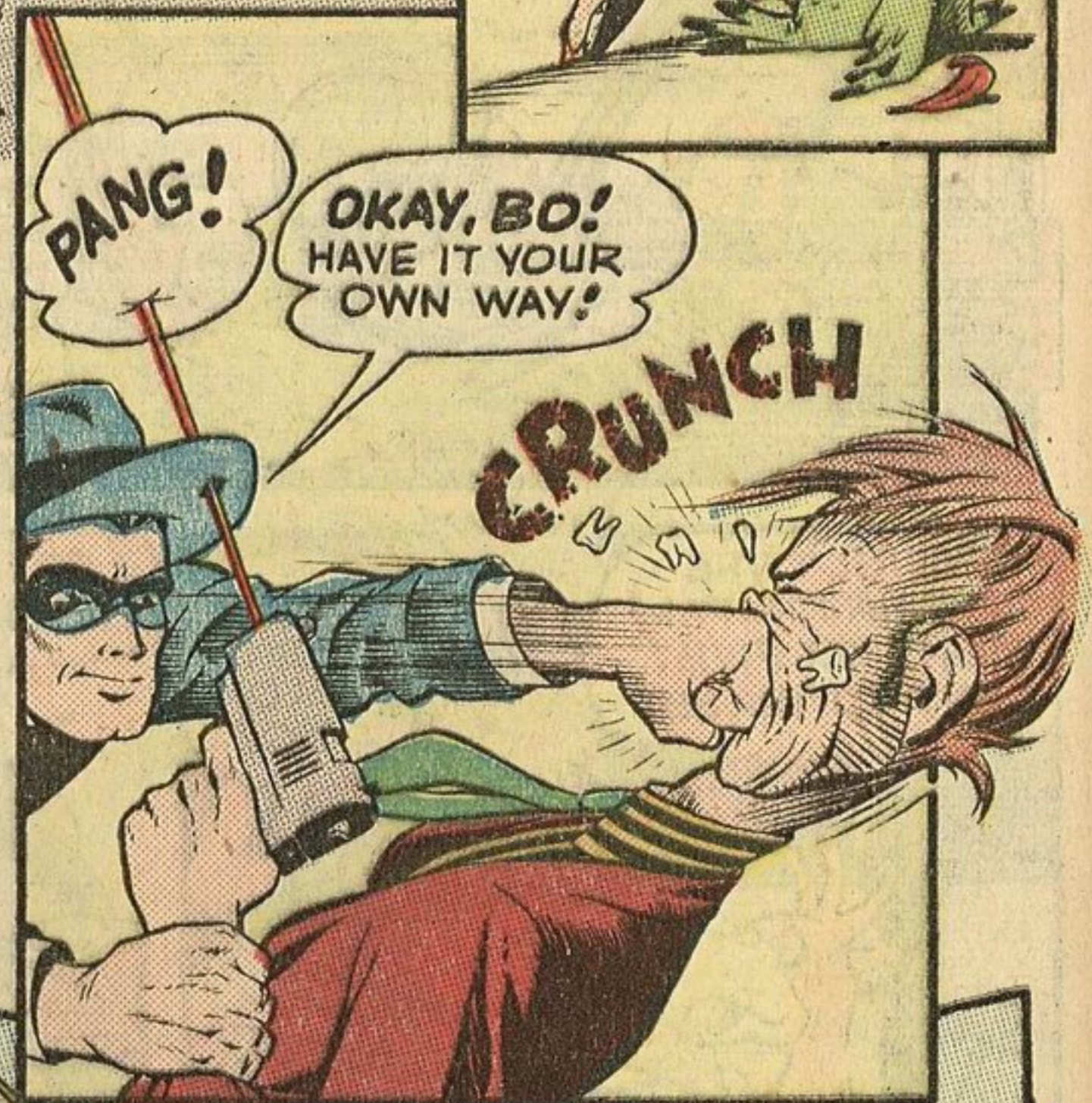
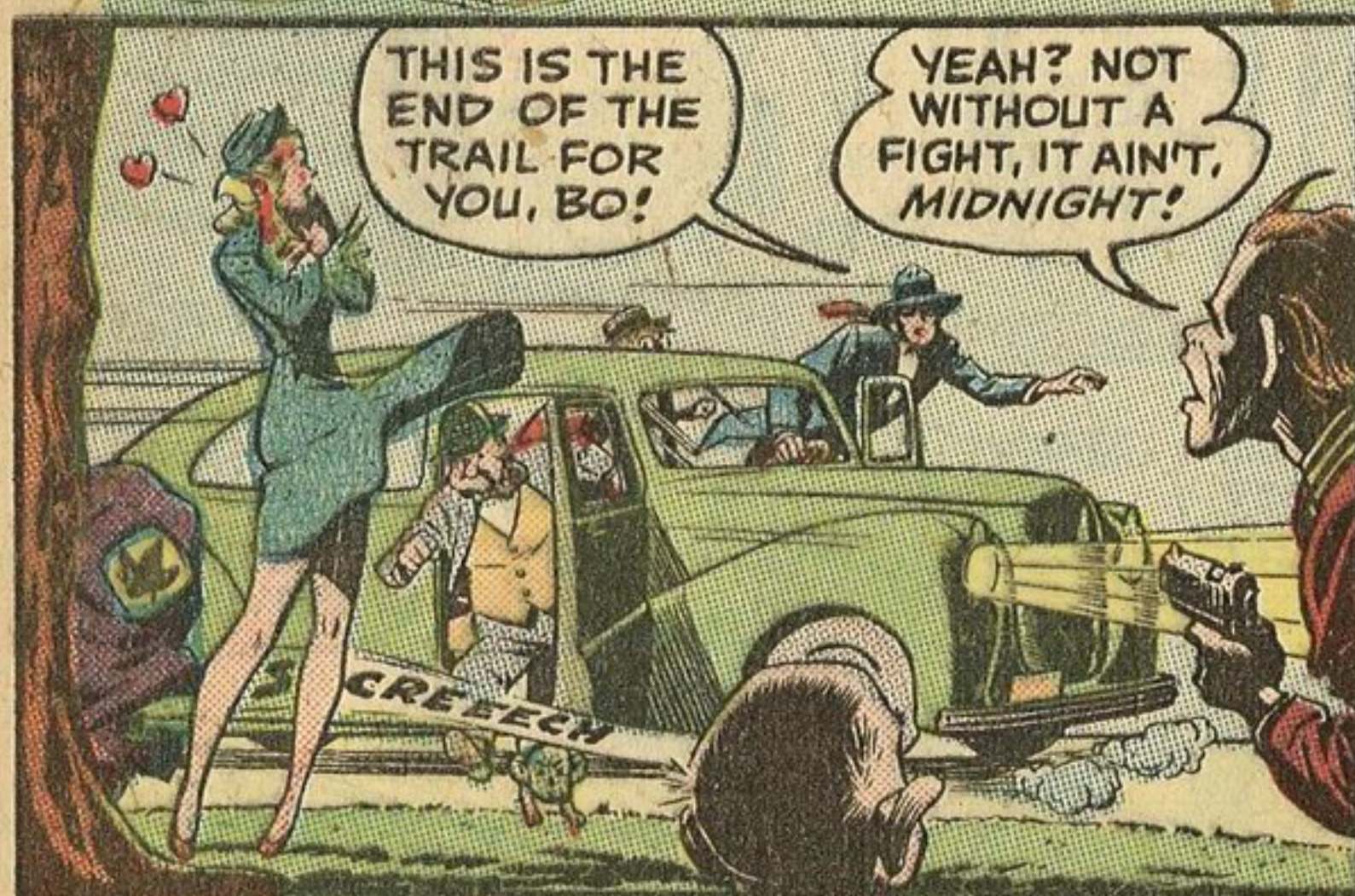


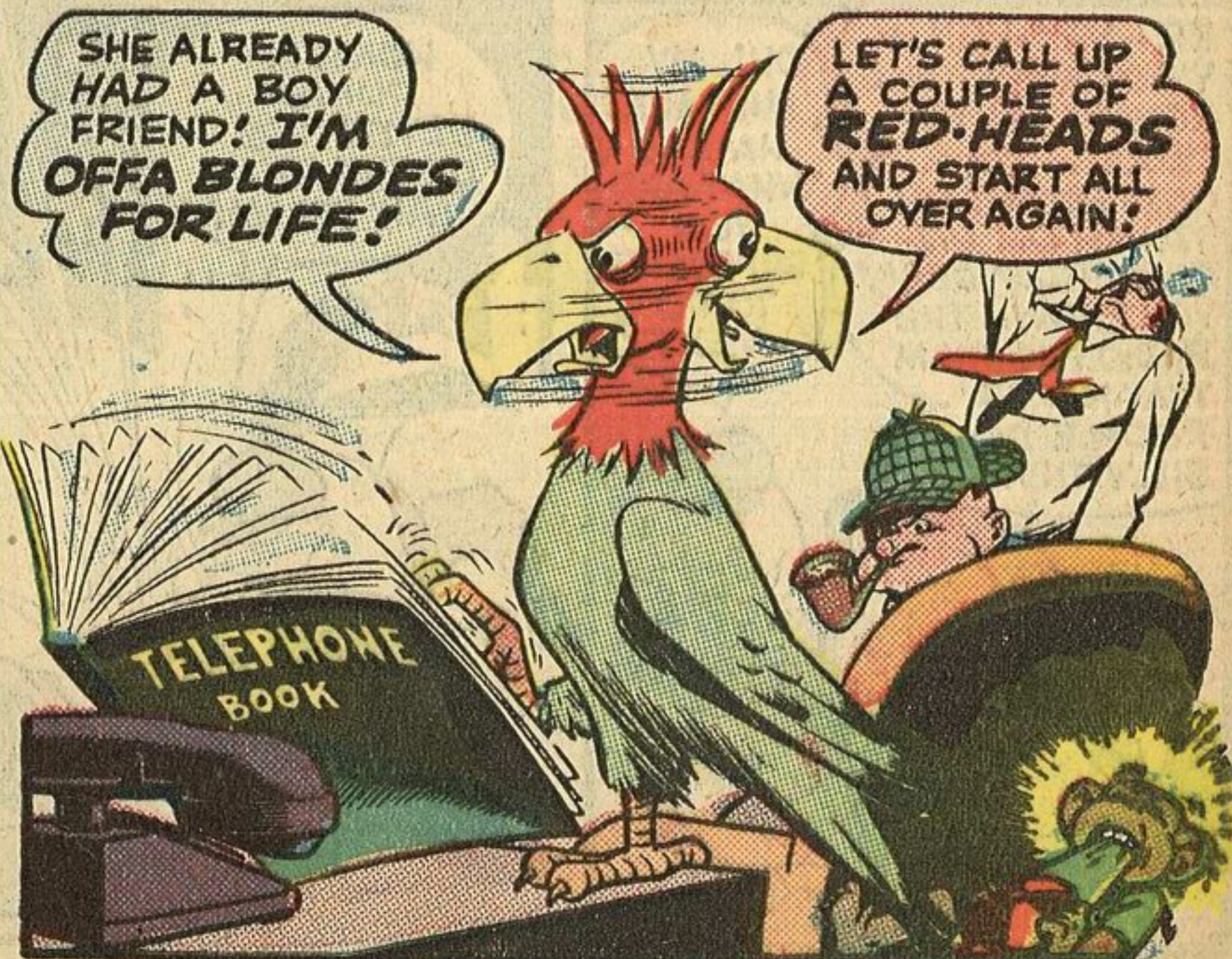
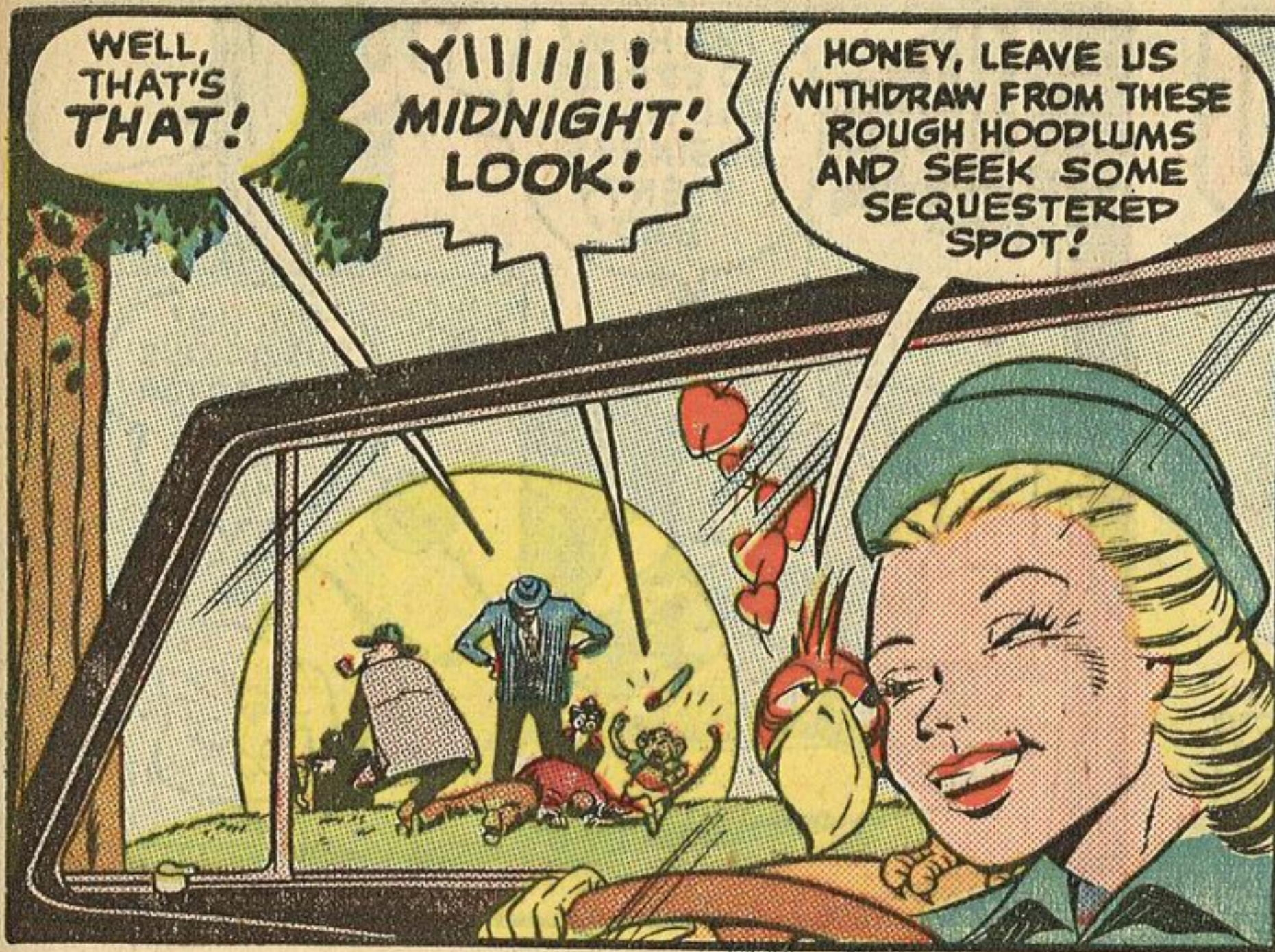




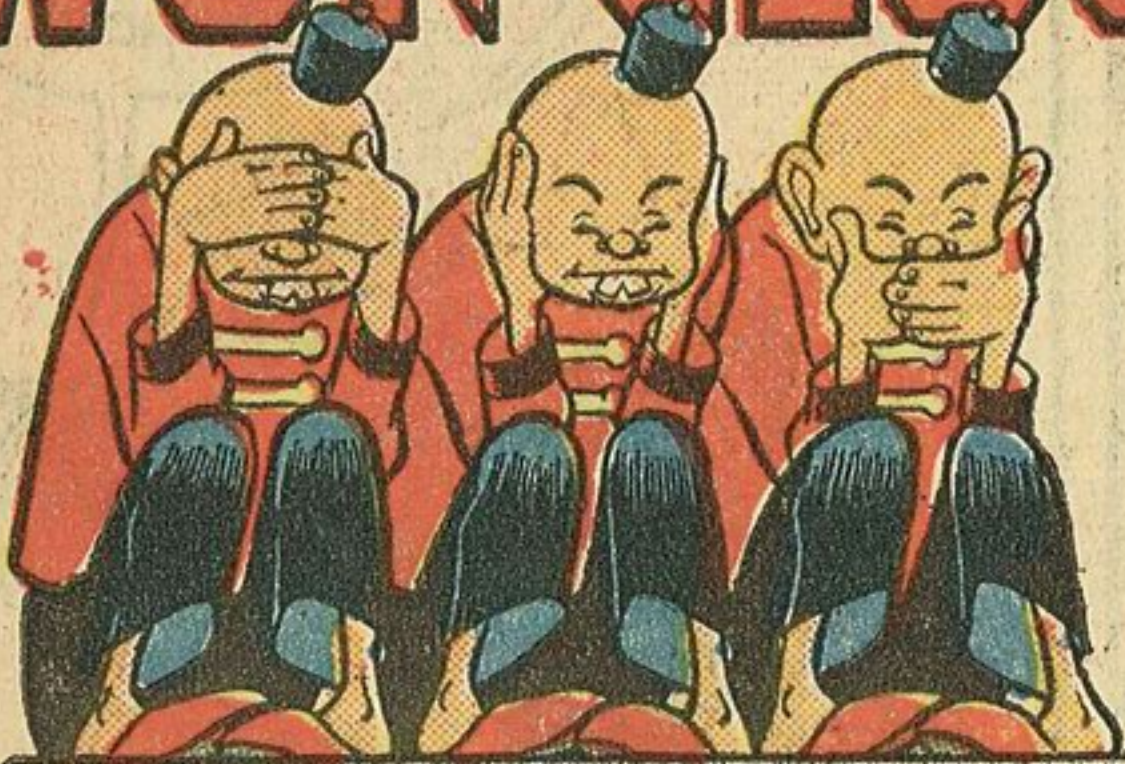






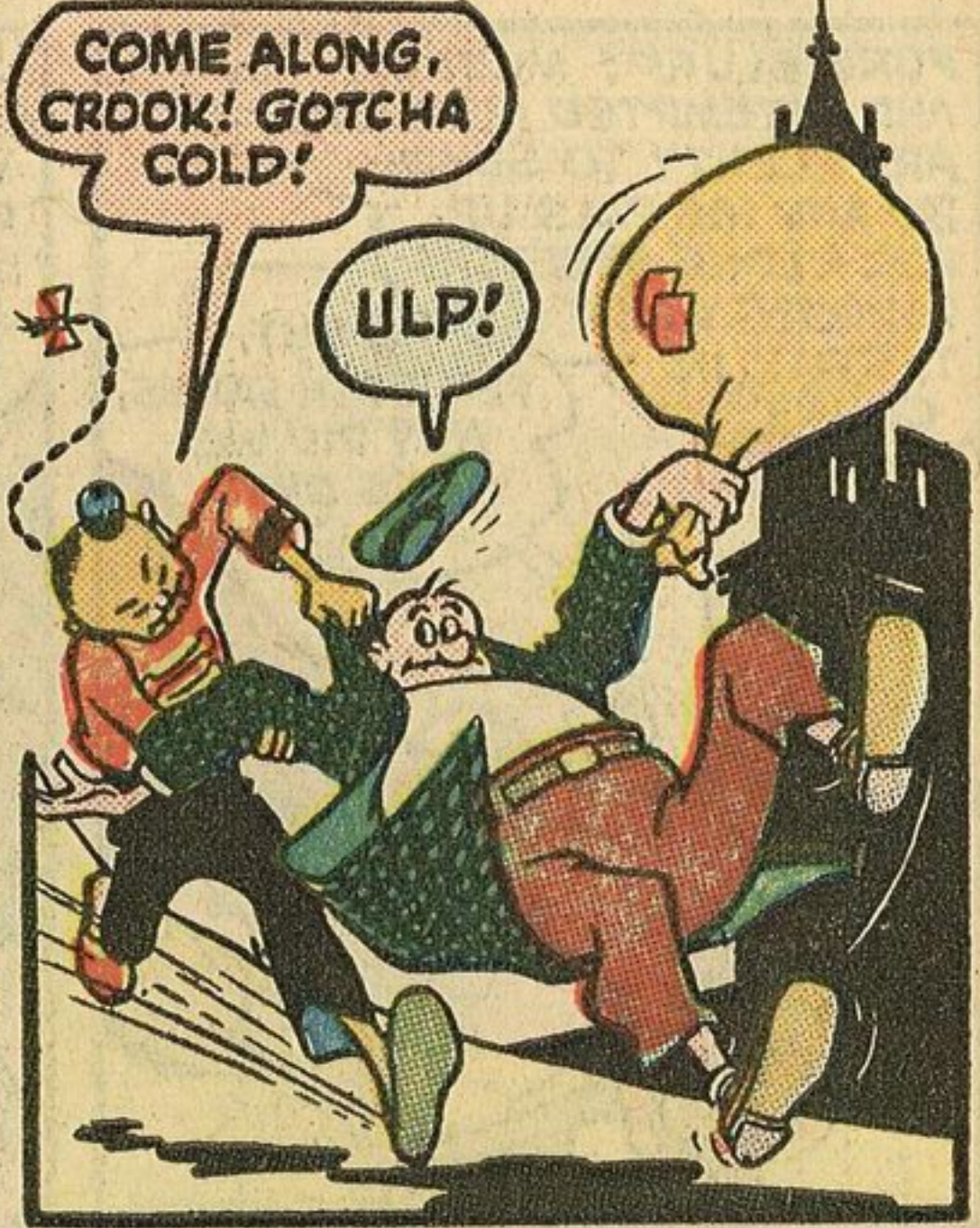
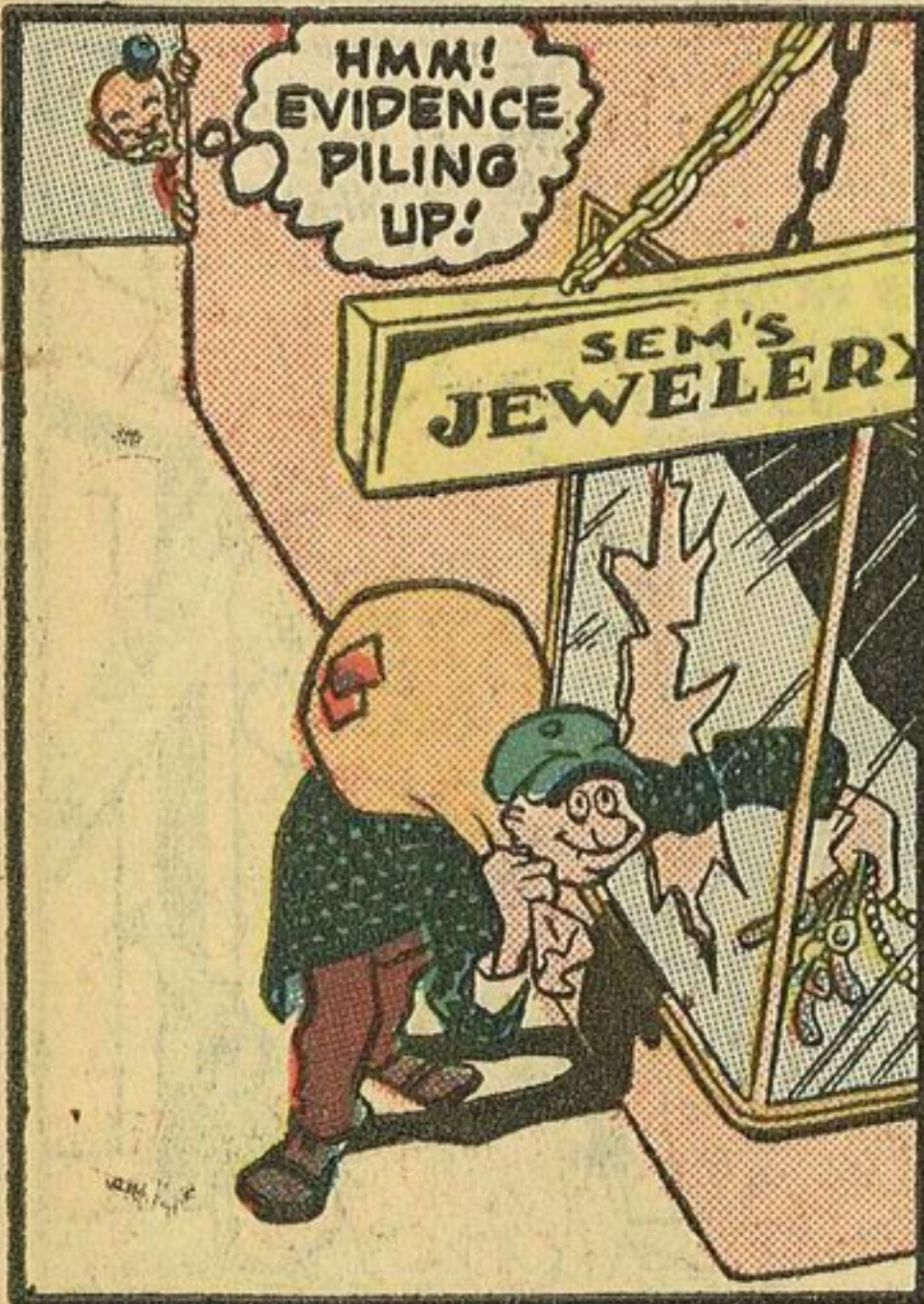
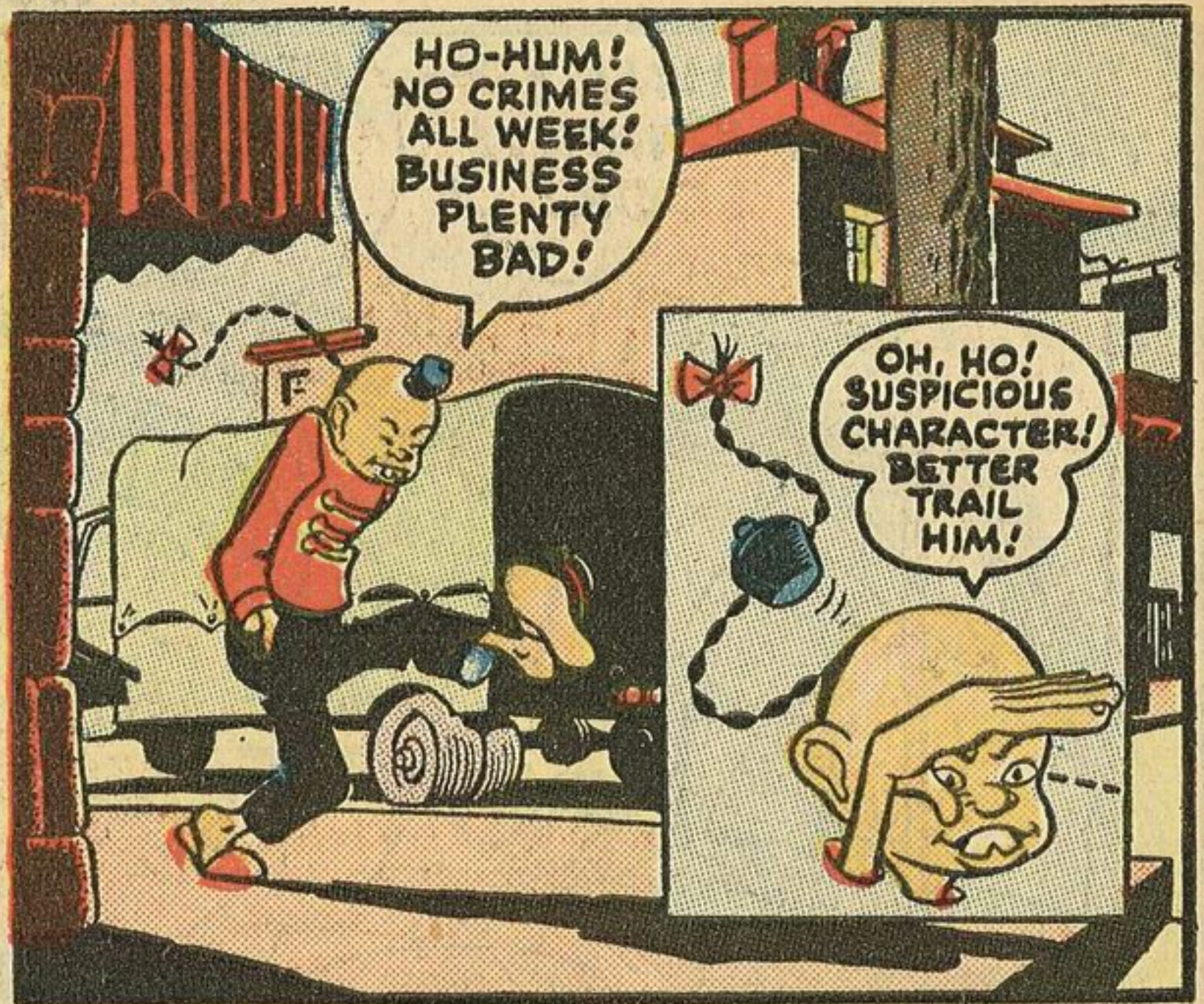


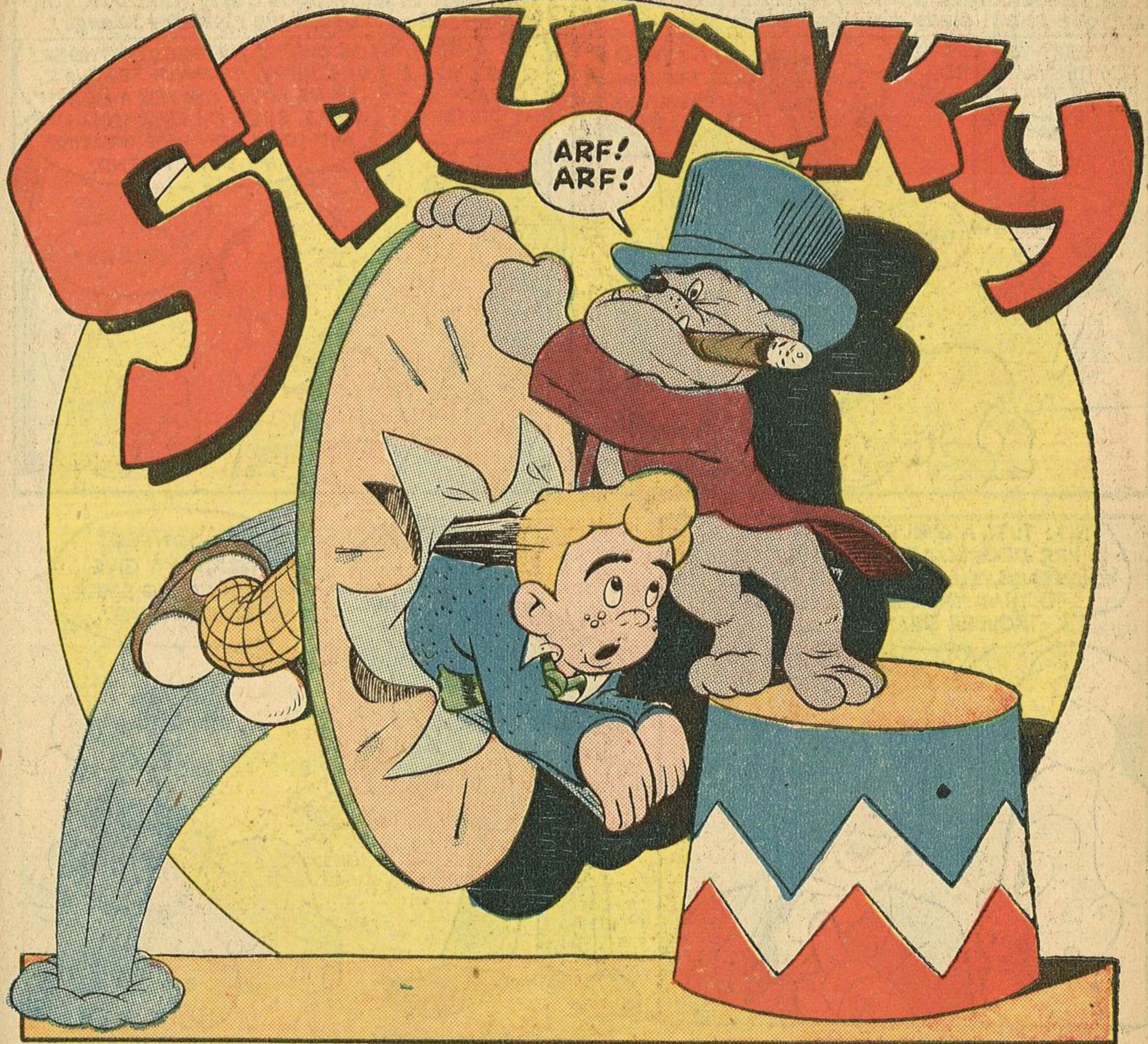
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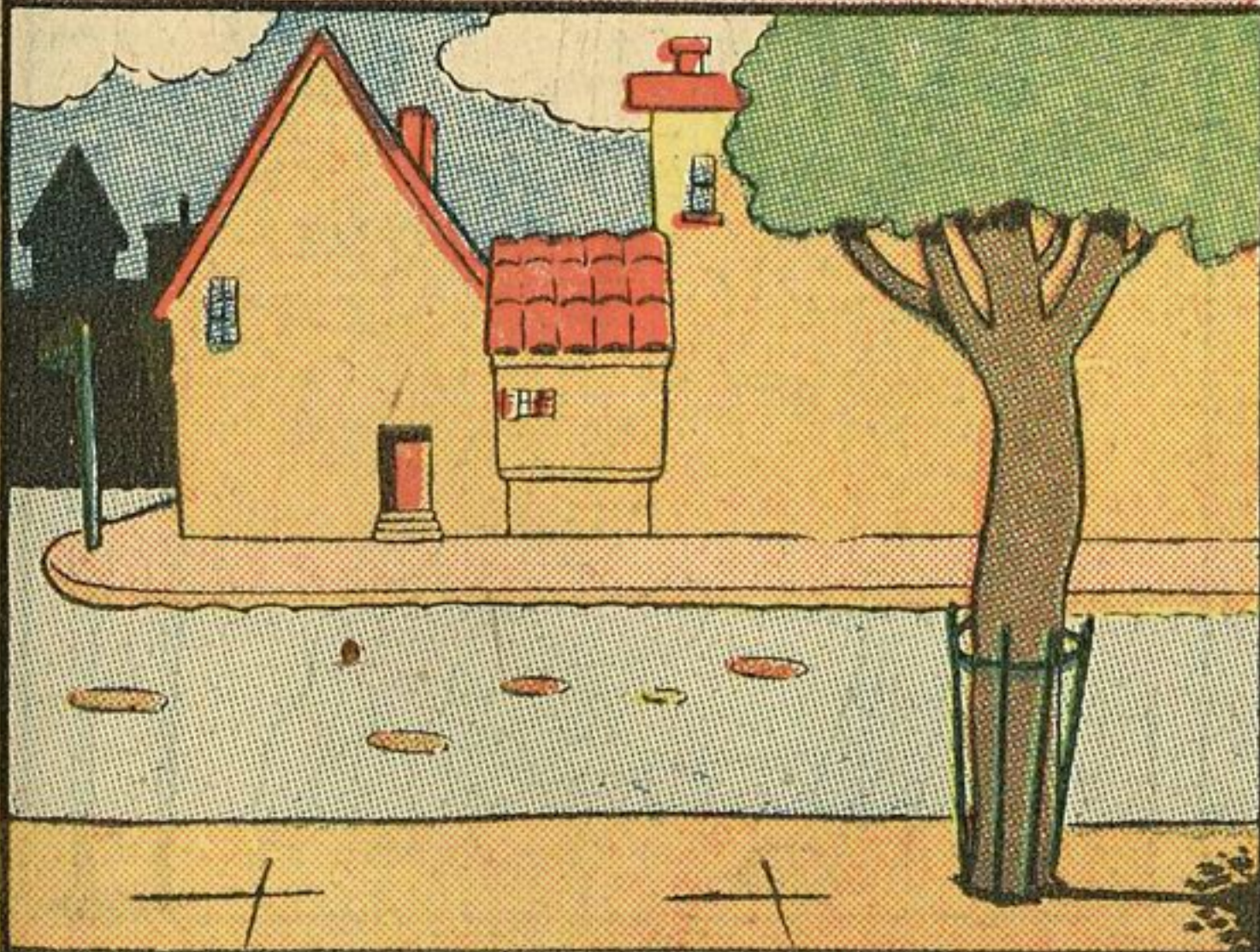
SEE NO EVIL HEAR NO EVIL SPEAK NO EVIL

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

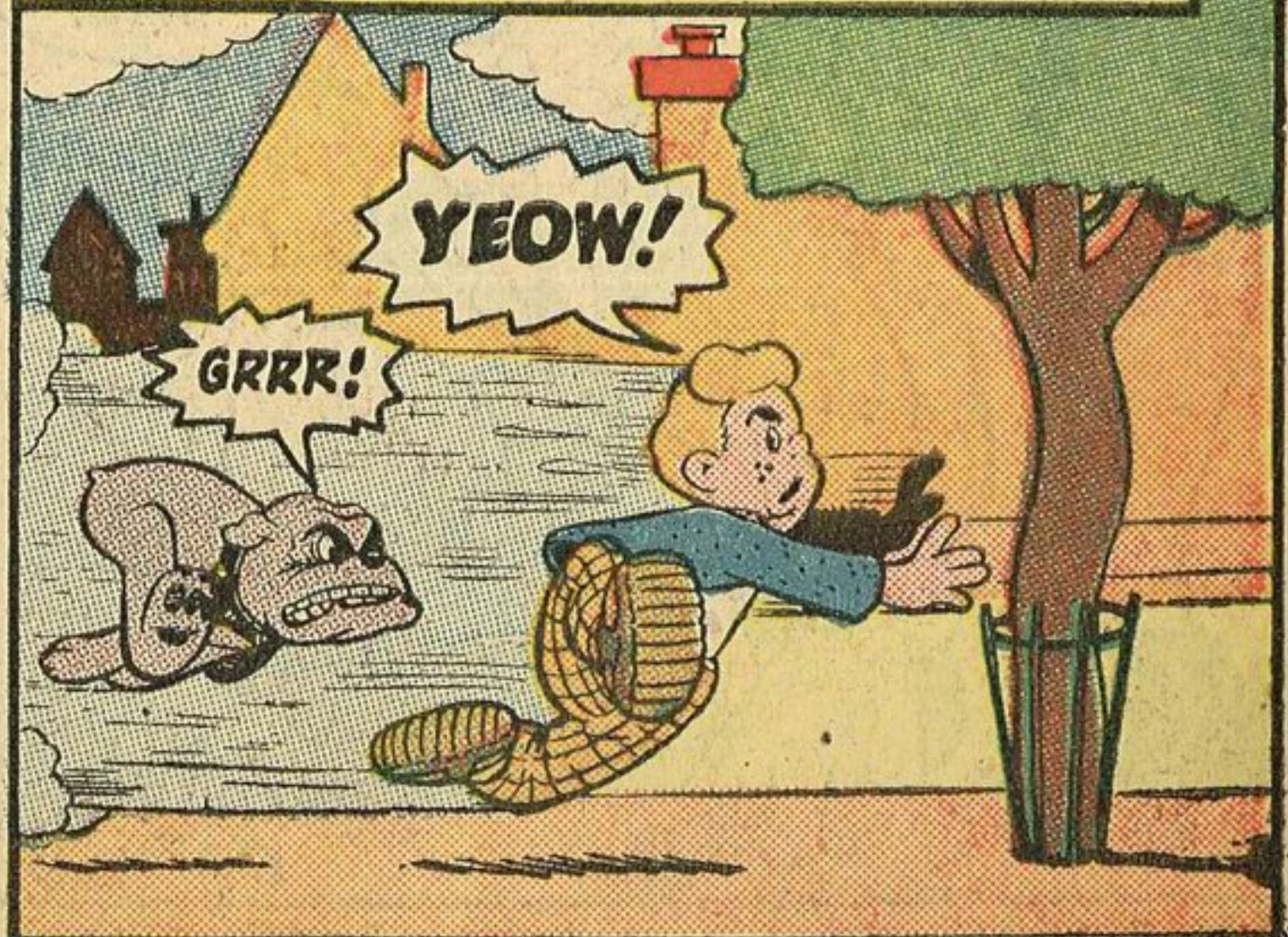




Our story opens on the quiet Main Street of the tiny town of Backwash, U. S. A., on a sunny afternoon ...



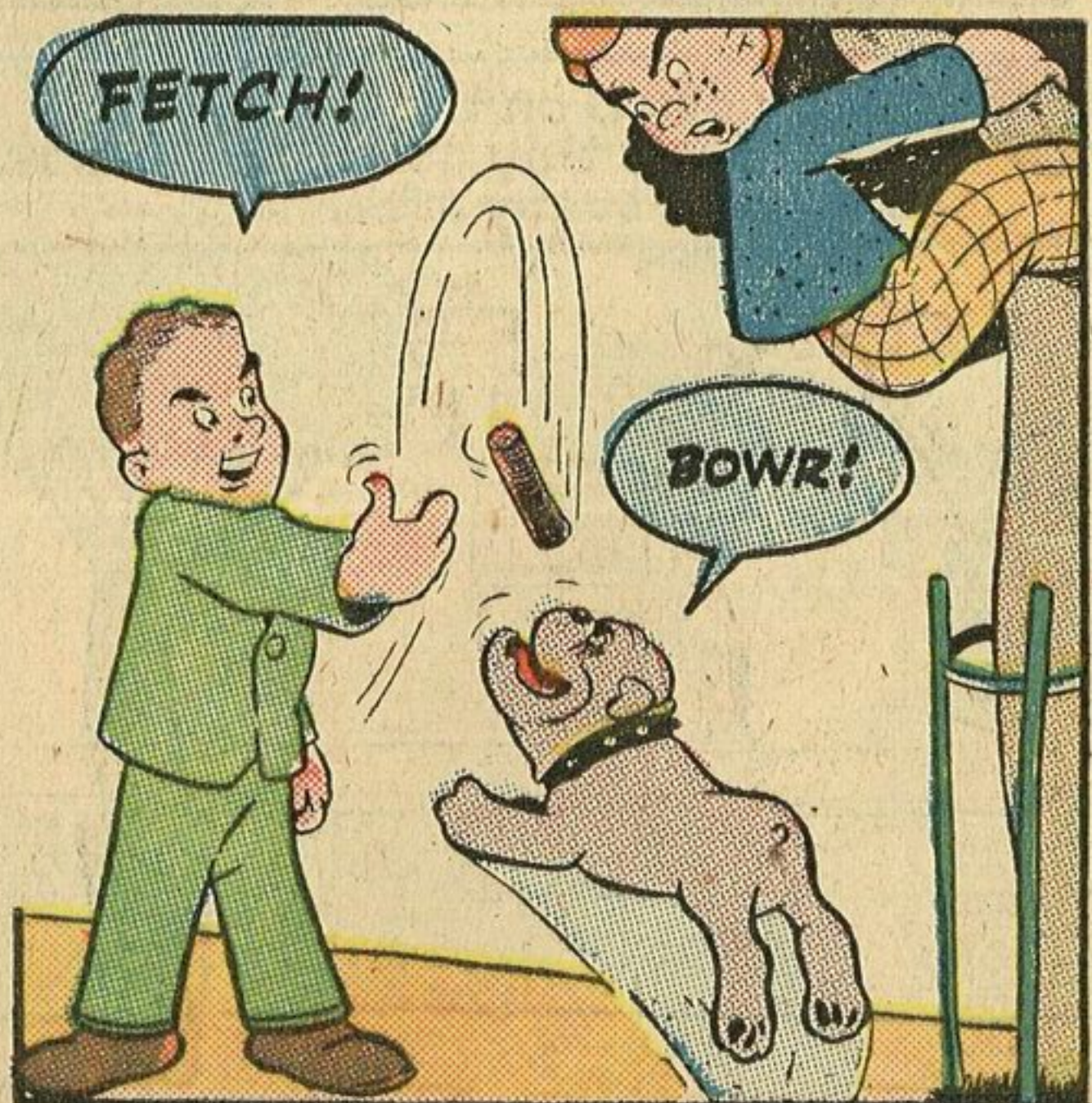
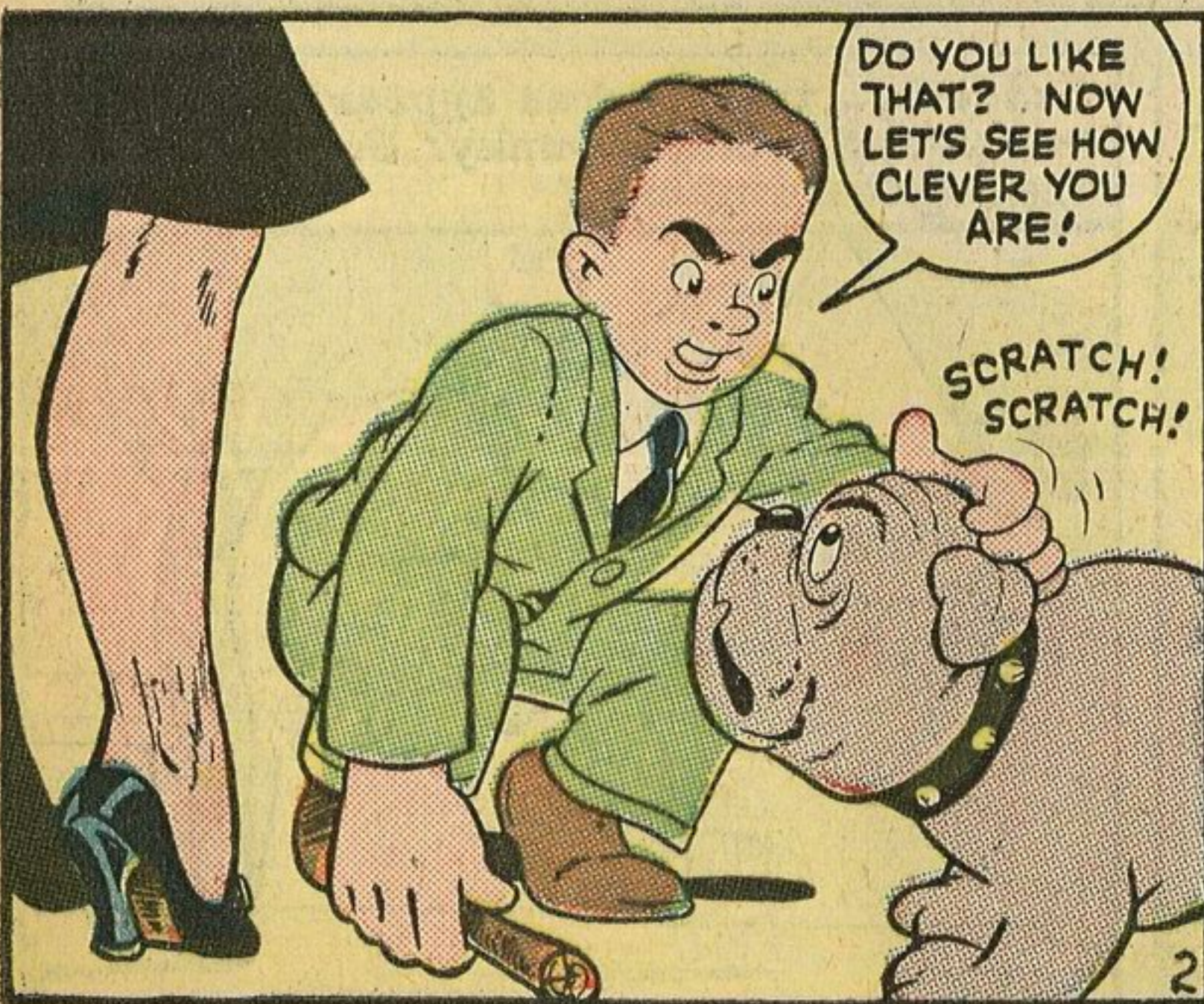
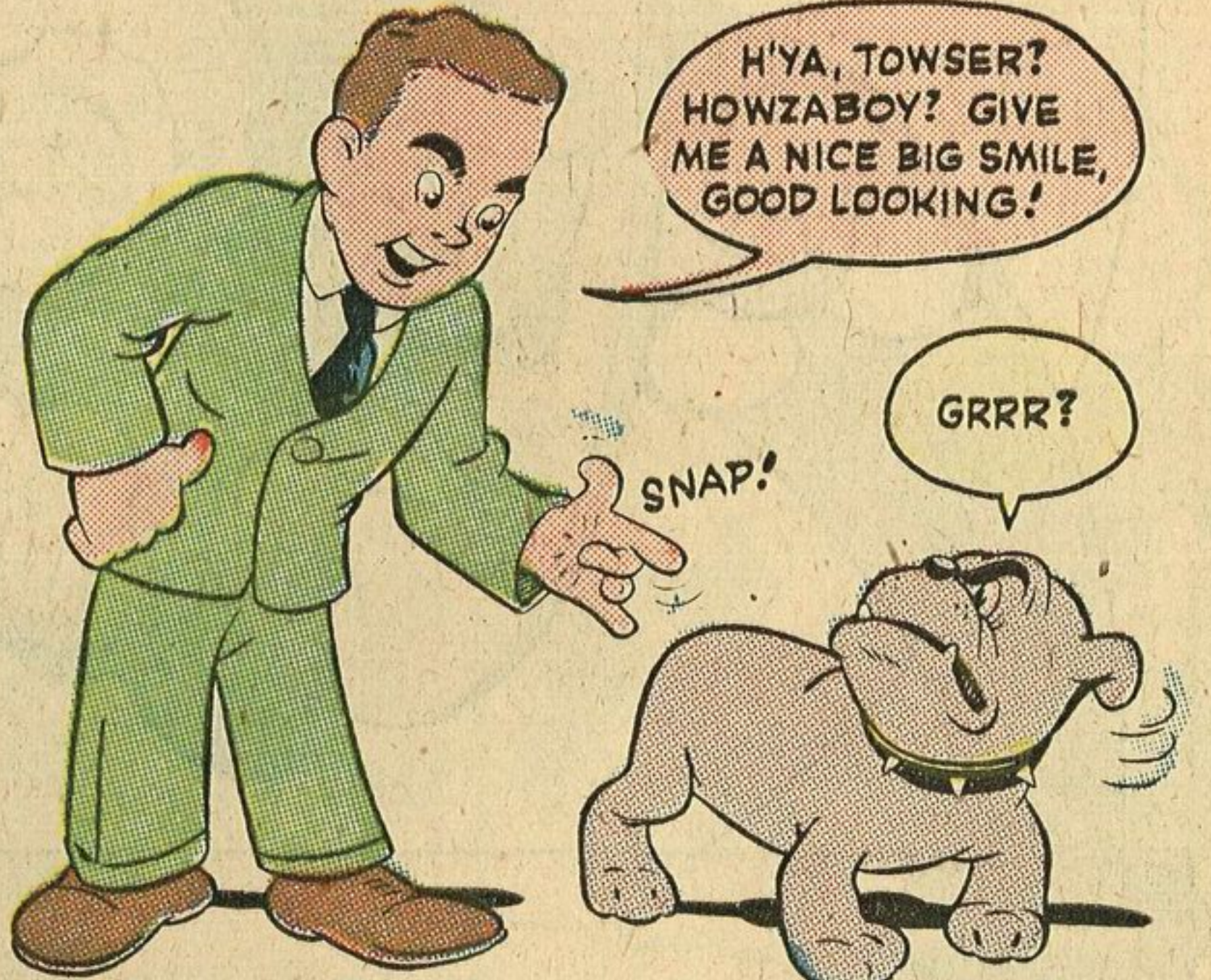
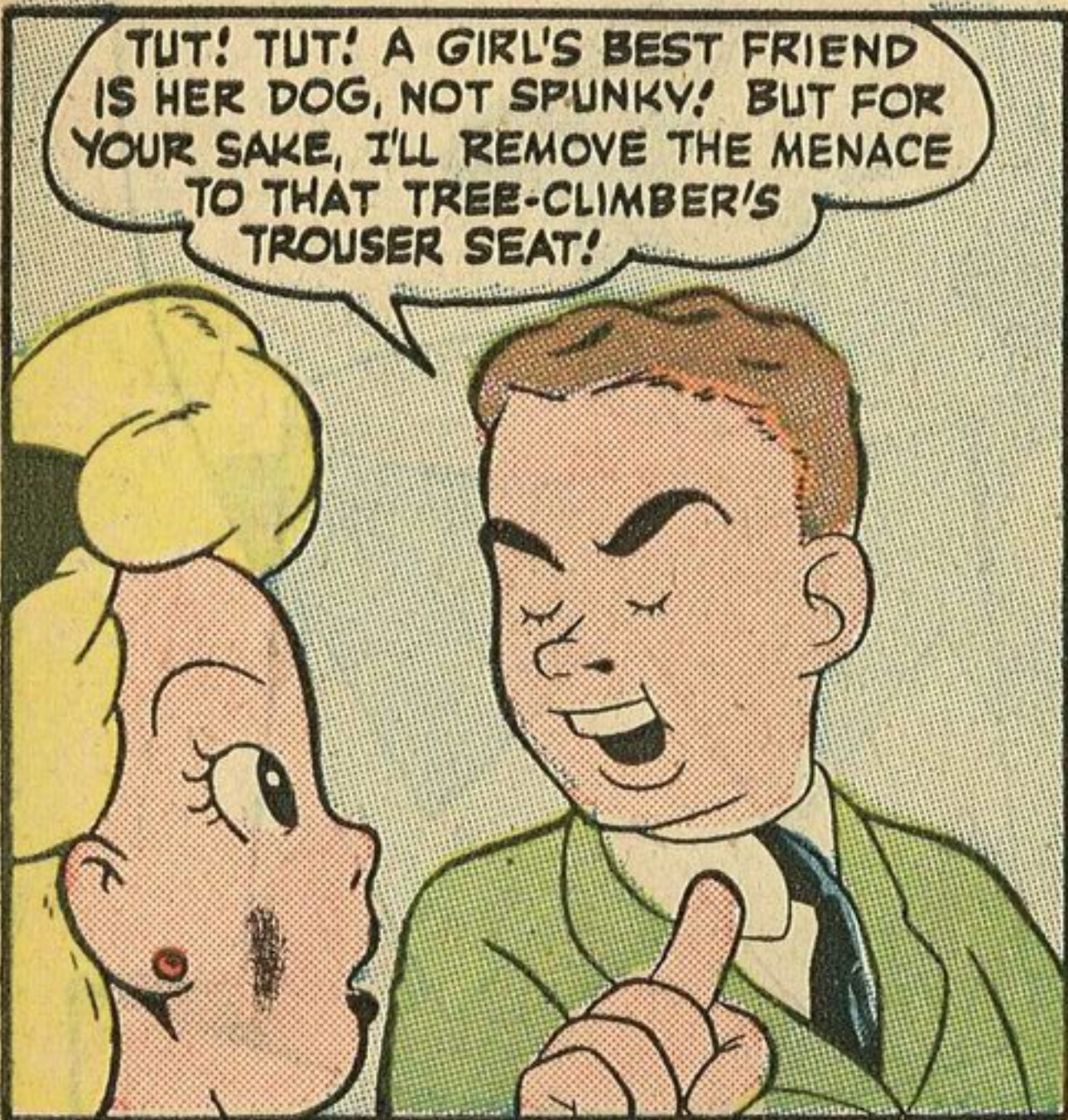
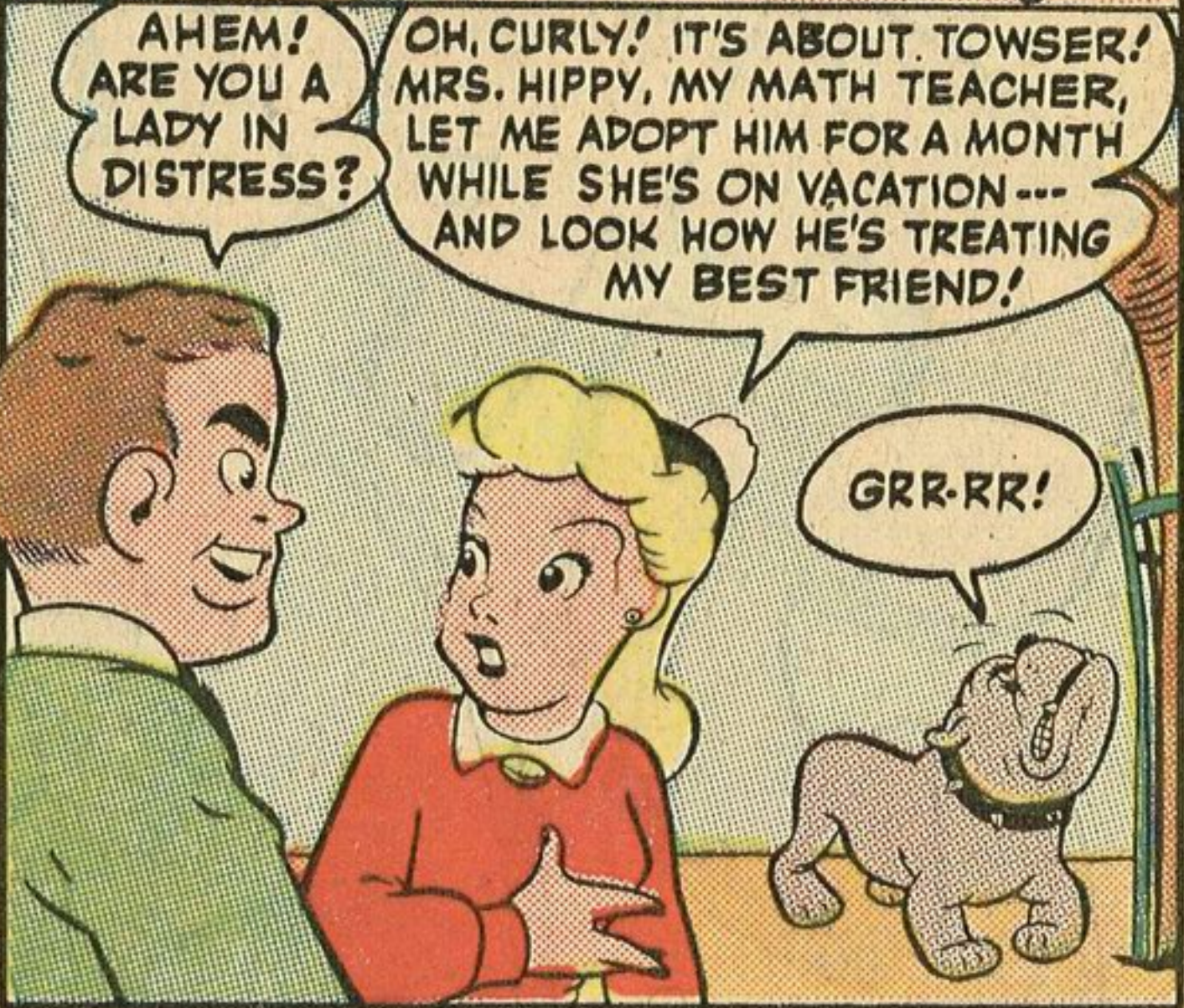
Suddenly... two figures appear! One is our young friend, Spunky! But why is the dog chasing him?

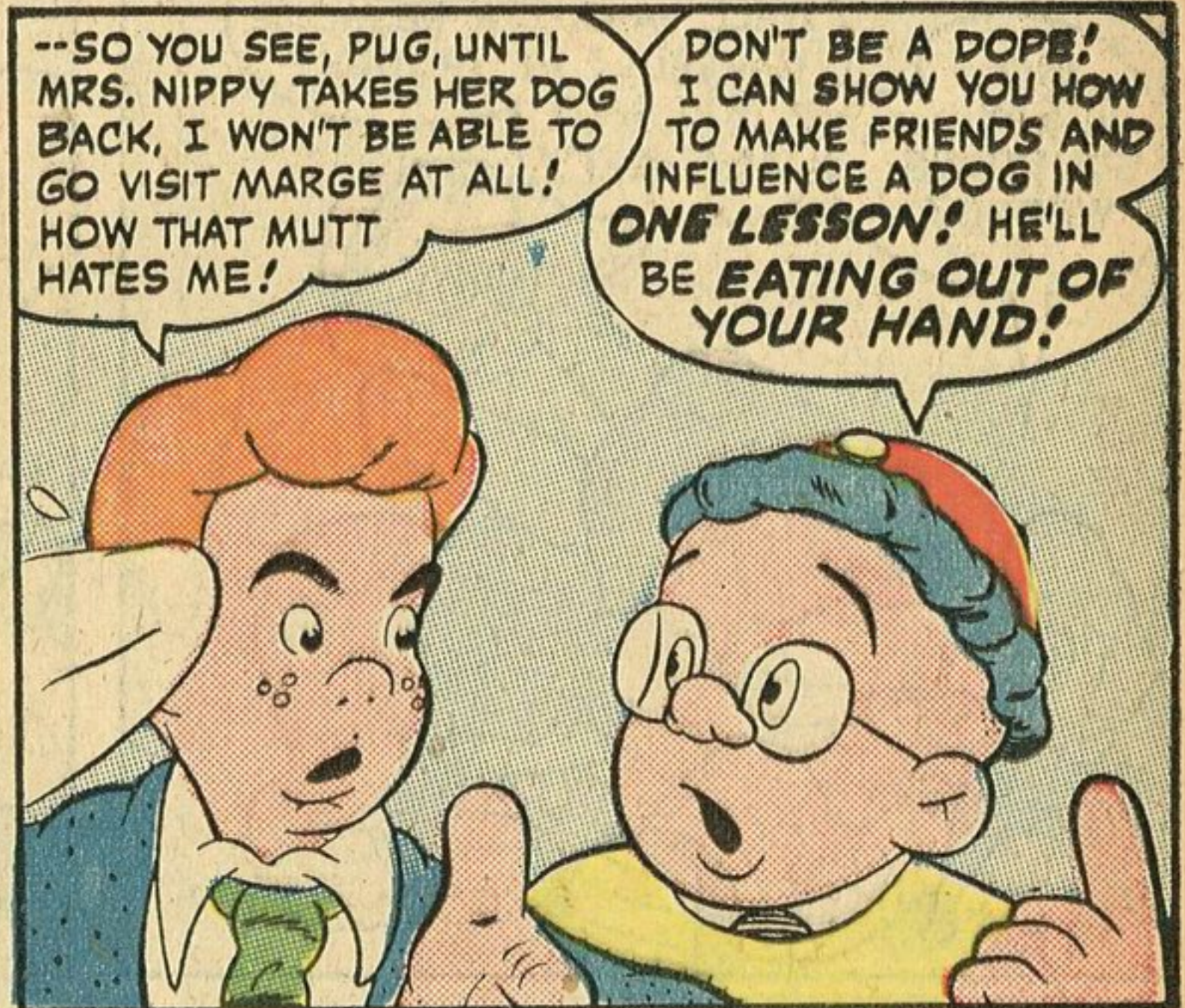
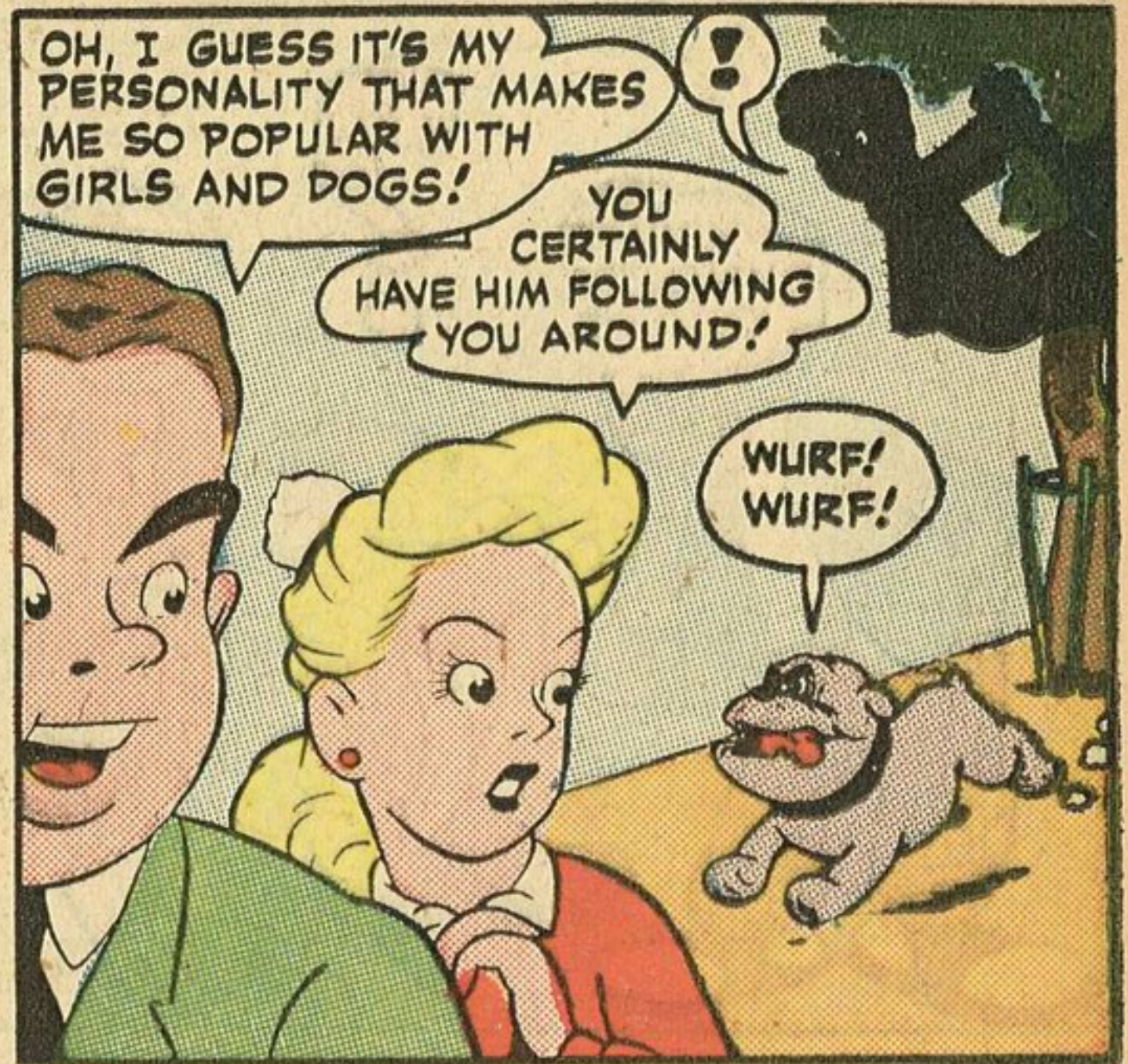
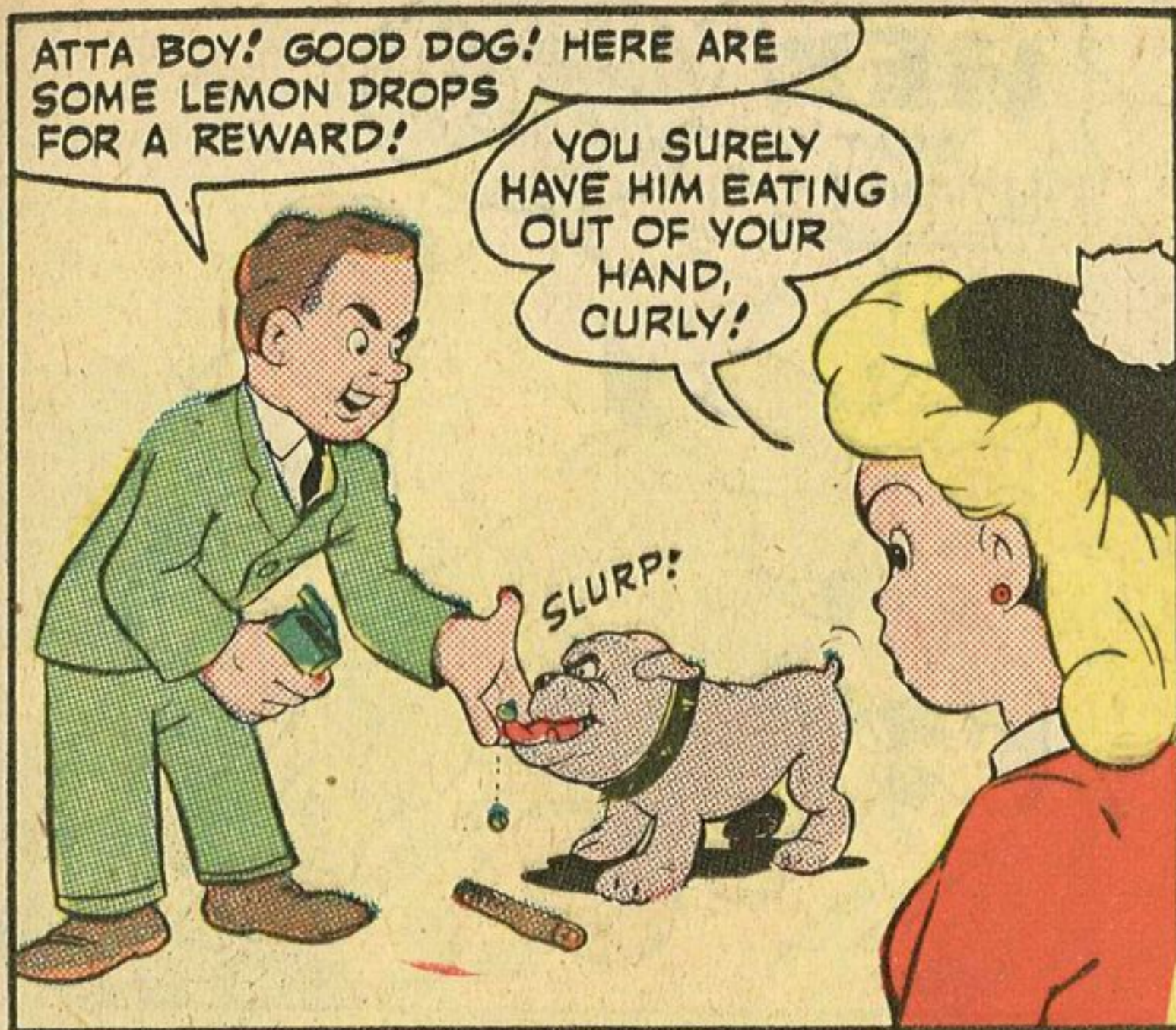


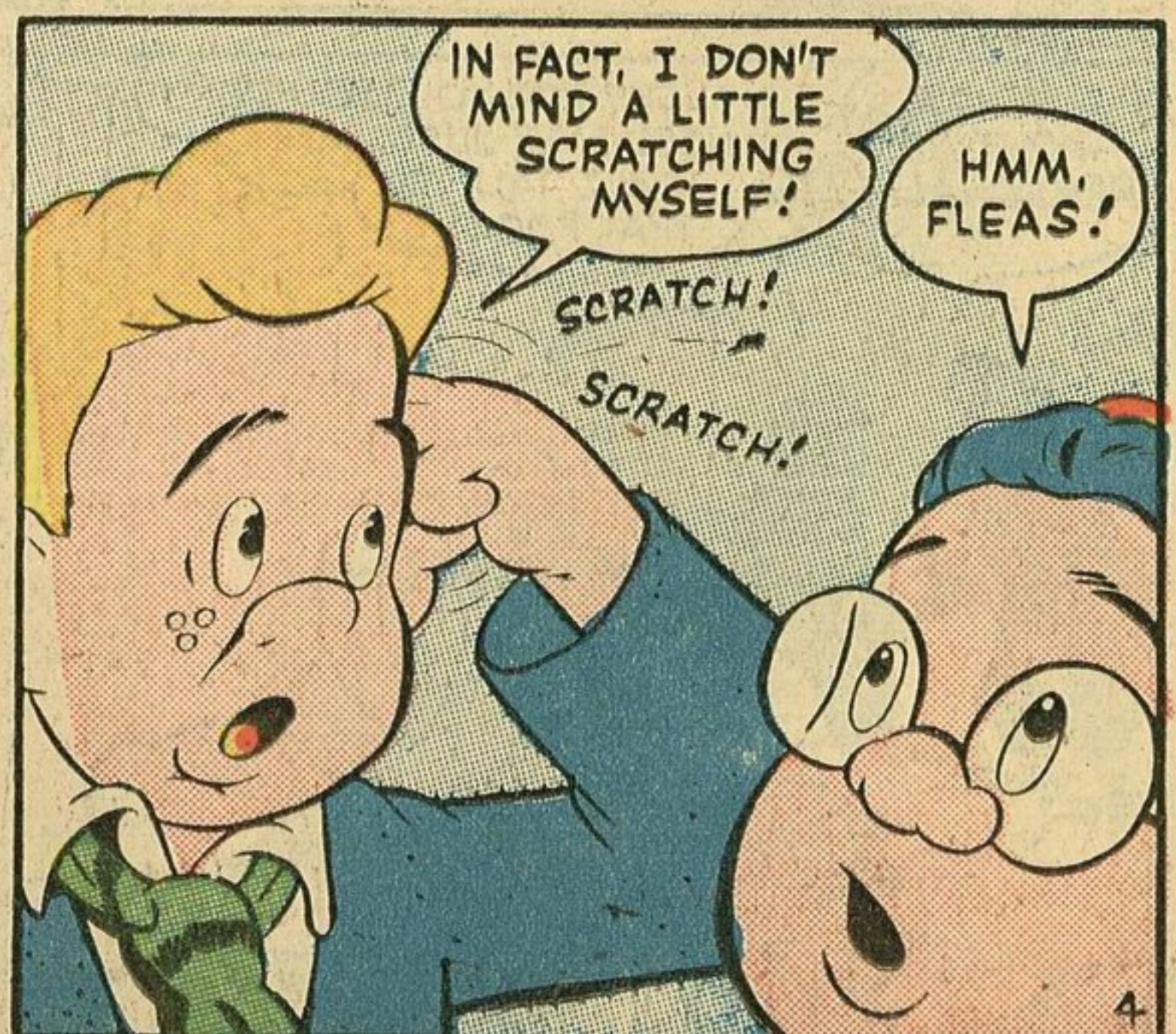
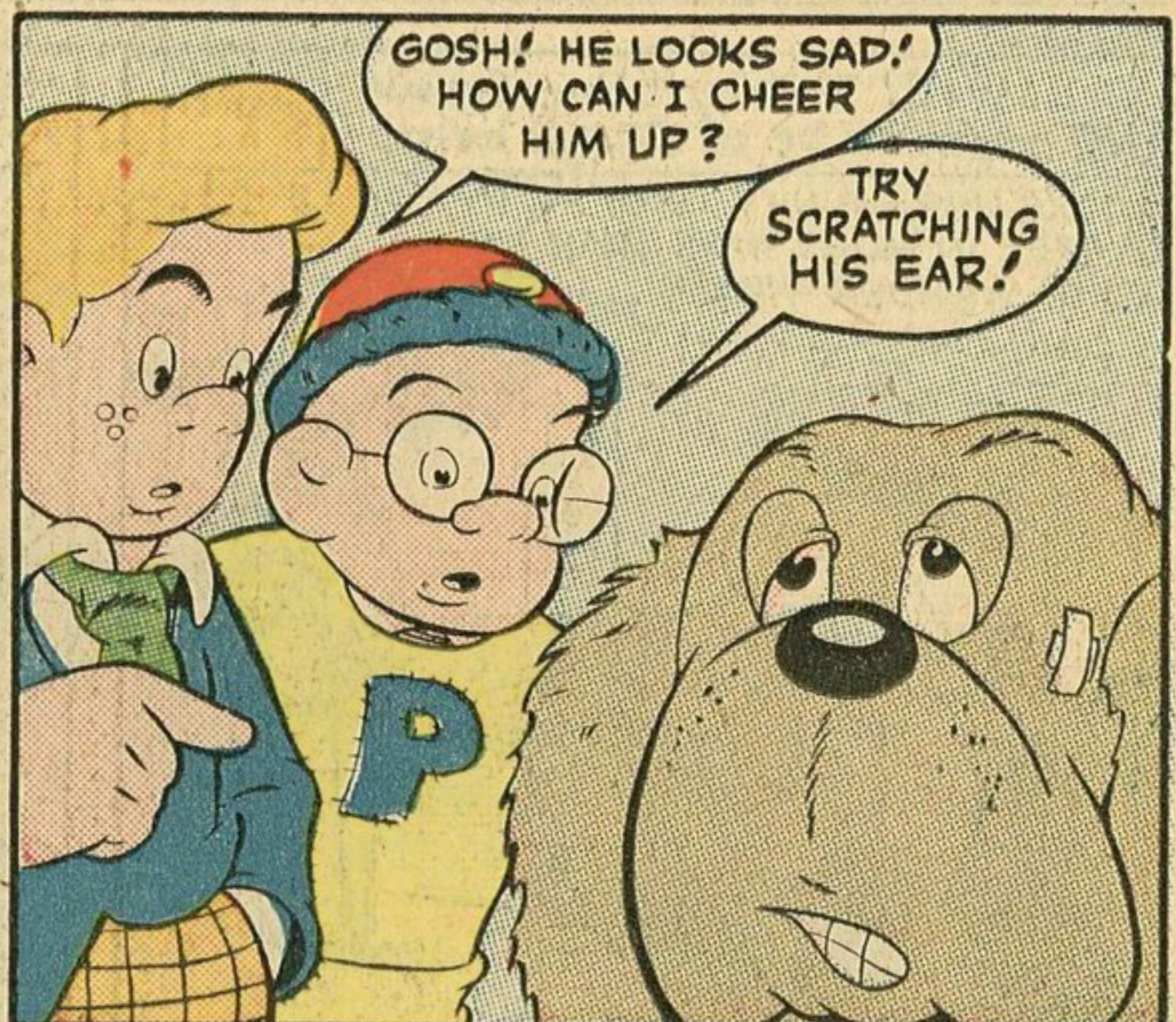
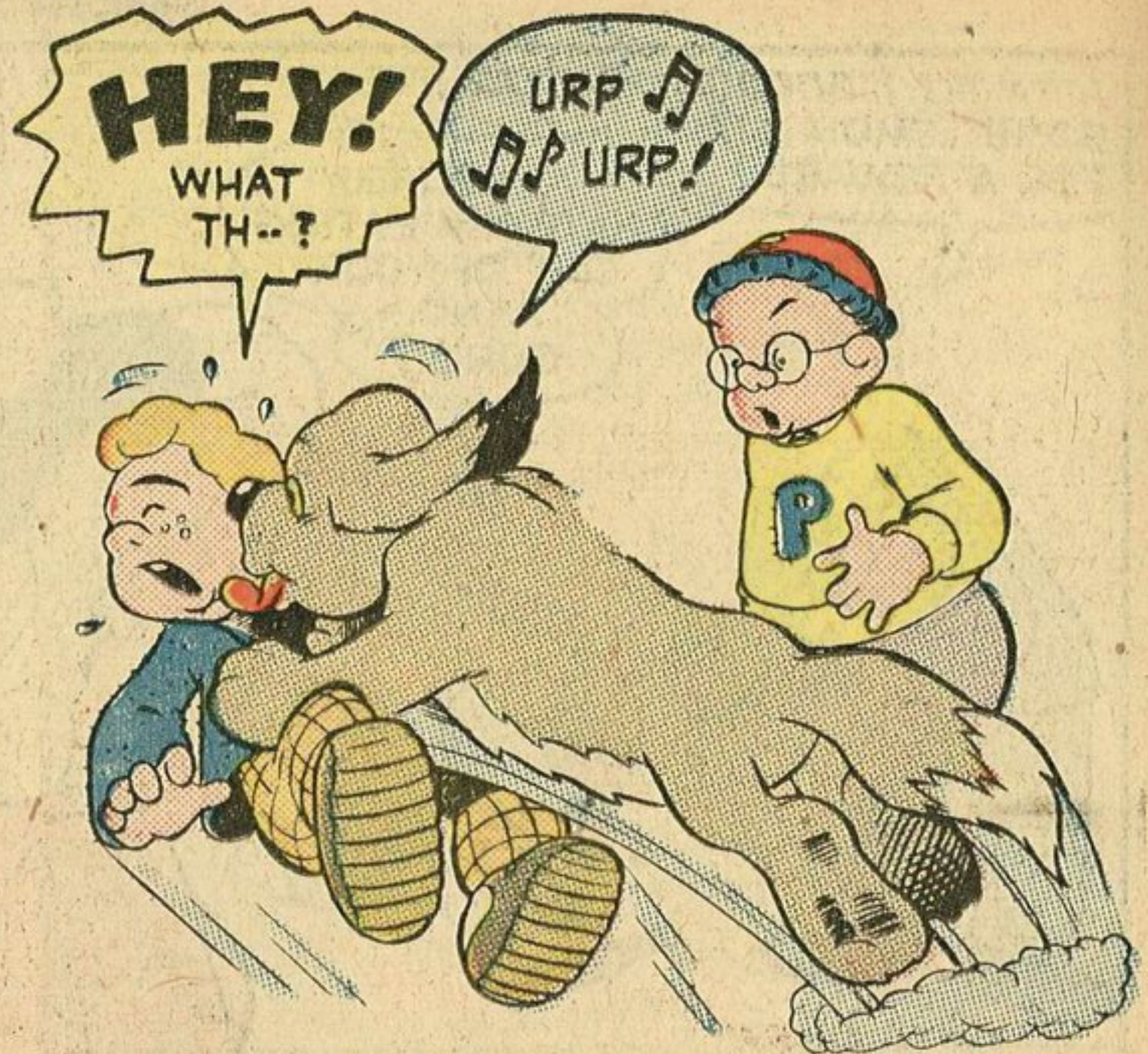
Ah! Here comes Spunky's girl friend, Marge! Maybe she'll clear things up for us....

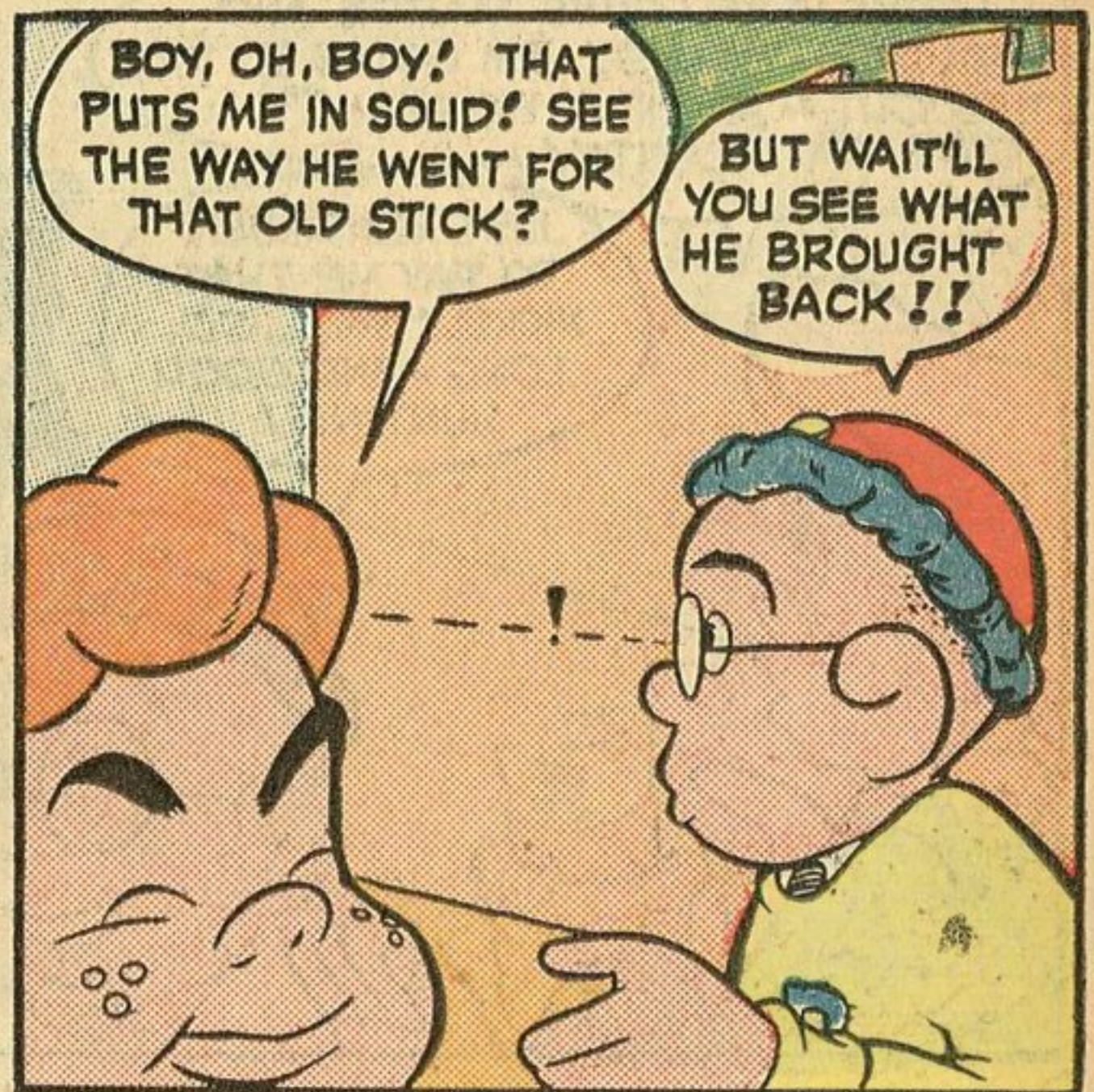
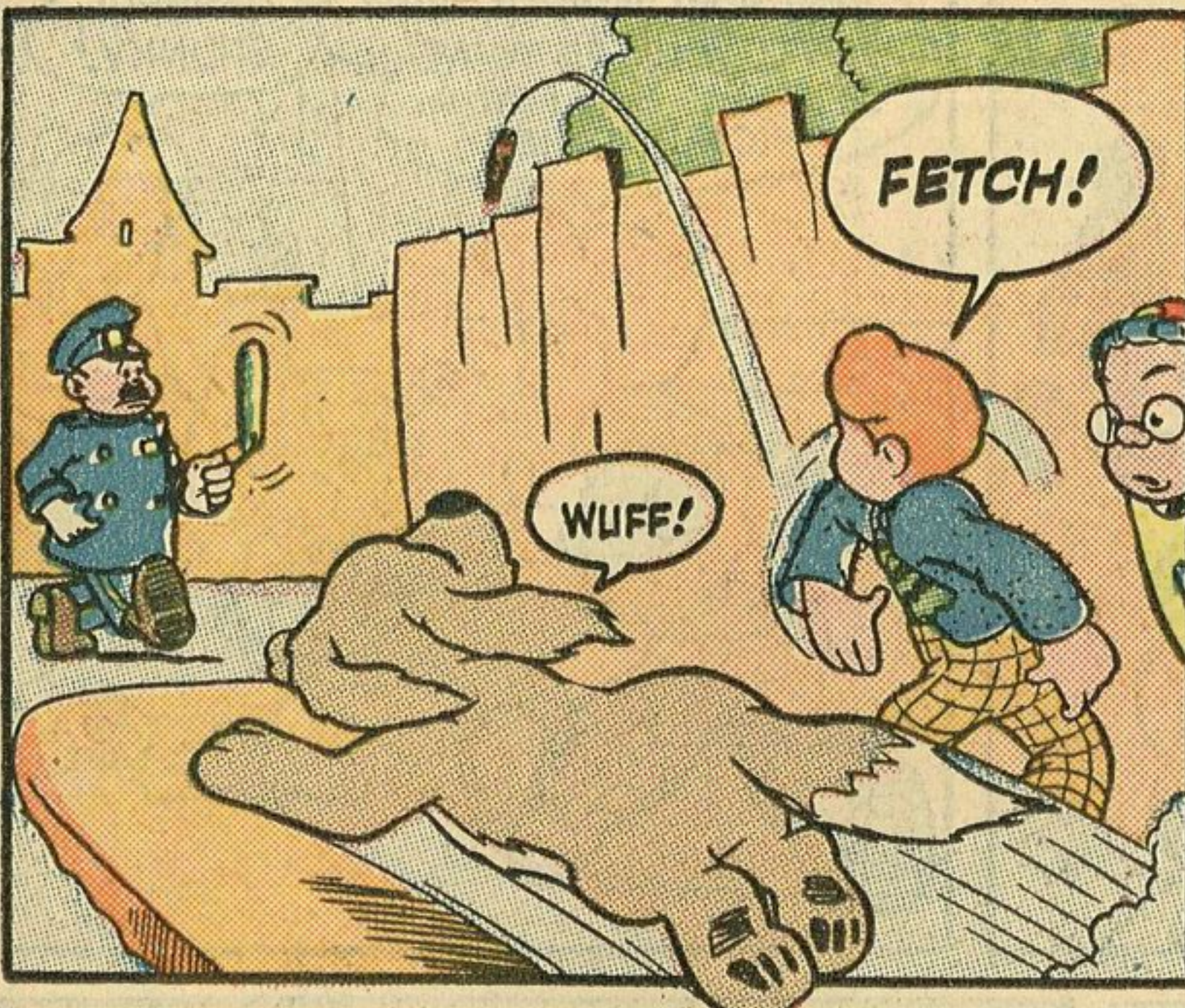
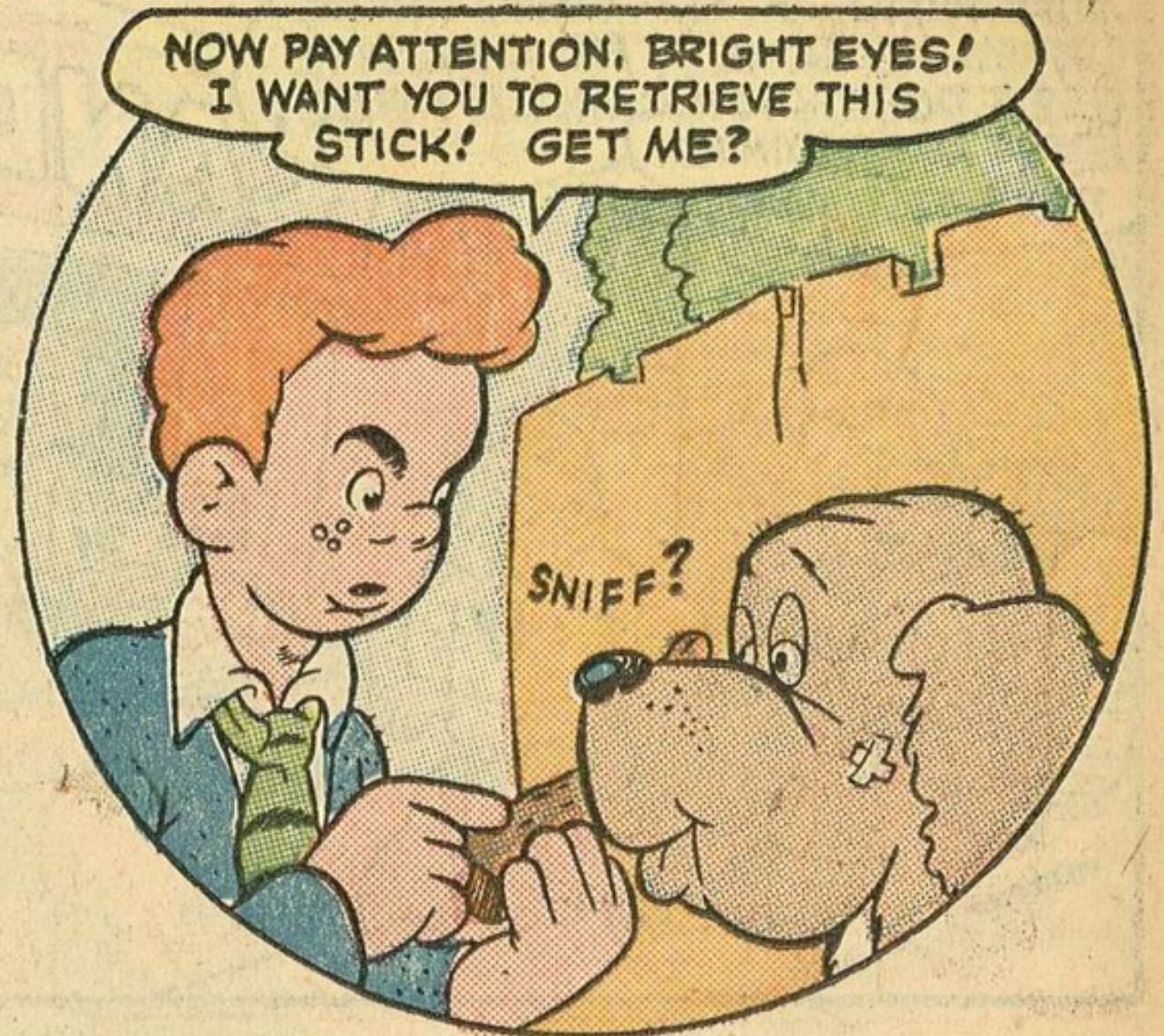
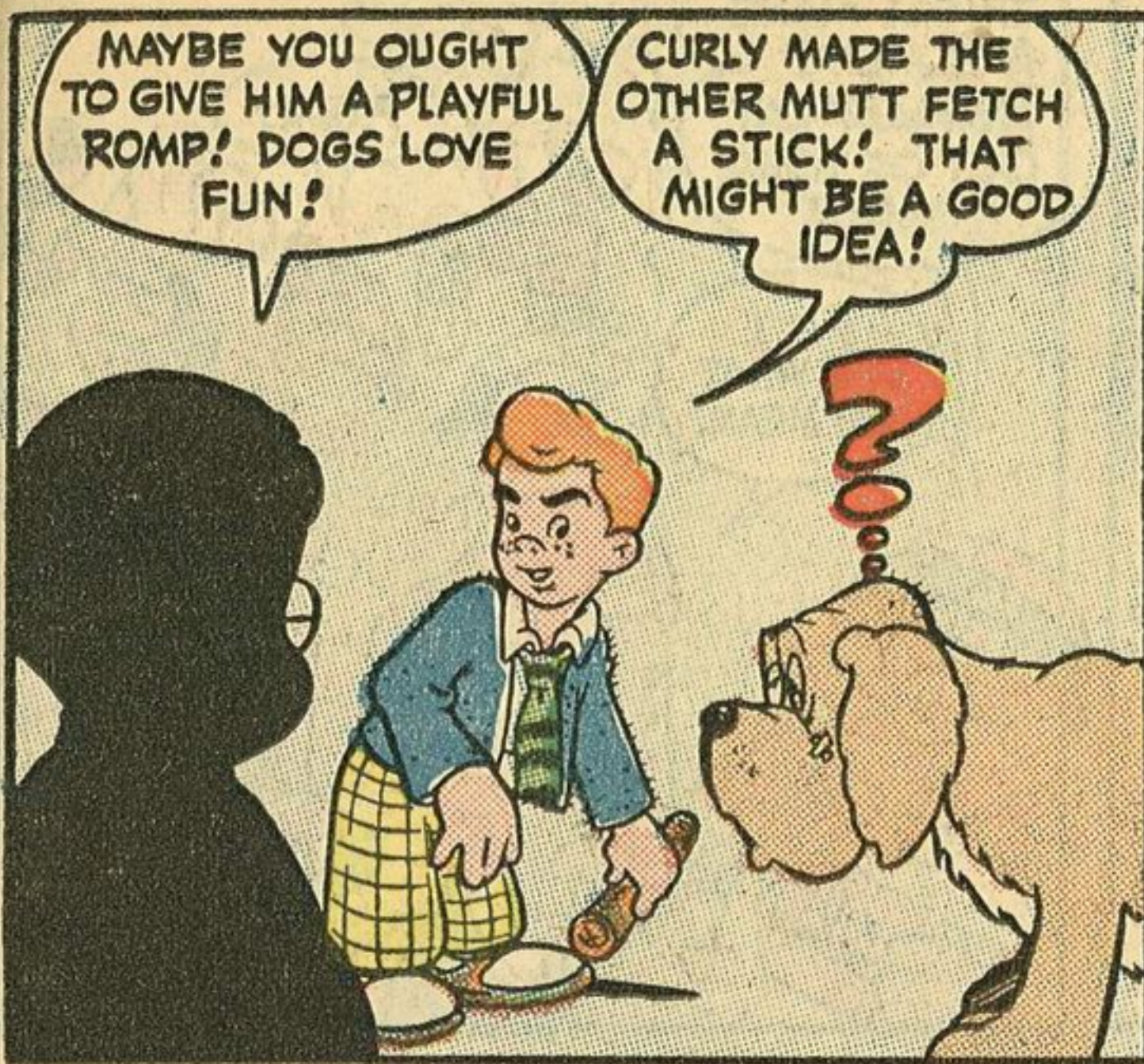


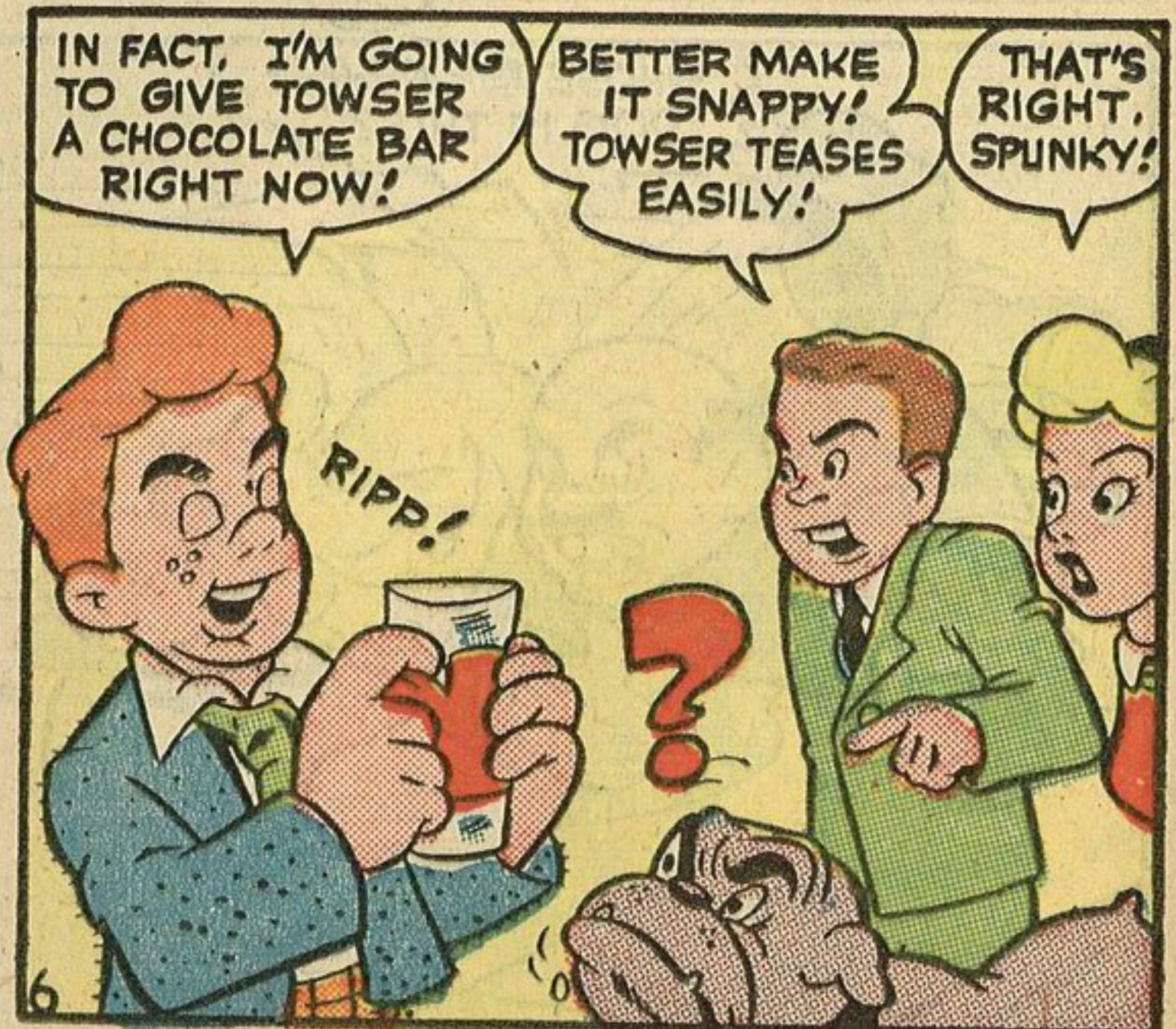
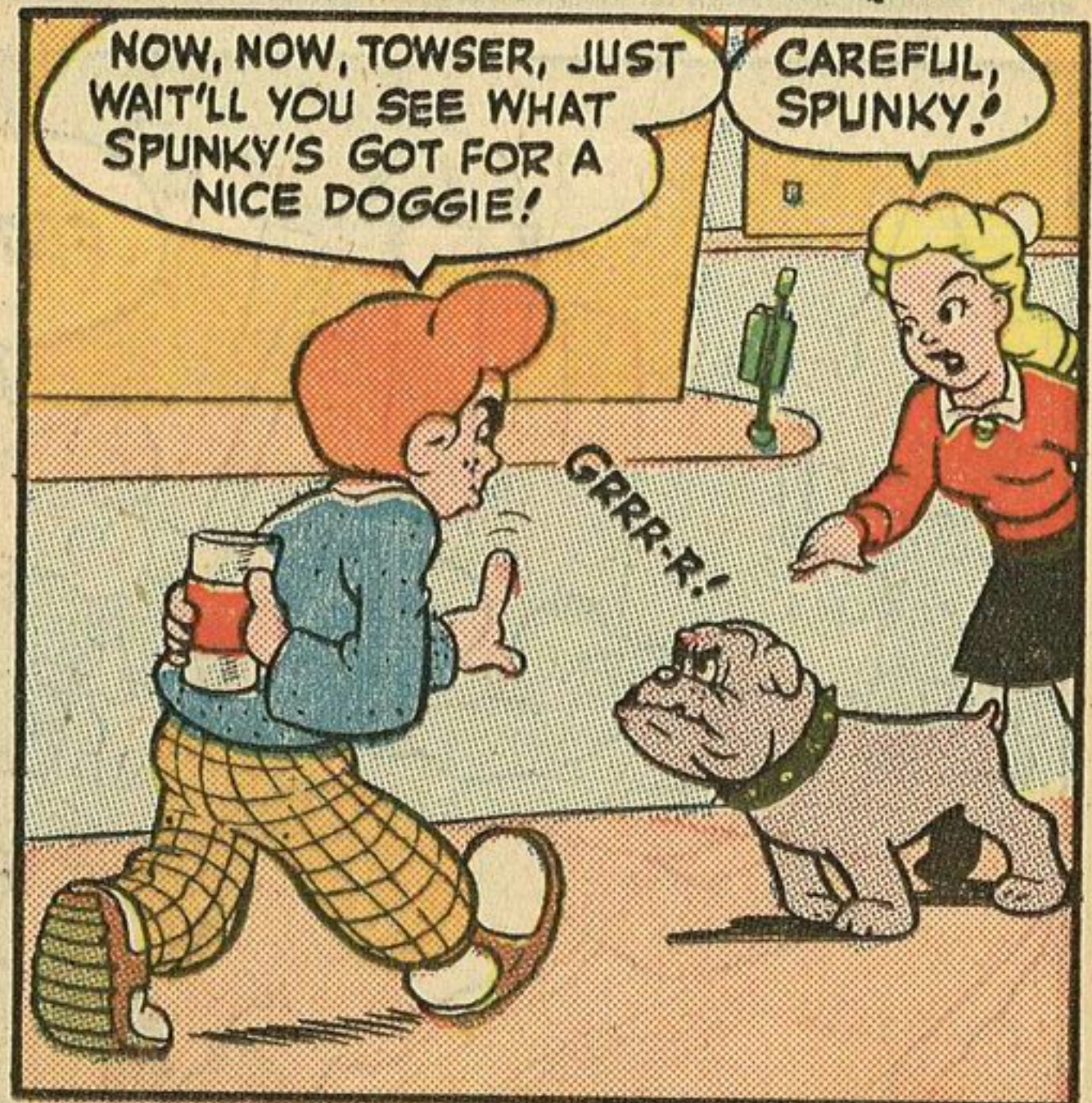
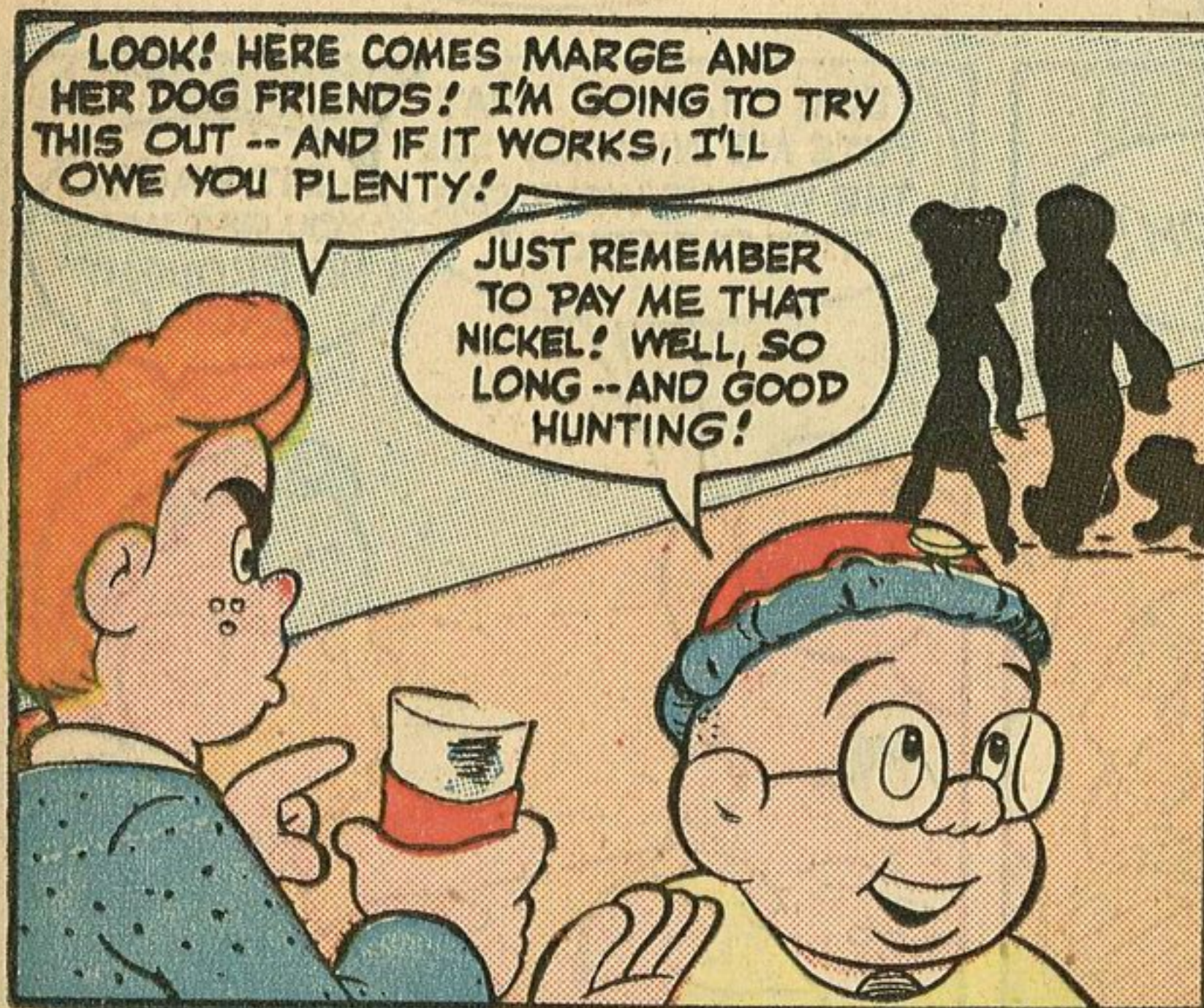
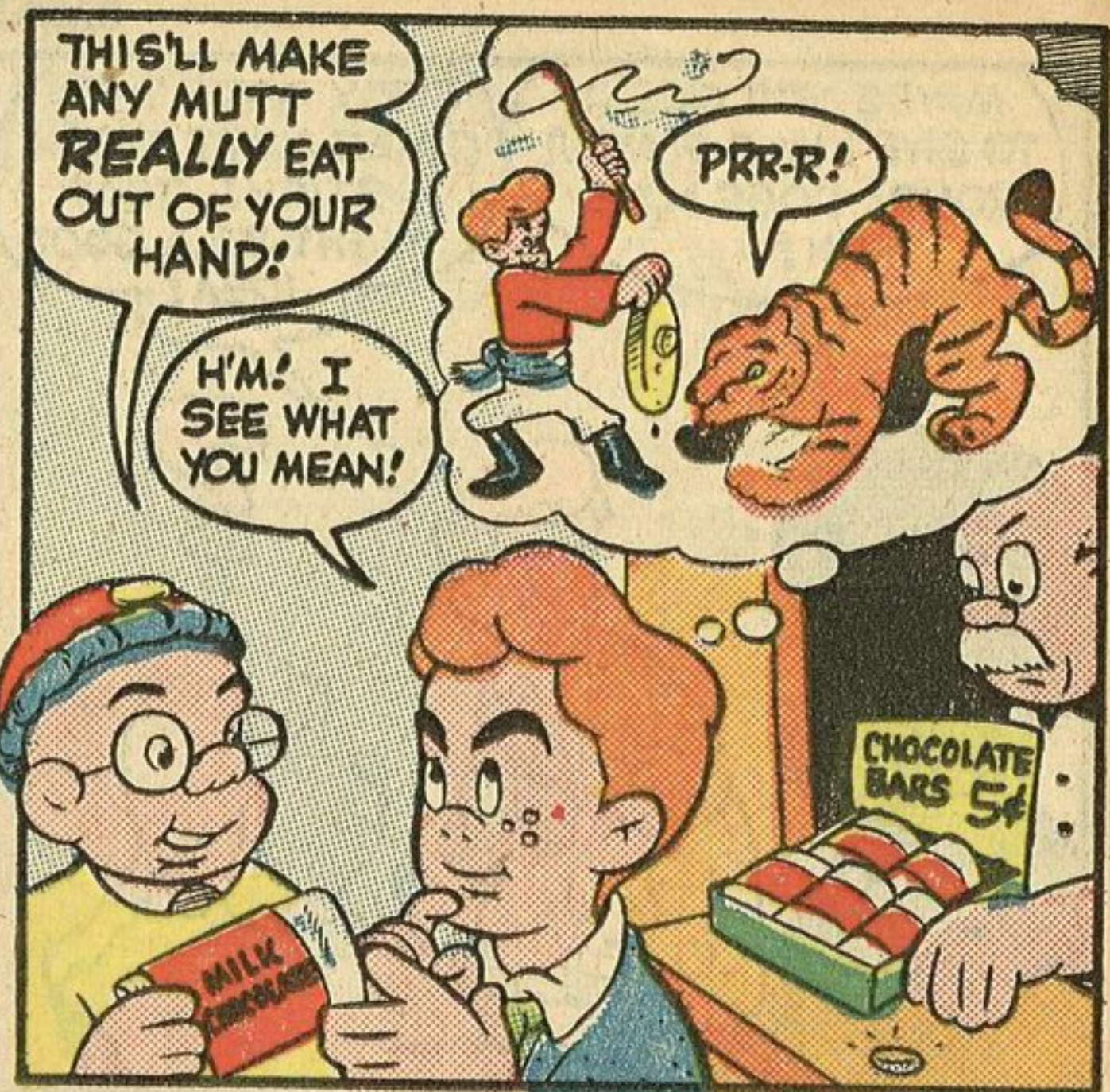
And next to show up is Curly, that paragon of perfection... Spunky's rival for Marge!

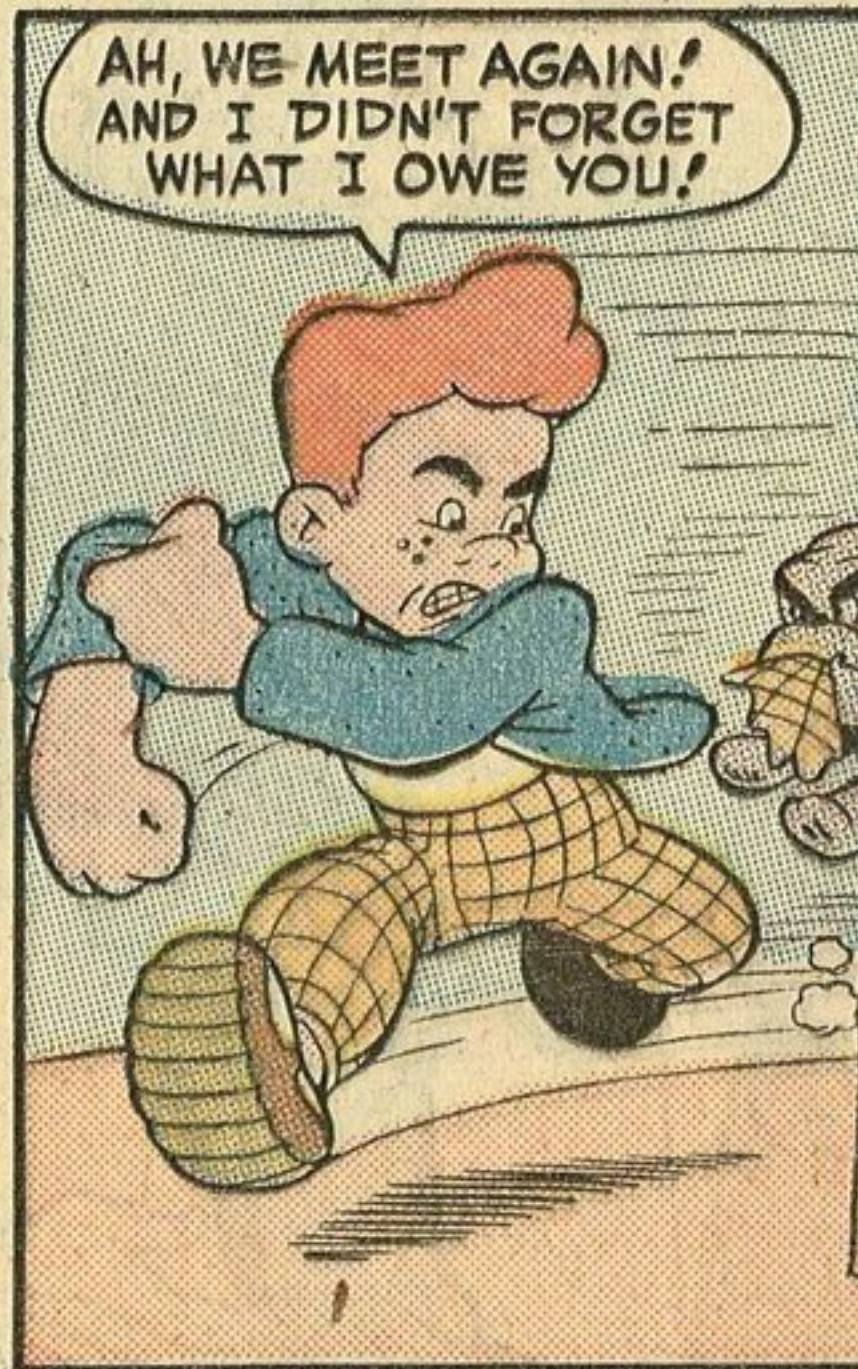
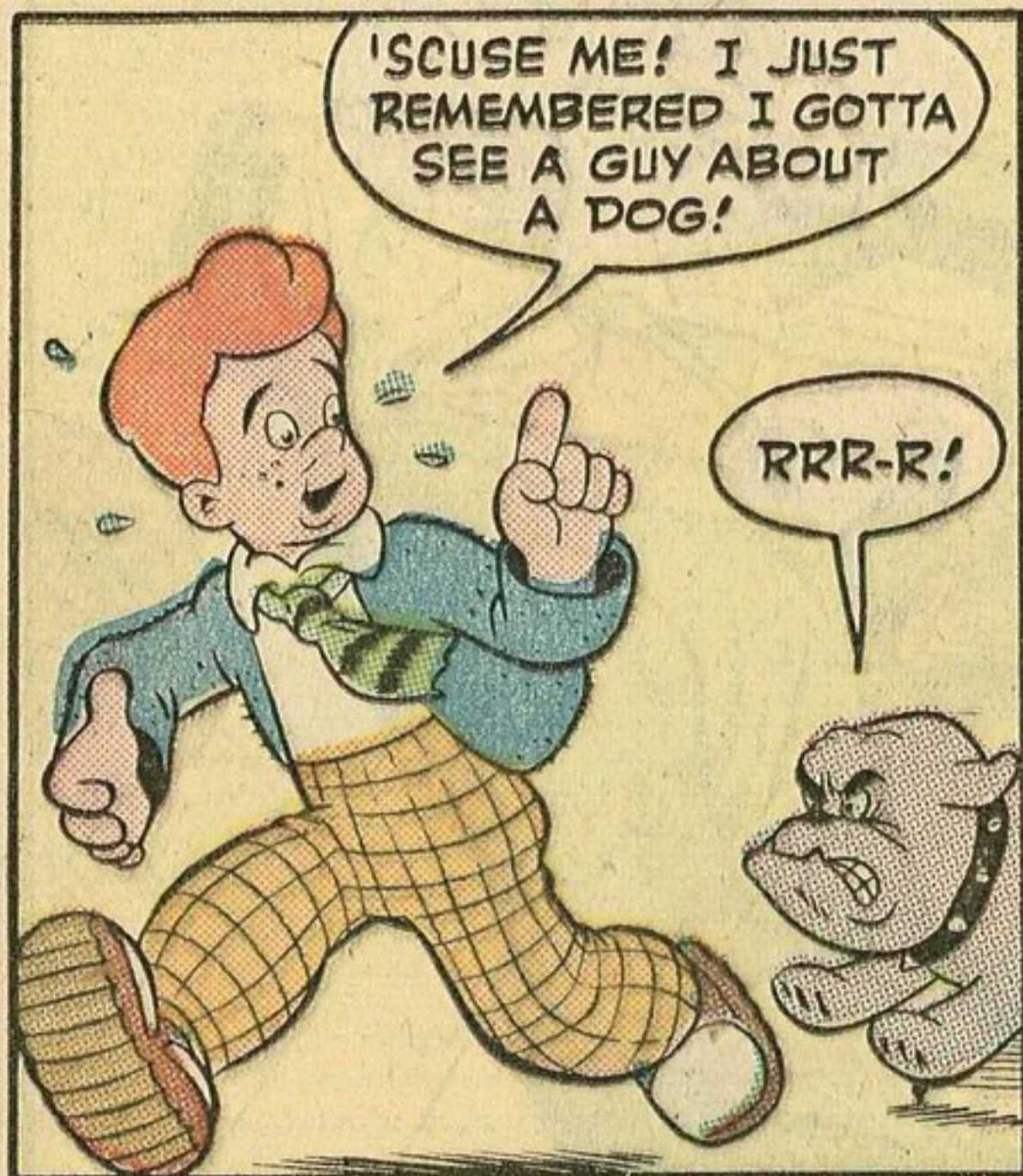
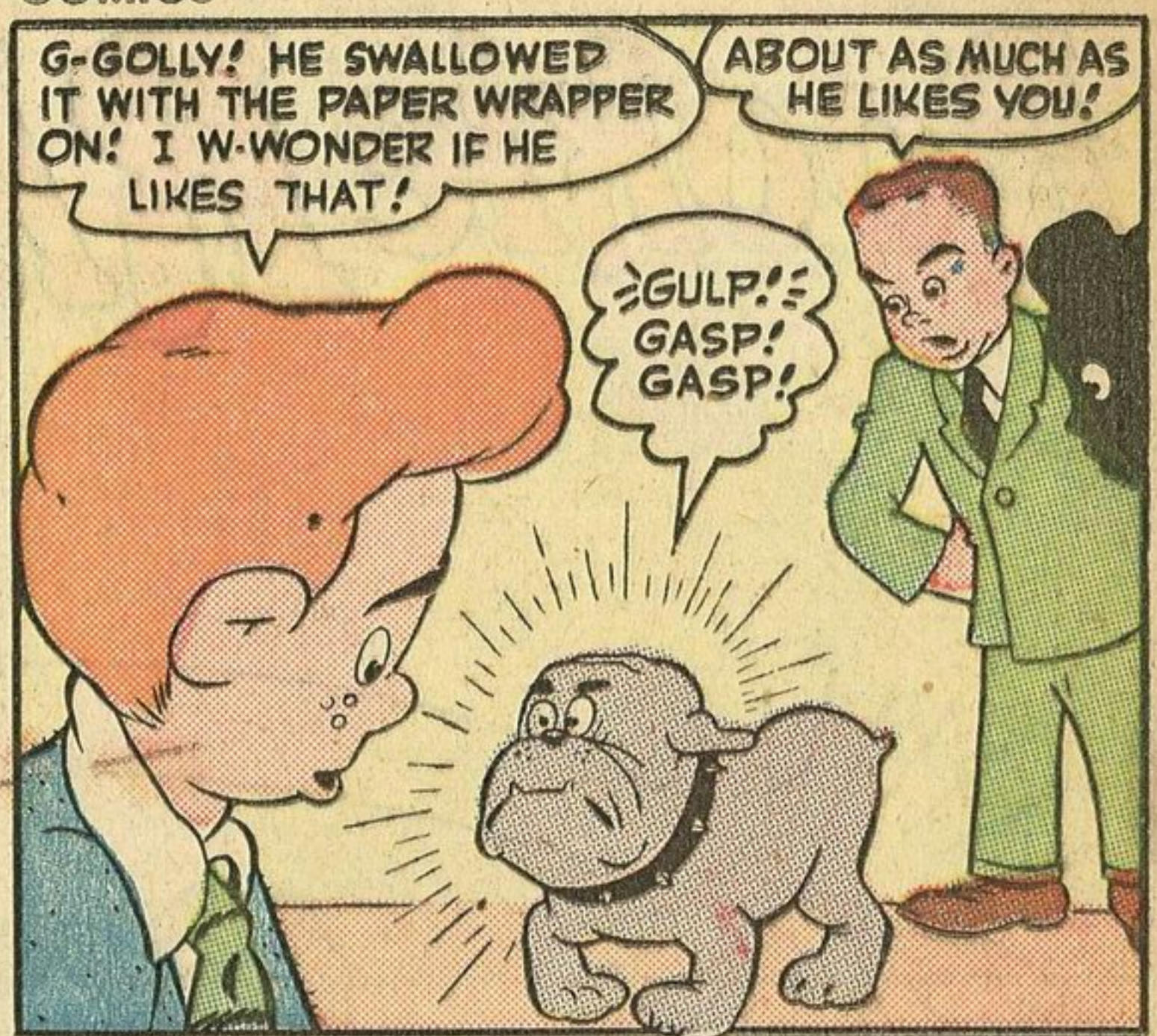
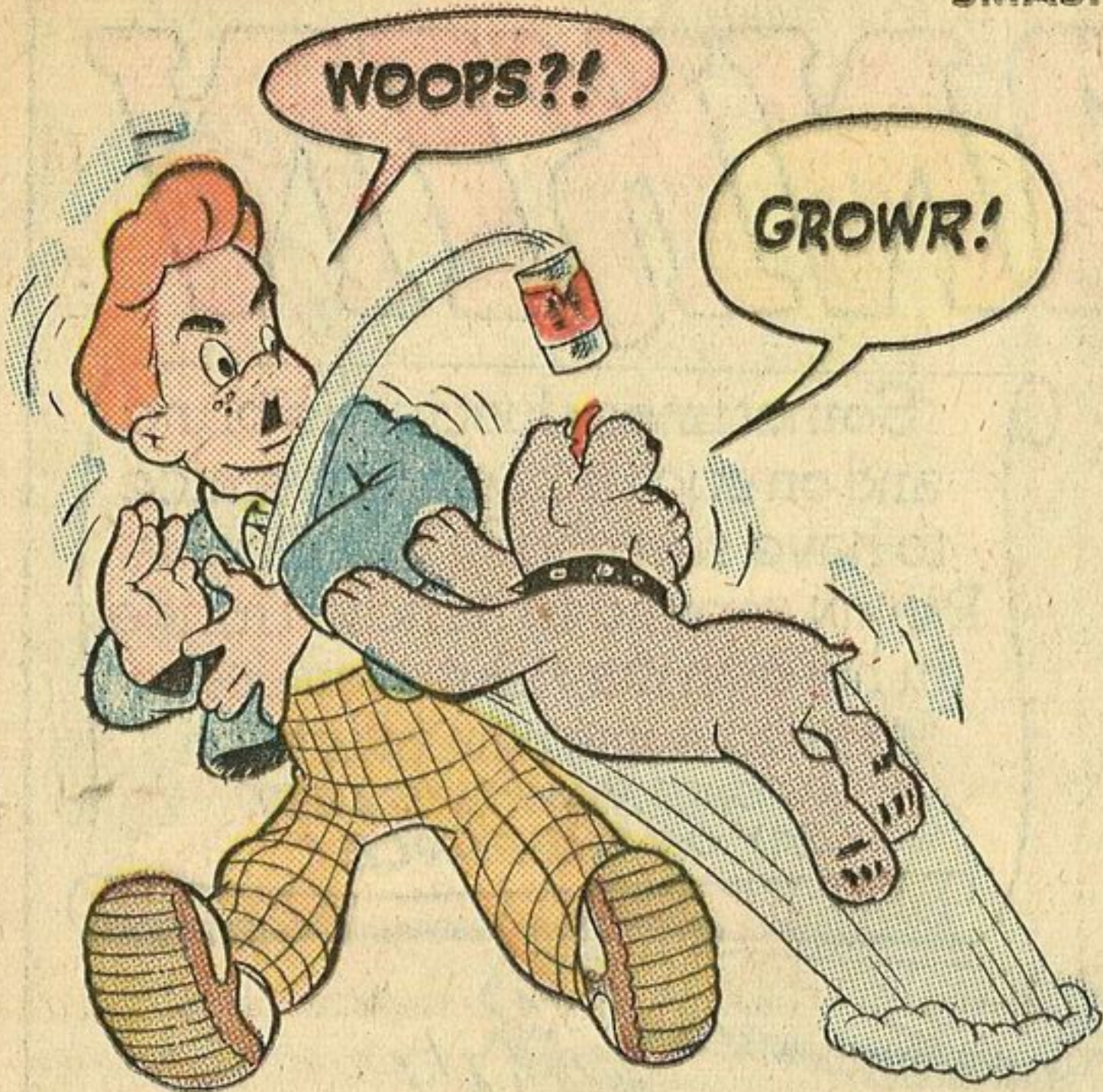










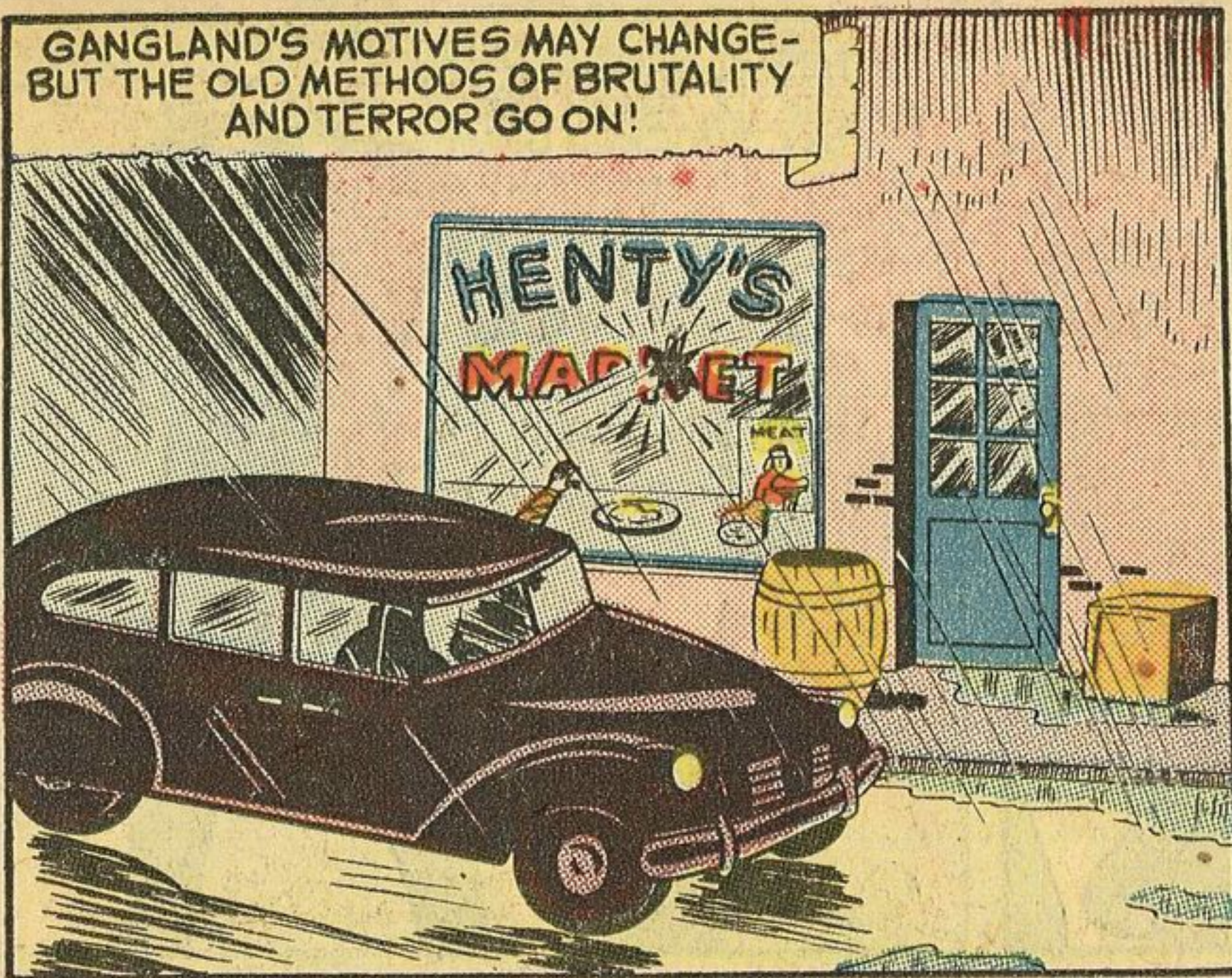


Rookie RANKIN

Sometimes Justice is blind and on such occasions it's nice to have somebody like Rookie RANKIN around to handle things in his own way! But even Justice learned some new twists on **ROOKIE RANKIN'S LAST DAY ON THE FORCE!**



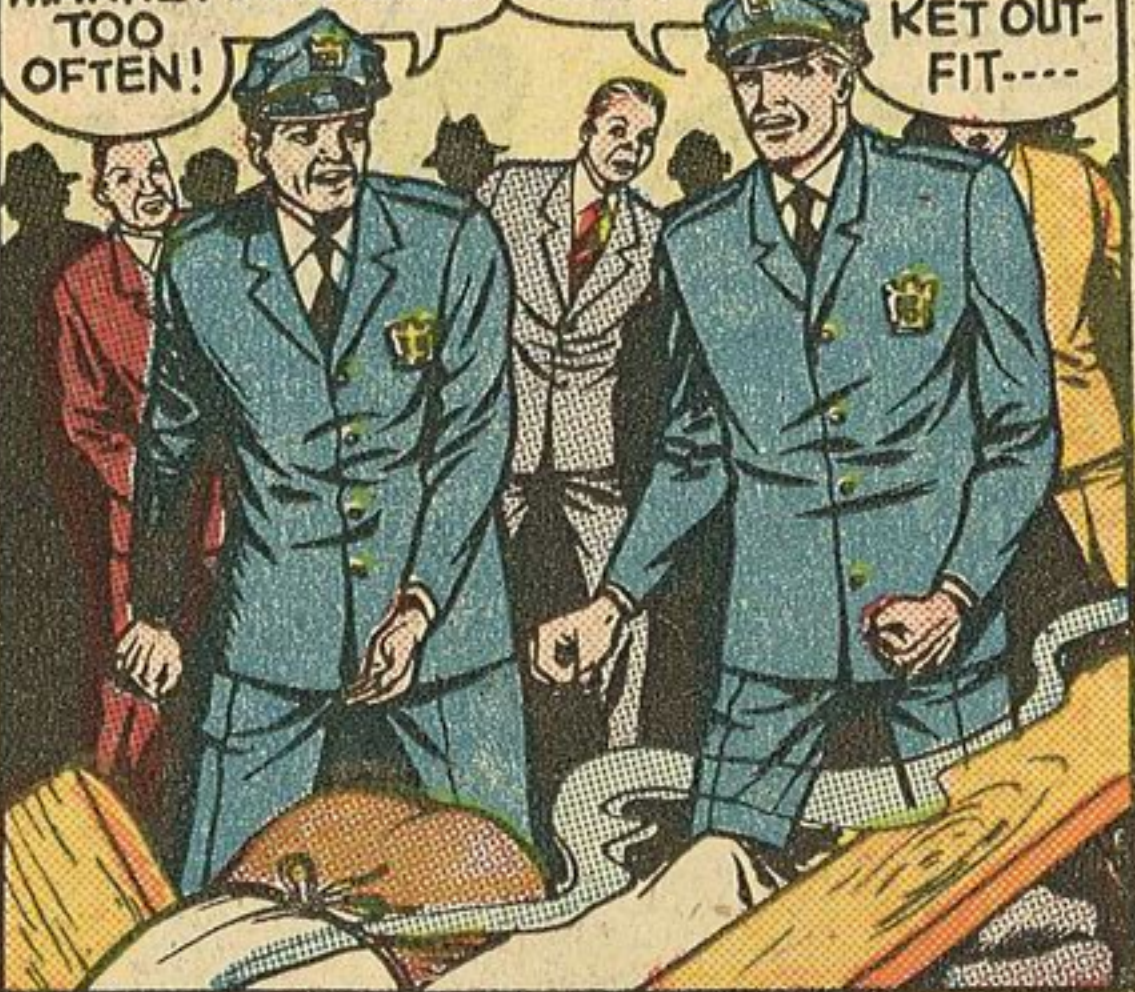
GANGLAND'S MOTIVES MAY CHANGE-
BUT THE OLD METHODS OF BRUTALITY
AND TERROR GO ON!



A few minutes later...

HE'S DEAD! WELL, ROOKIE, IT LOOKS LIKE OLD MAN HENTY BUCKED THE BLACK MARKET MOB ONCE TOO OFTEN!

YOU MEAN HE BUCKED KEWPIE CARSON'S MOB FOR THE LAST TIME! EVERYBODY KNOWS KEWPIE RUNS THE BLACK MARKET OUT-FIT----



SURE, BUT WHAT CAN WE DO WITHOUT EVIDENCE? OUR HANDS ARE TIED!

EVIDENCE, BAH! RATS LIKE KEWPIE TERRORIZZE AND STRANGLE THE CITY, WHILE THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS!



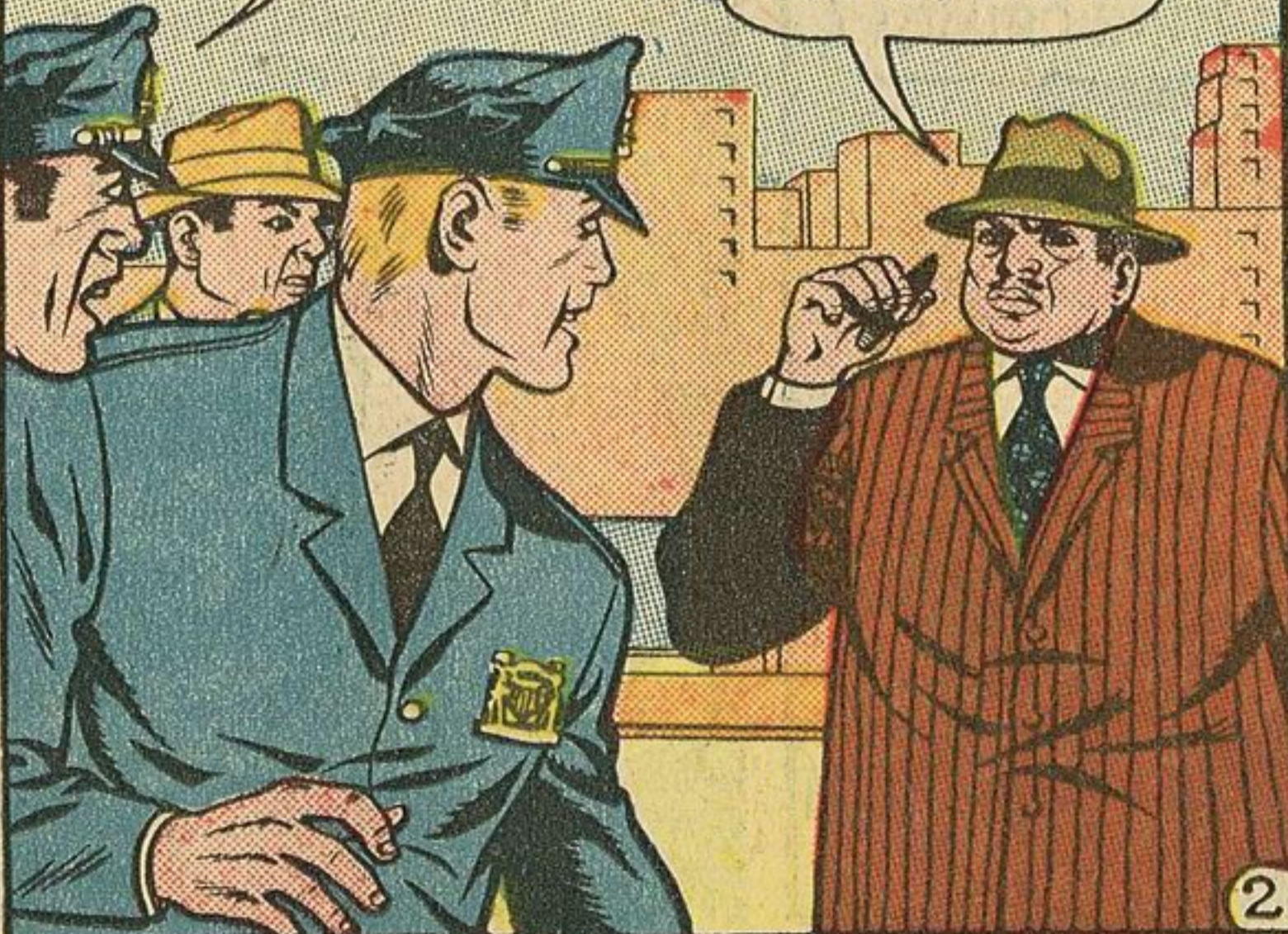
AND EVERYBODY KNOWS OUR GENIAL FOOD COMMISSIONER ENWRIGHT IS THE BRAINS BEHIND KEWPIE---

I HOPE YOU CAN PROVE THAT SLANDER, RANKIN!



C-COMMISSIONER ENWRIGHT!

COPS WHO WANT TO KEEP THEIR JOBS DON'T SHOOT OFF THEIR TRAPS LIKE THAT IN PUBLIC!



OR MAYBE YOU NEED A PROMOTION! NOW IF YOU WERE A SERGEANT INSTEAD OF A ROOKIE, MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T FEEL THAT WAY!

HM! FIRST A THREAT AND THEN A BRIBE---

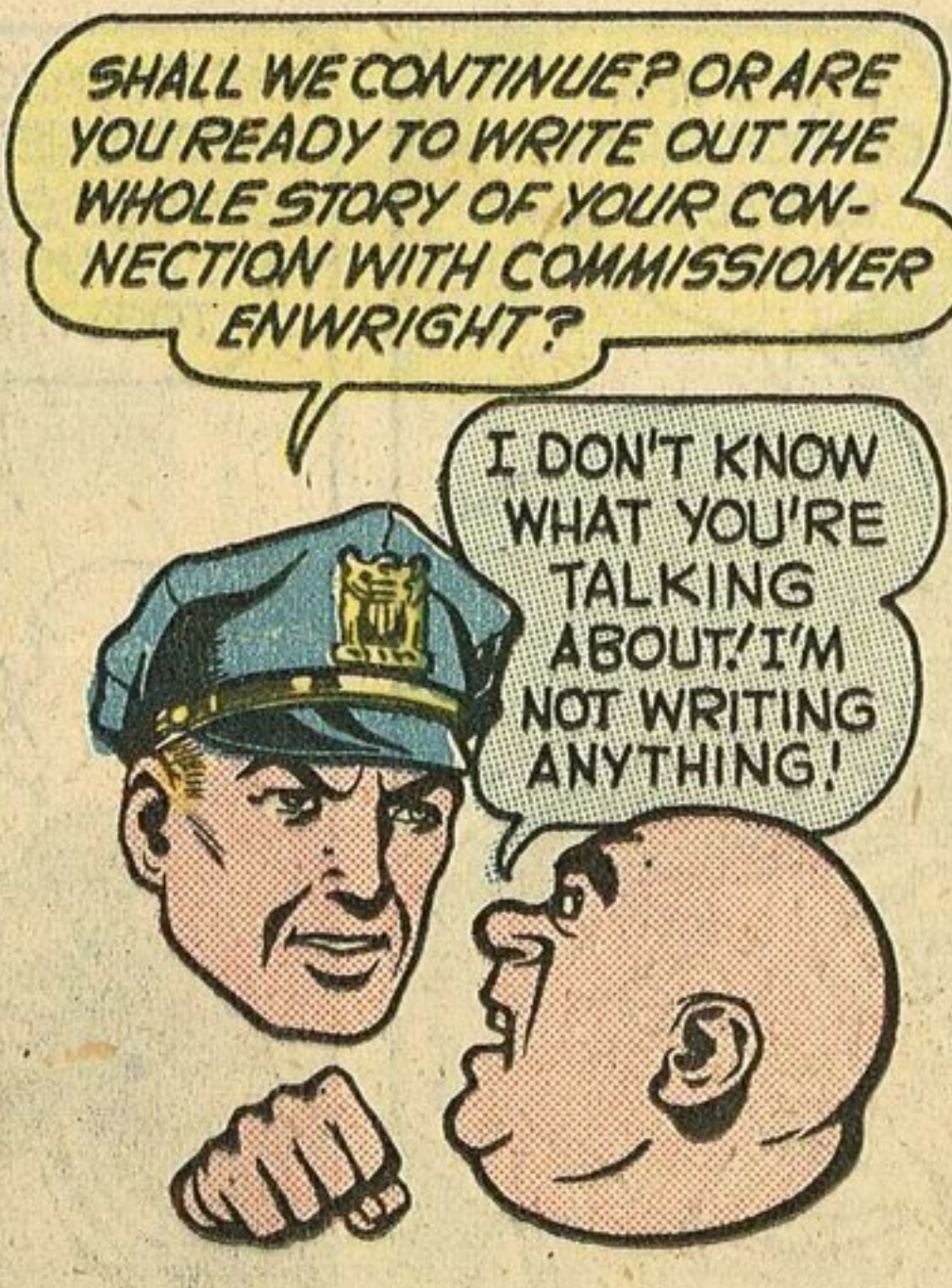
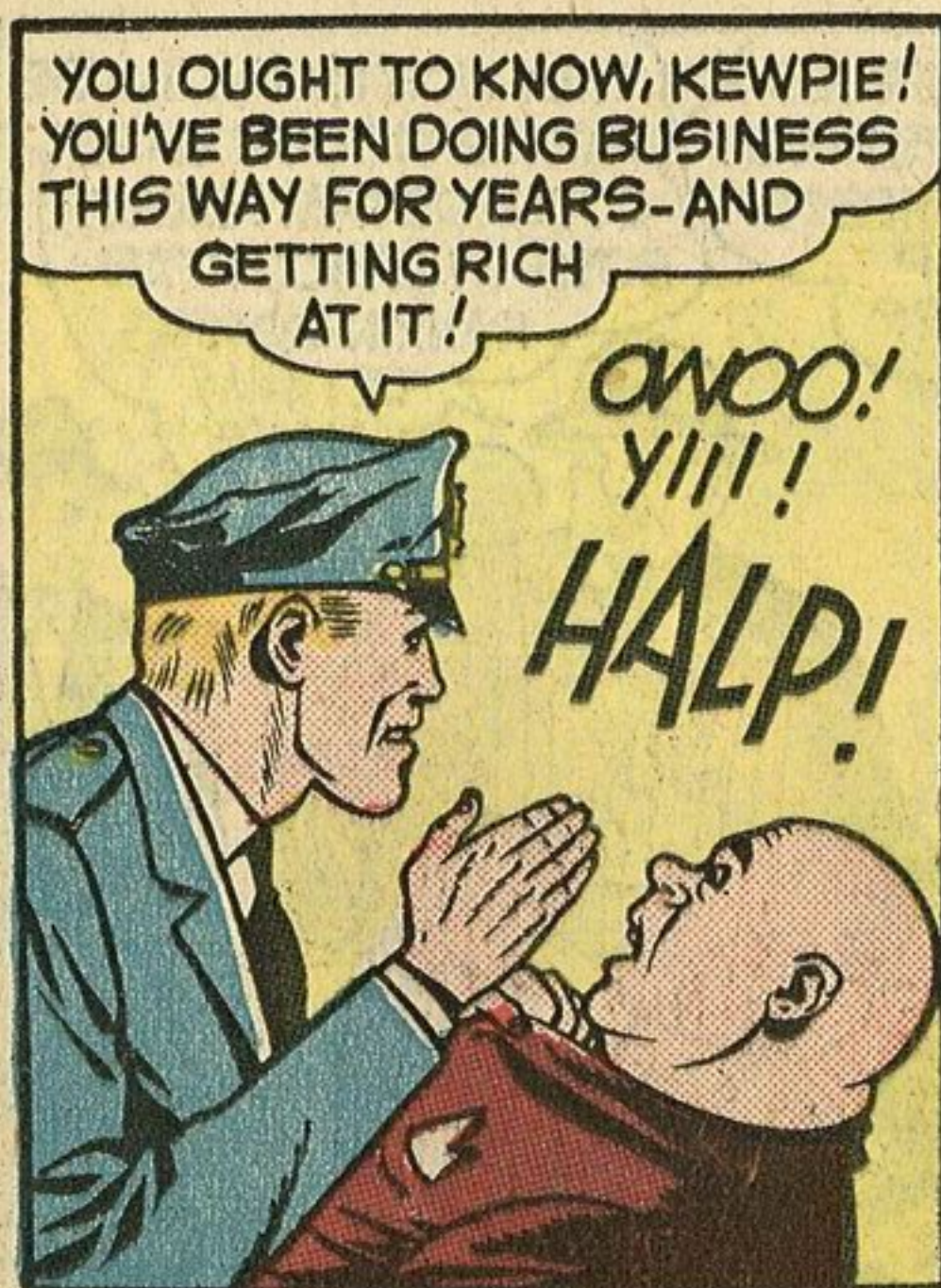
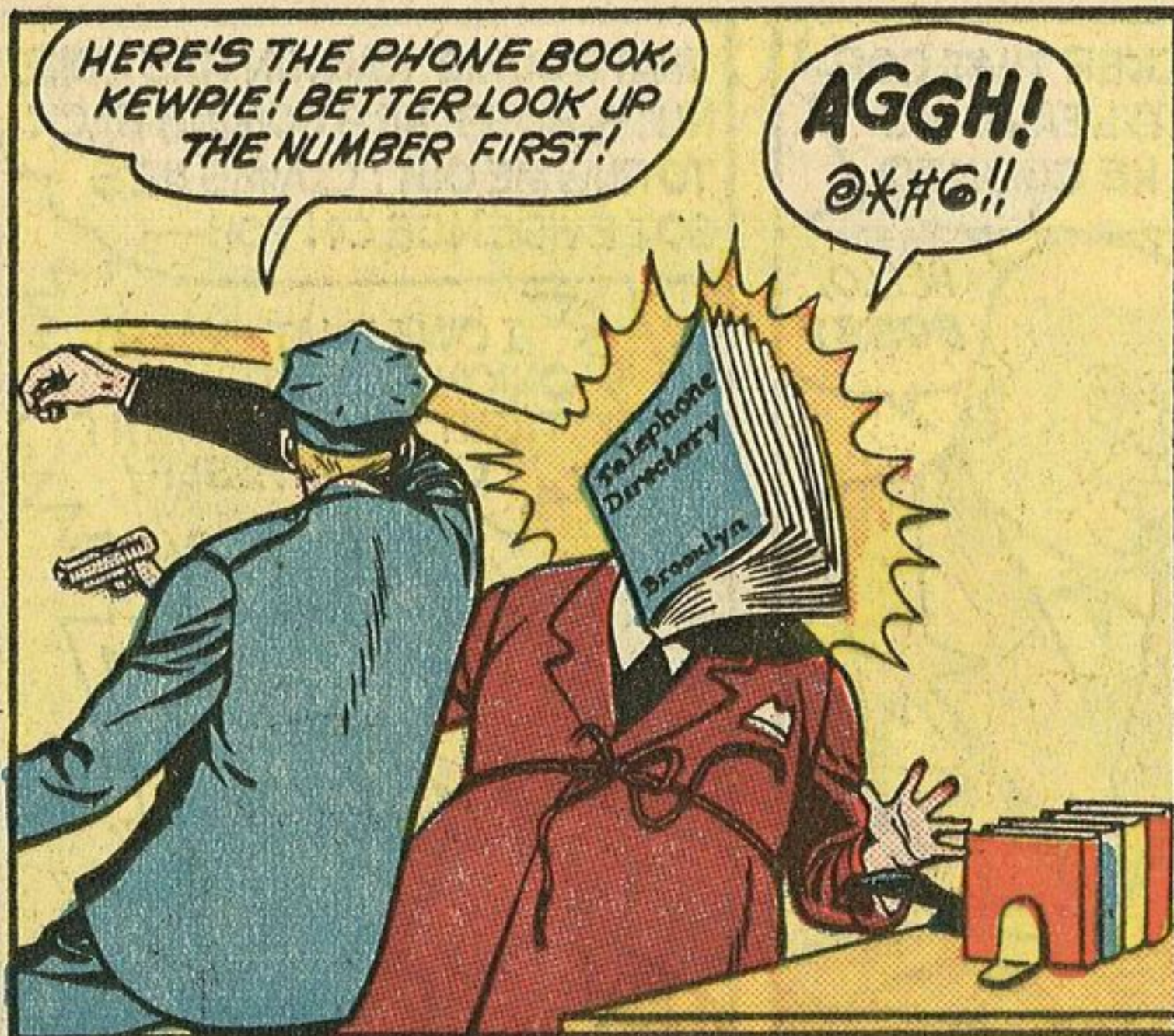
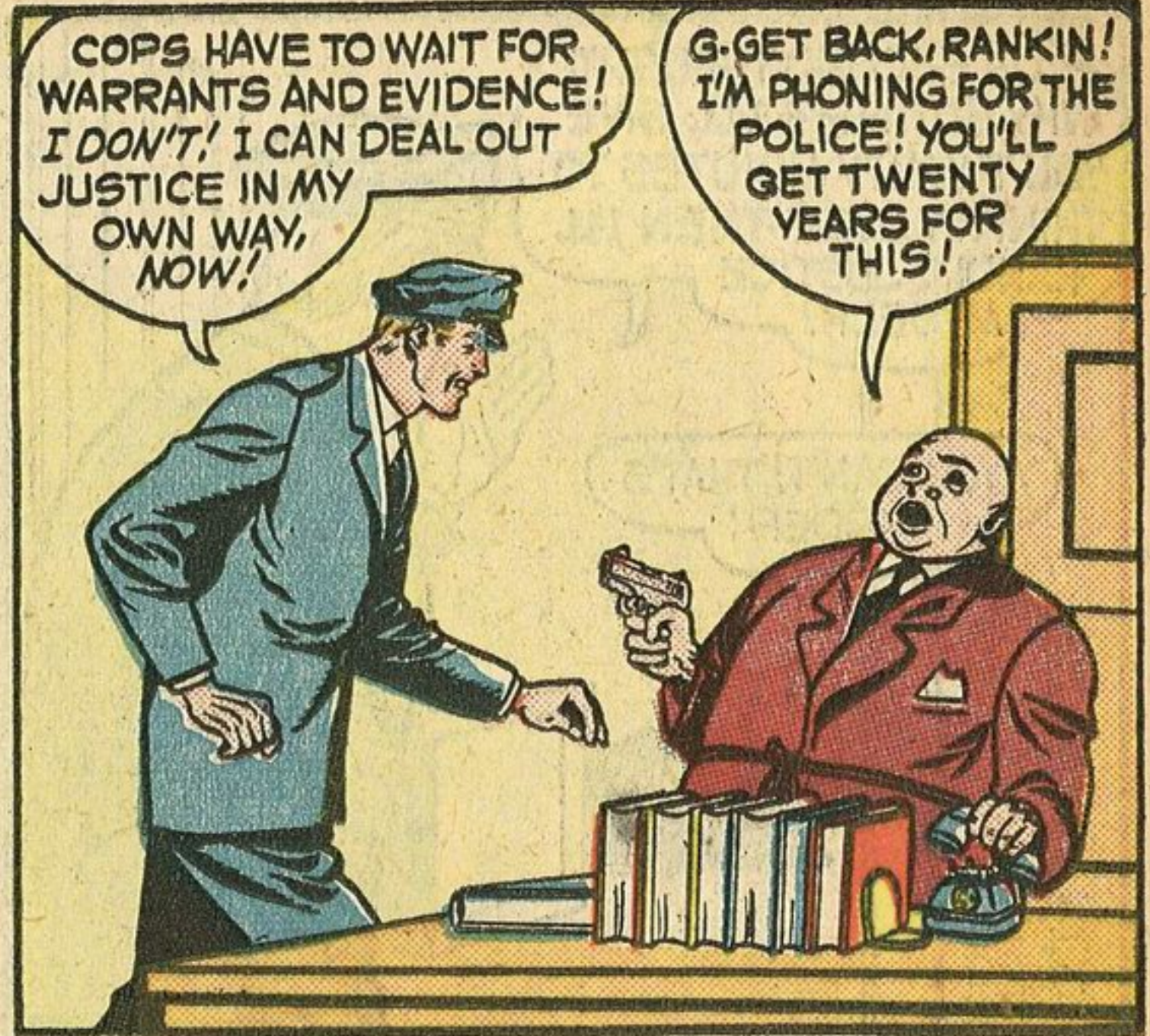
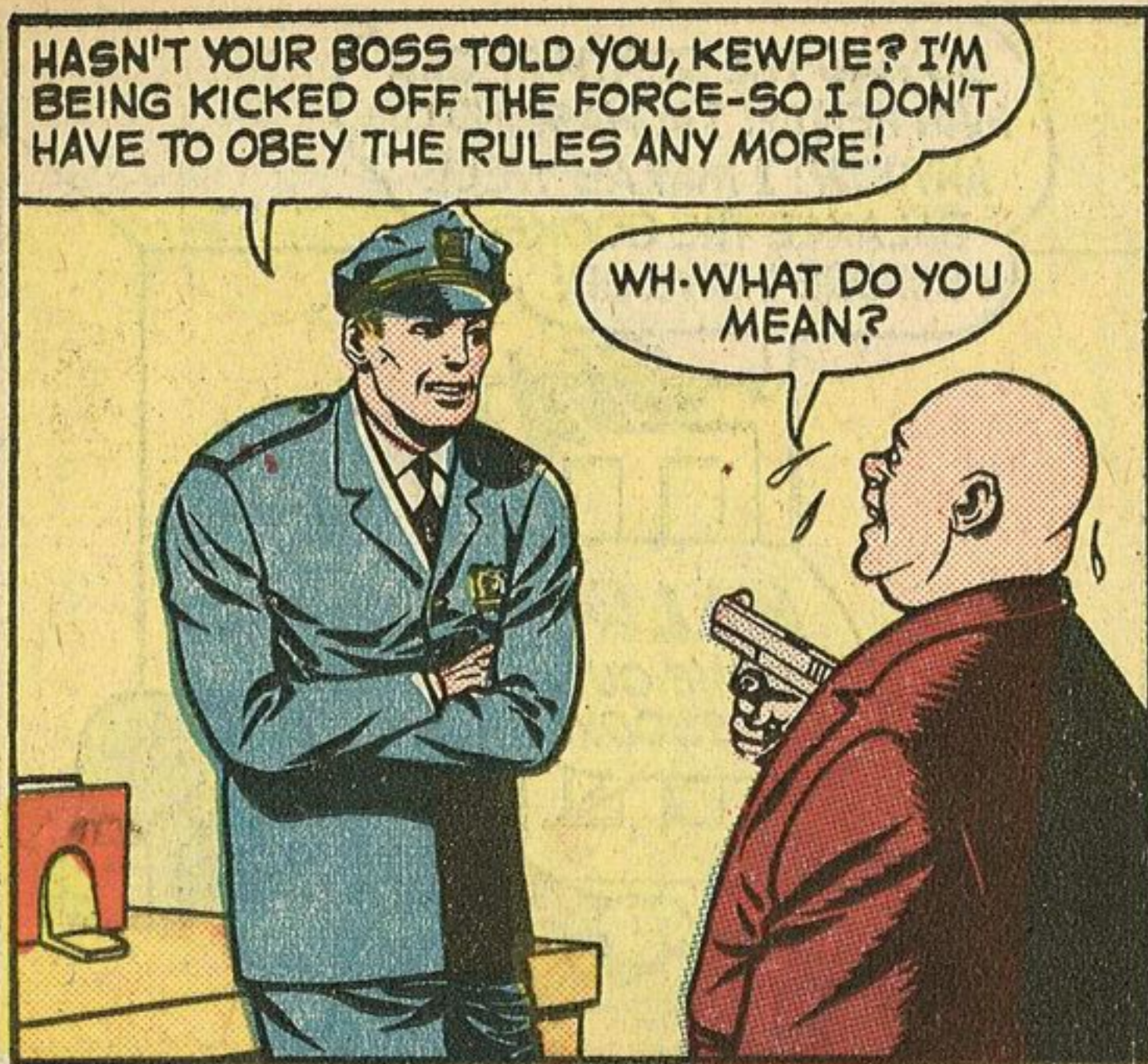




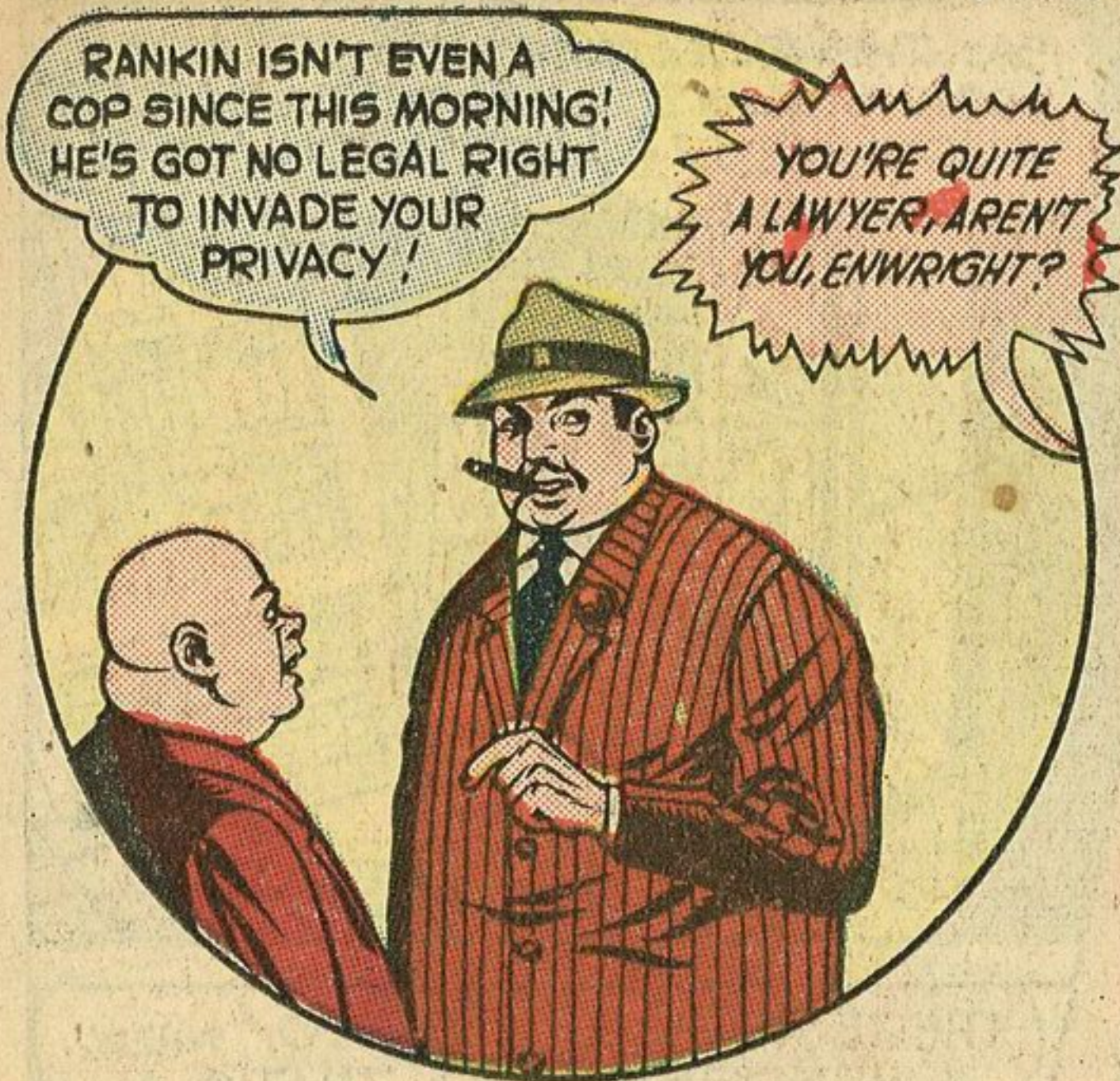
SMASH COMICS

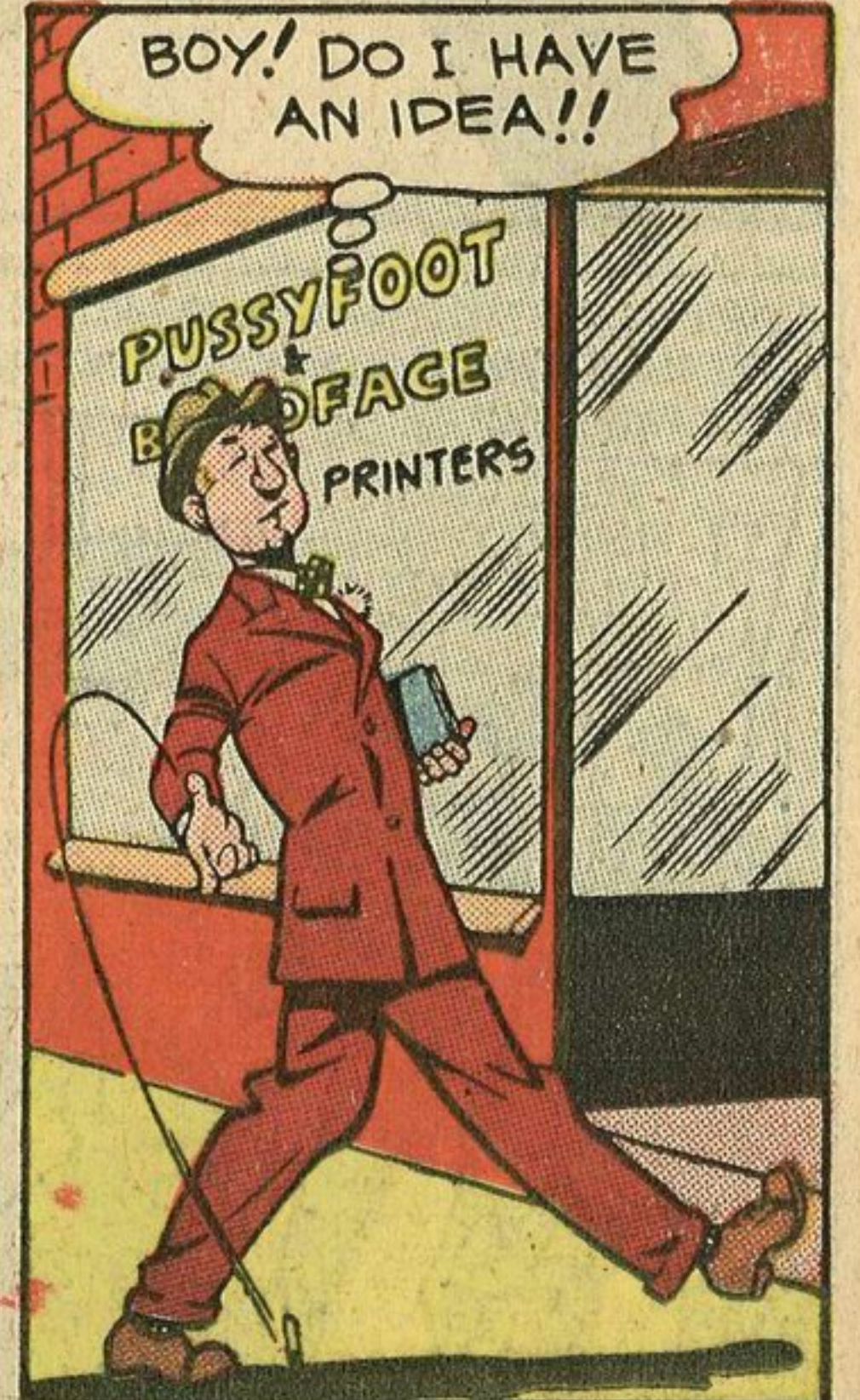
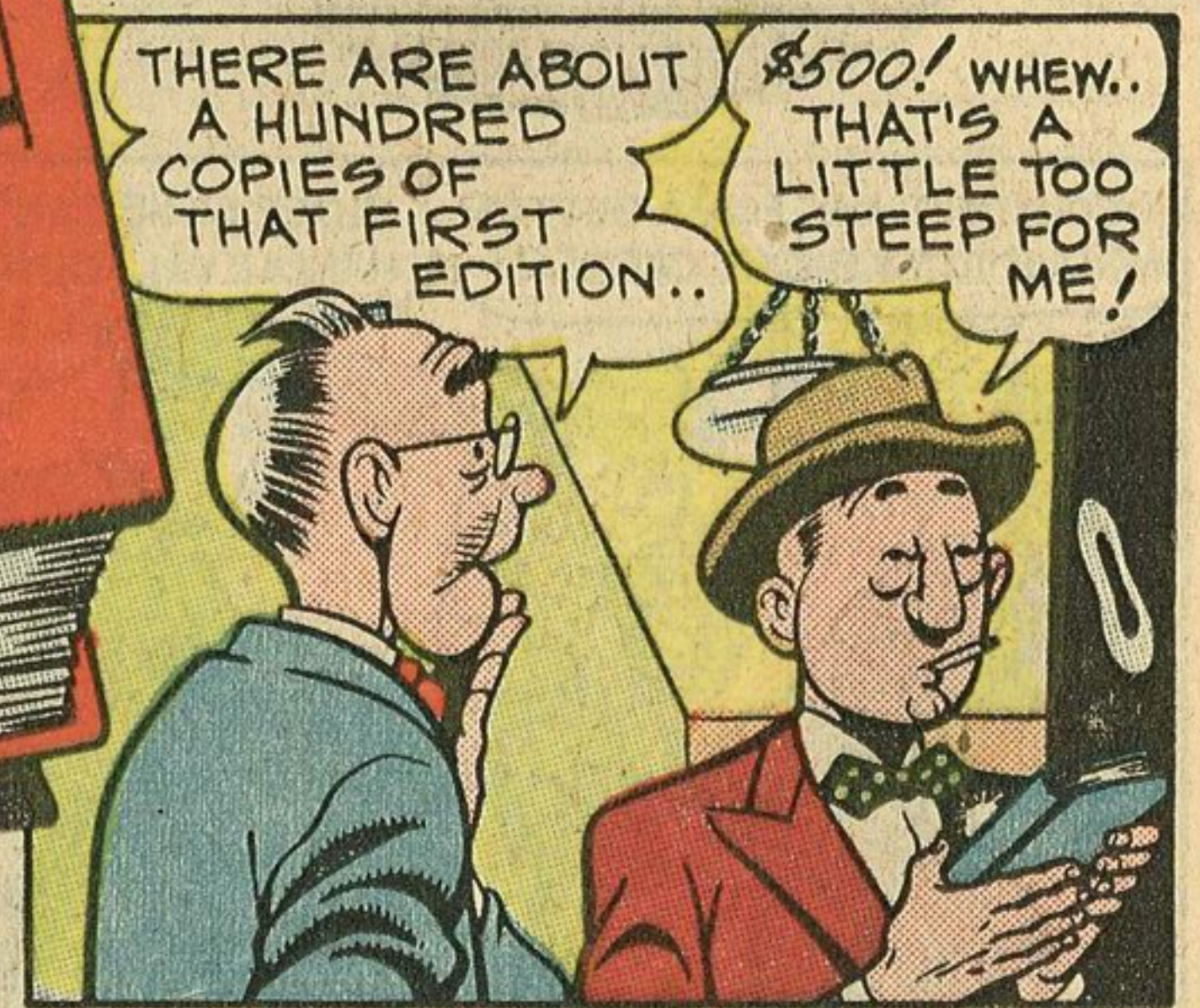


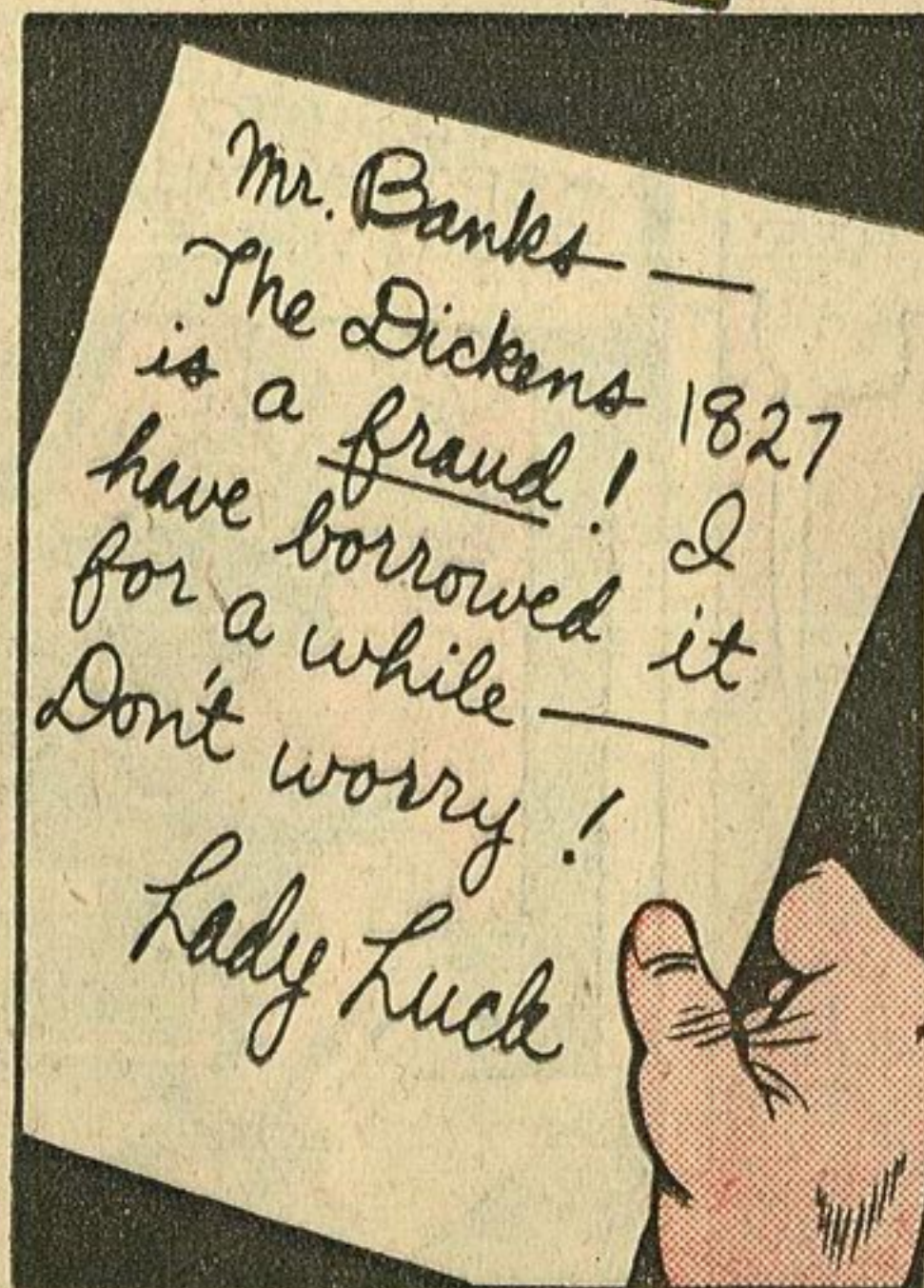
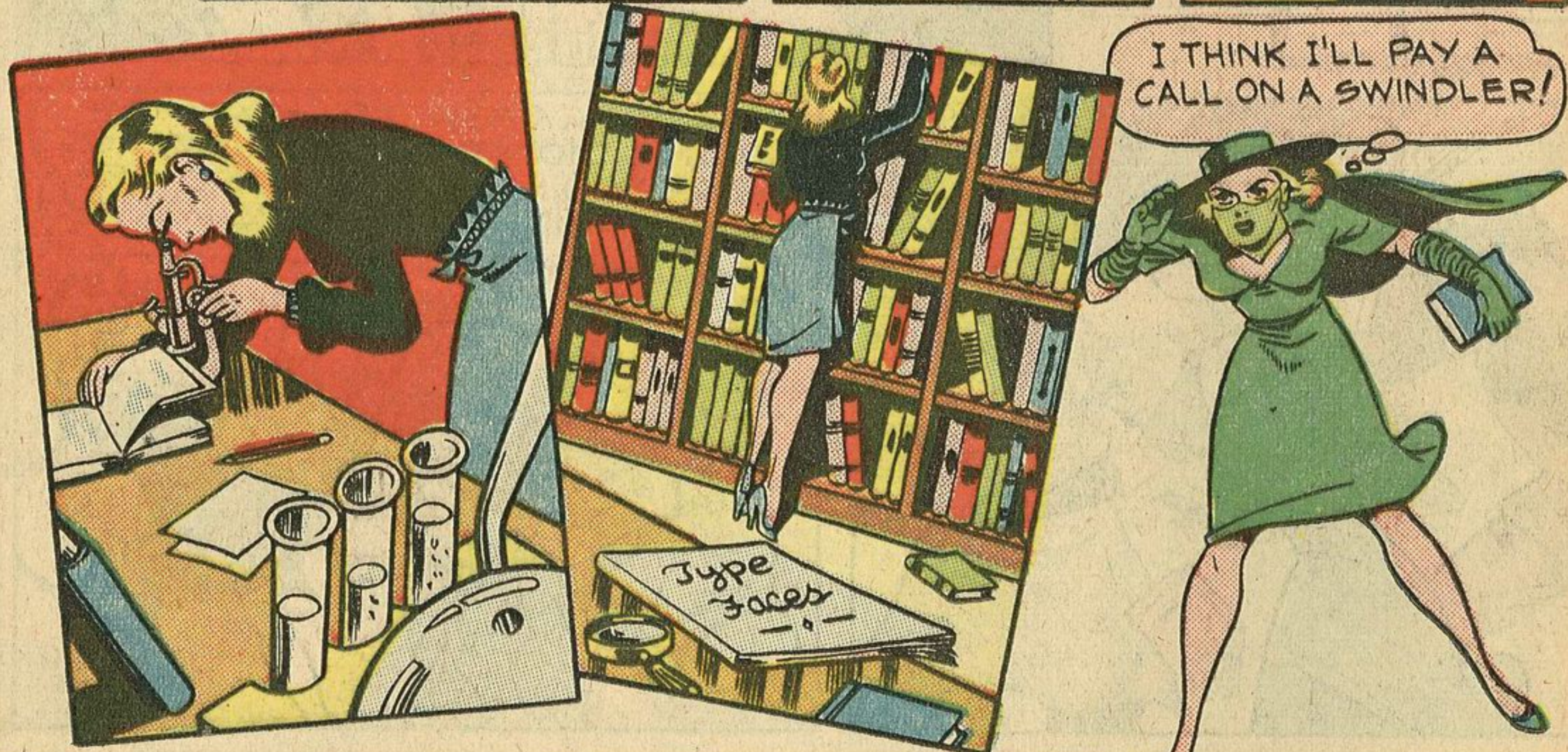
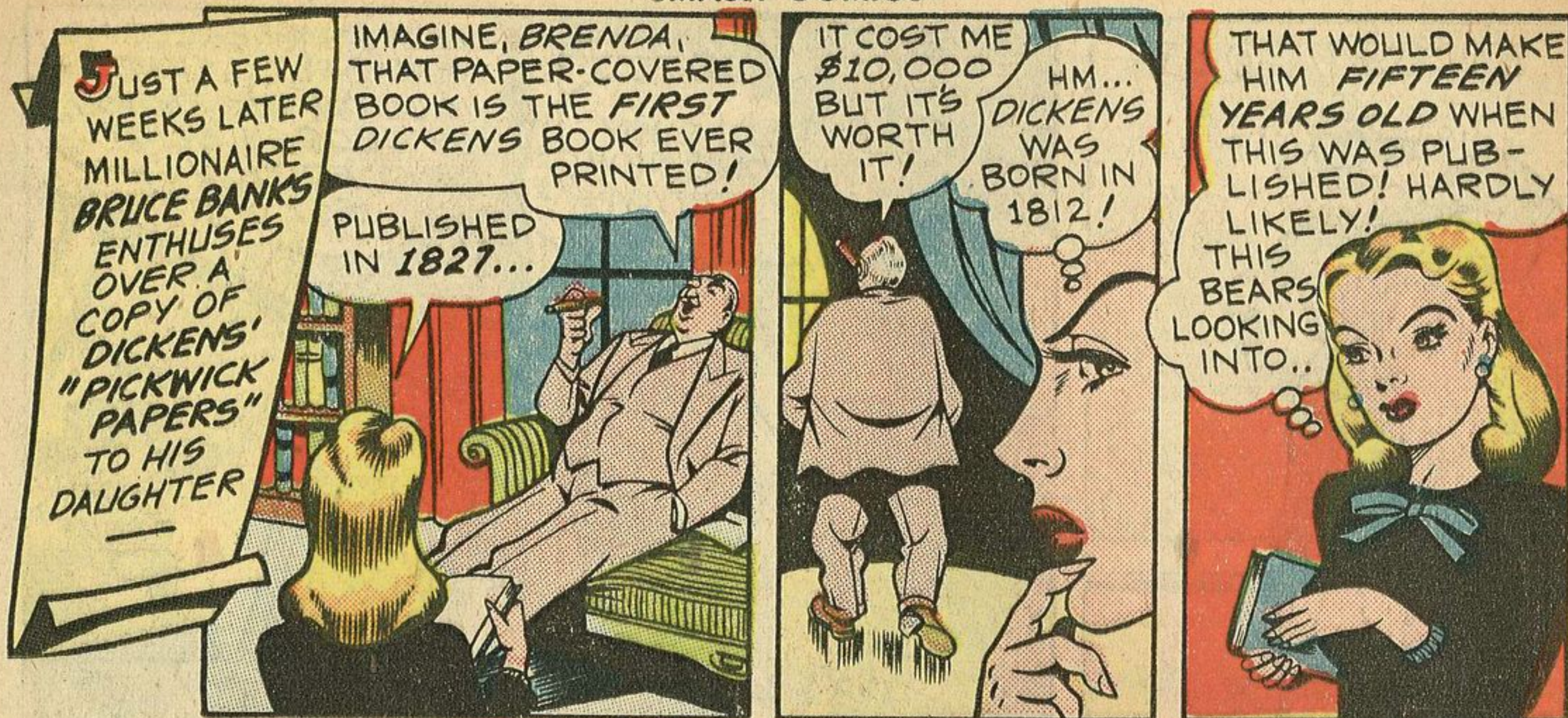


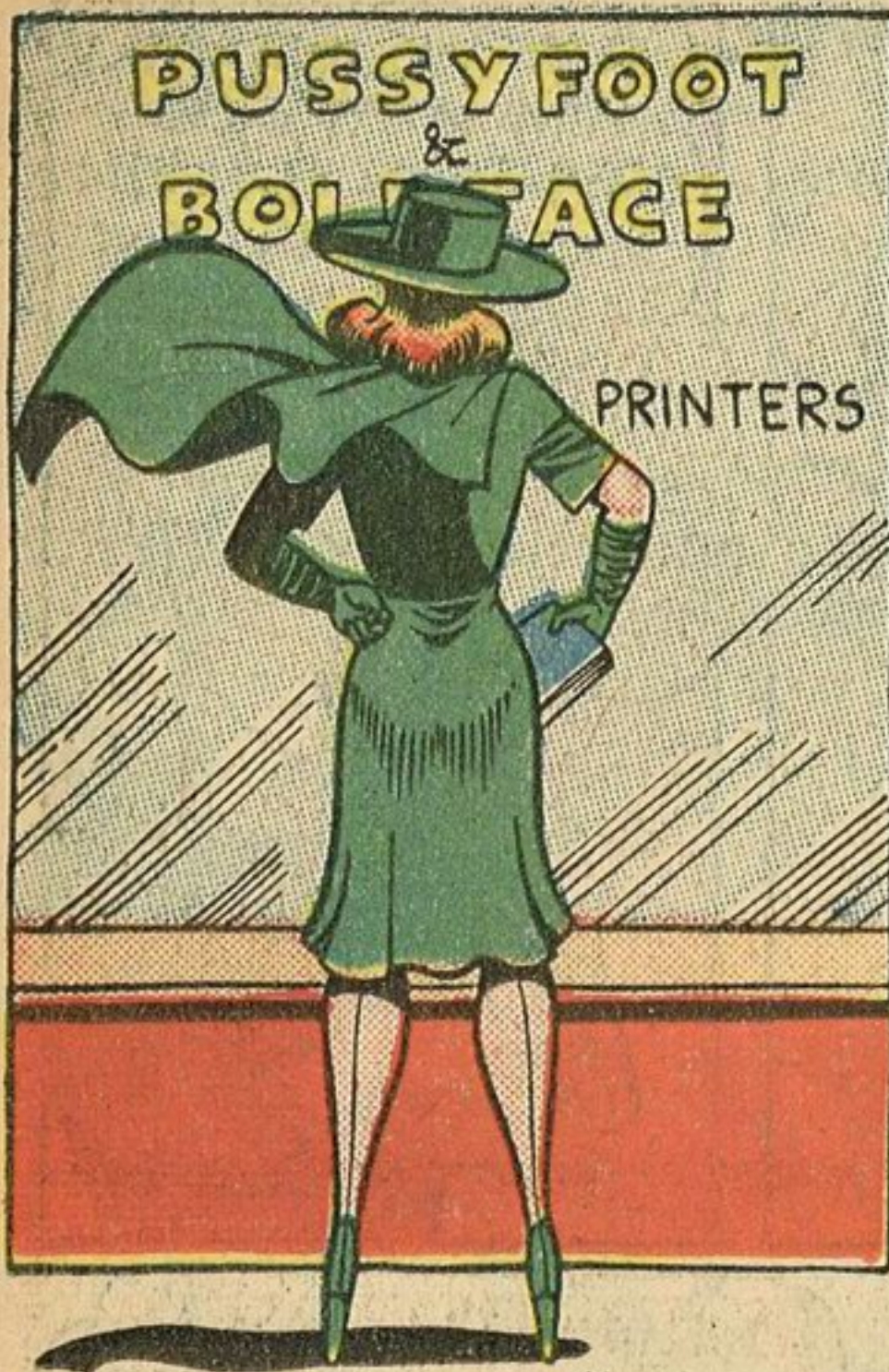






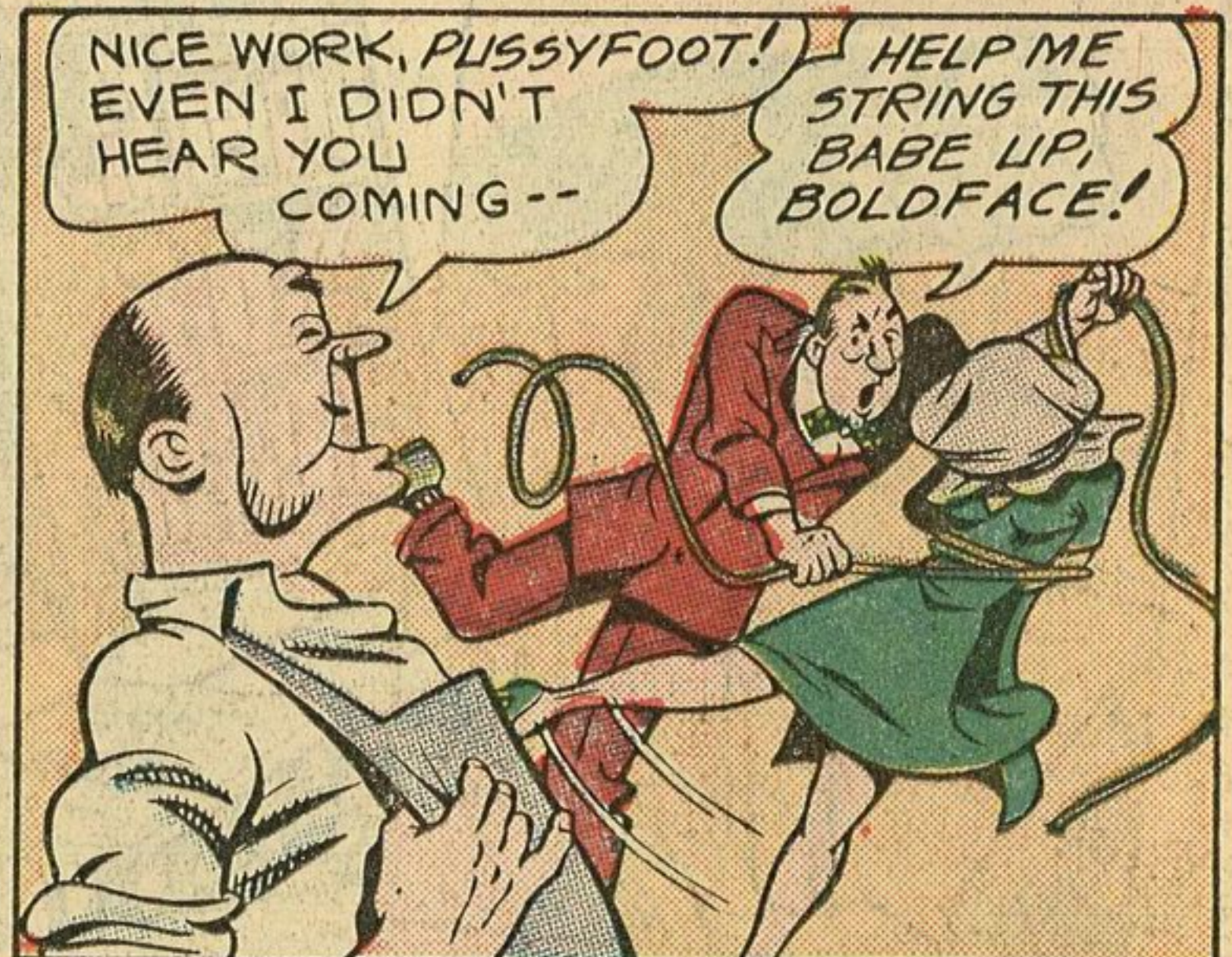






H'LO! BUSY ON SOME NEW "FIRST EDITIONS"?

SUCH AN INTERESTING NEW TITLE.. "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS, BY GEORGE ELIOT... FIRST EDITION 1851"!



NICE WORK, PUSSYFOOT! EVEN I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COMING --

HELP ME STRING THIS BABE UP, BOLDFACE!



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HER?

DEPENDS ON WHAT SHE KNOWS! DIDN'T SHE HAVE A BOOK WITH HER?



PUSSYFOOT WASN'T BRIGHT ENOUGH TO REALIZE I KEPT MY MUSCLES RIGID WHILE HE TIED ME --



WHICH ALLOWS FOR JUST ENOUGH SLACK TO WRIGGLE OUT OF THIS HARNESS!



BY JUDAS! WHERE DID SHE GET HOLD OF THIS DICKENS?? I'LL FIND OUT--!!



YOU WISH TO AUDITION ME FOR A QUIZ SHOW?



THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED THE 'WARM-UP PERIOD ON THIS NETWORK!



UH! THAT'S ENOUGH! WHAT DO YOU HAVE AGAINST US, ANY-WAY?

ONLY THAT YOU'VE BEEN PRINTING FRAUDULENT "FIRST EDITIONS" AND PALMING THEM OFF AT FABULOUS PRICES...

YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!



NO? I TESTED THE "1827" DICKENS PAPER AND FOUND THAT CHEMICAL PAPER OF THAT KIND WASN'T EVEN KNOWN IN 1827!



ALSO, THE TYPE YOU USED WASN'T CAST UNTIL 1870! YOU LADS SHOULD DO MORE RESEARCH--

GLP! WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?



IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU DEALING IN FRAUDULENT BOOKS AGAIN, YOU'LL DEAL WITH THE POLICE! AND NOW YOU MAY BUY THIS DICKENS BACK FOR \$10,100!

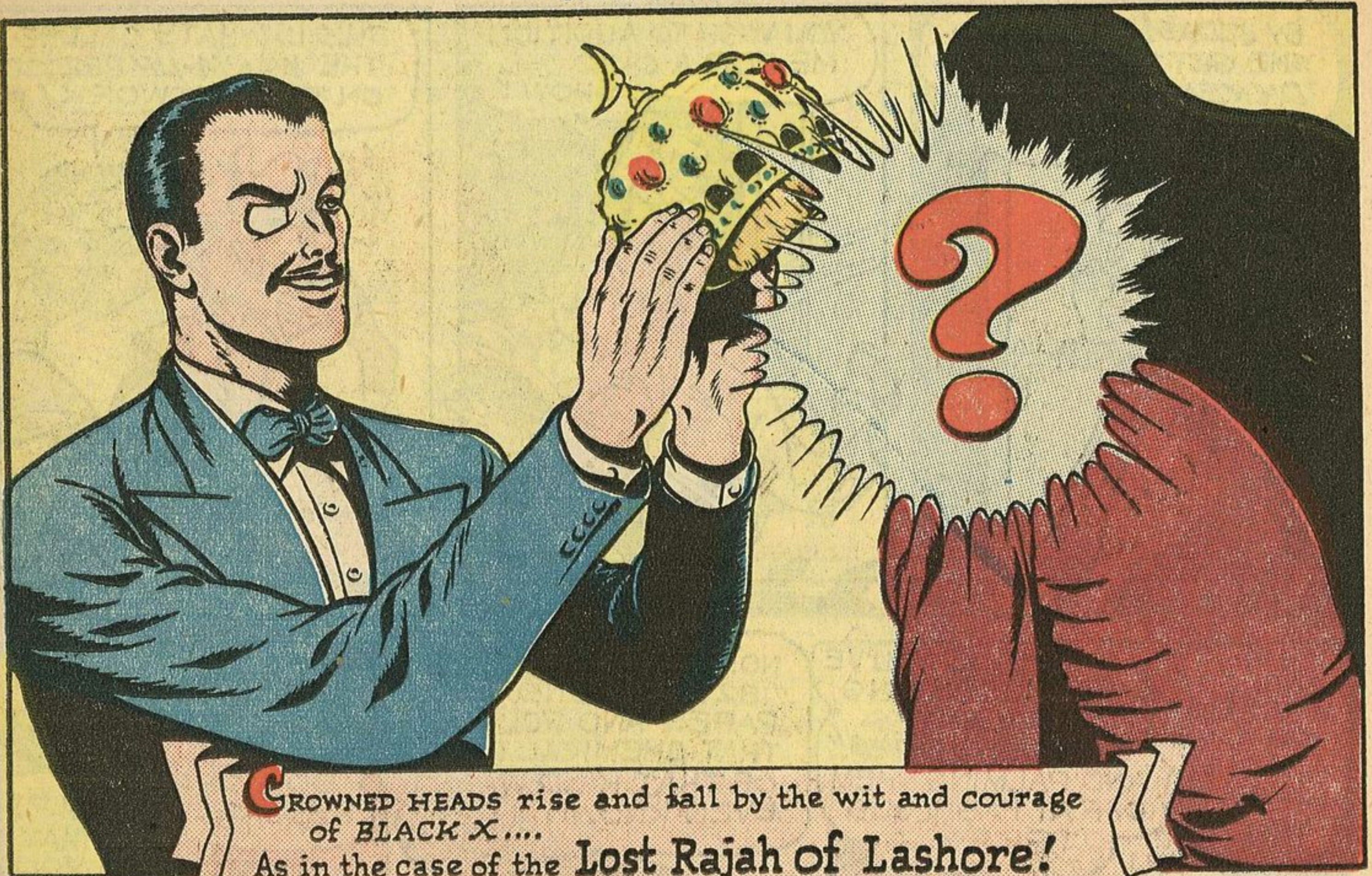
OWW! MUR-DER!



LATER-

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, BRENDA? LADY LUCK RETURNED MY INVESTMENT--- WITH A PROFIT OF \$100! WHAT A GIRL, EH, BRENDA?

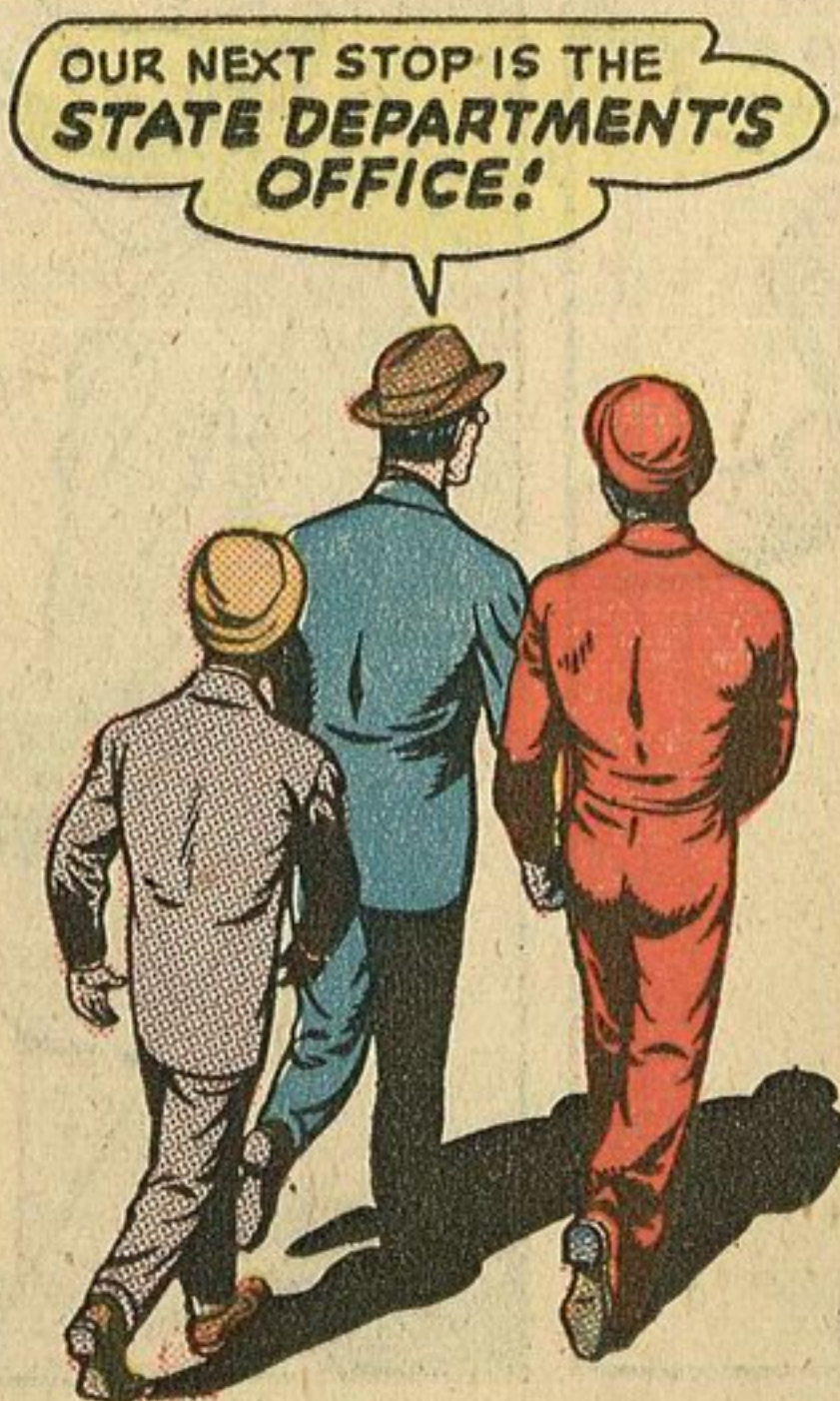
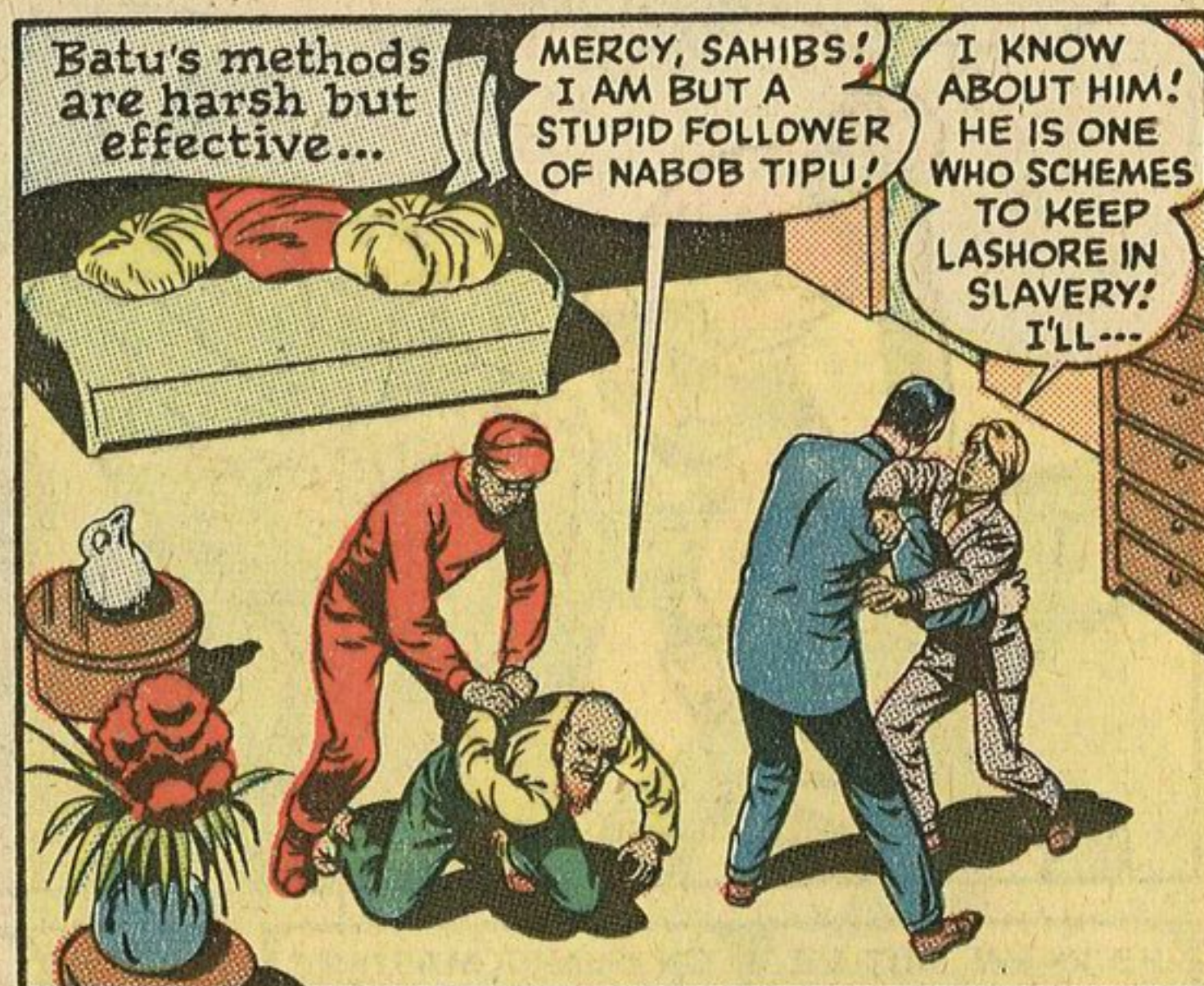
MM.... SHE DOES SEEM TO GET AROUND..



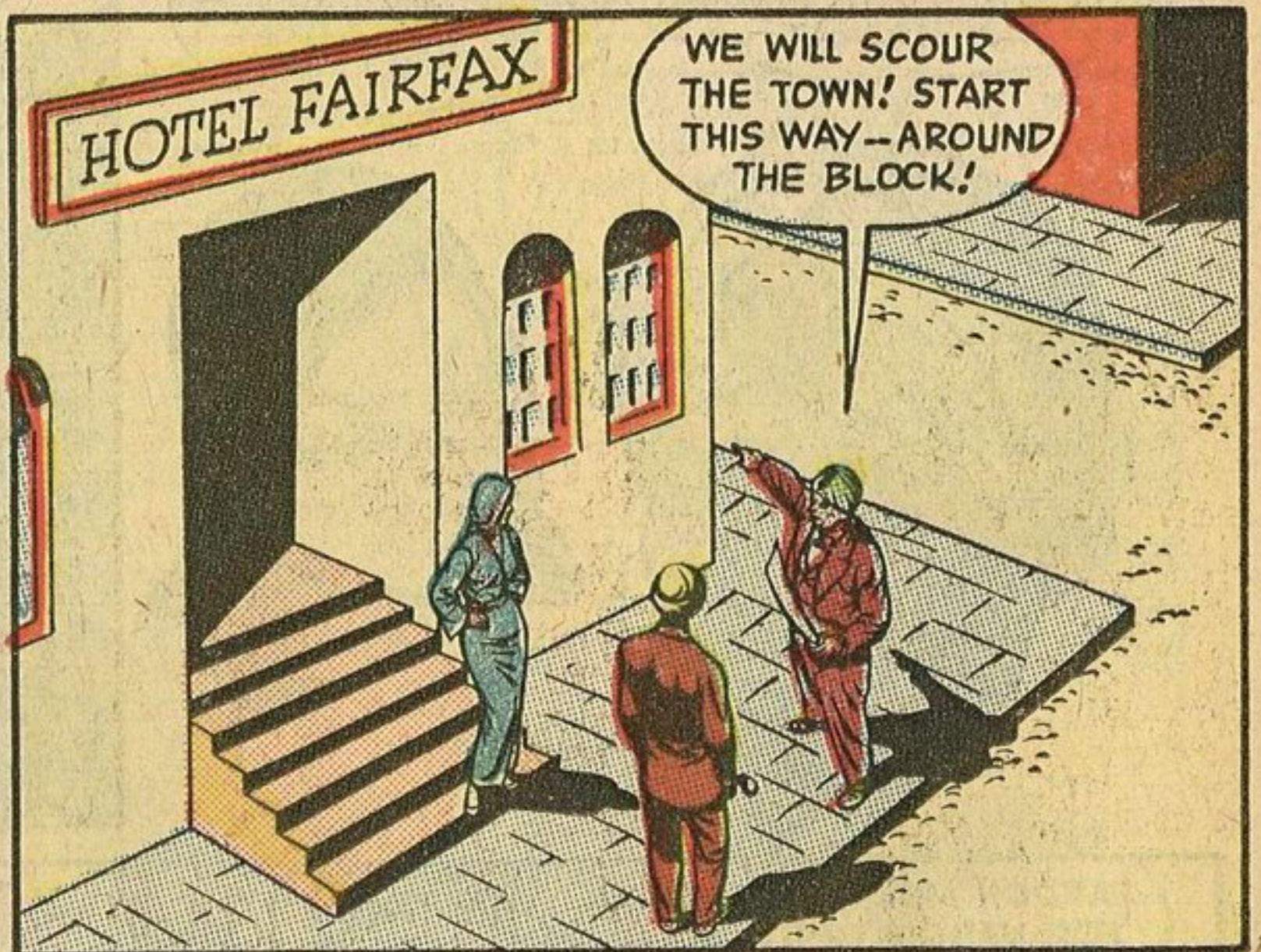
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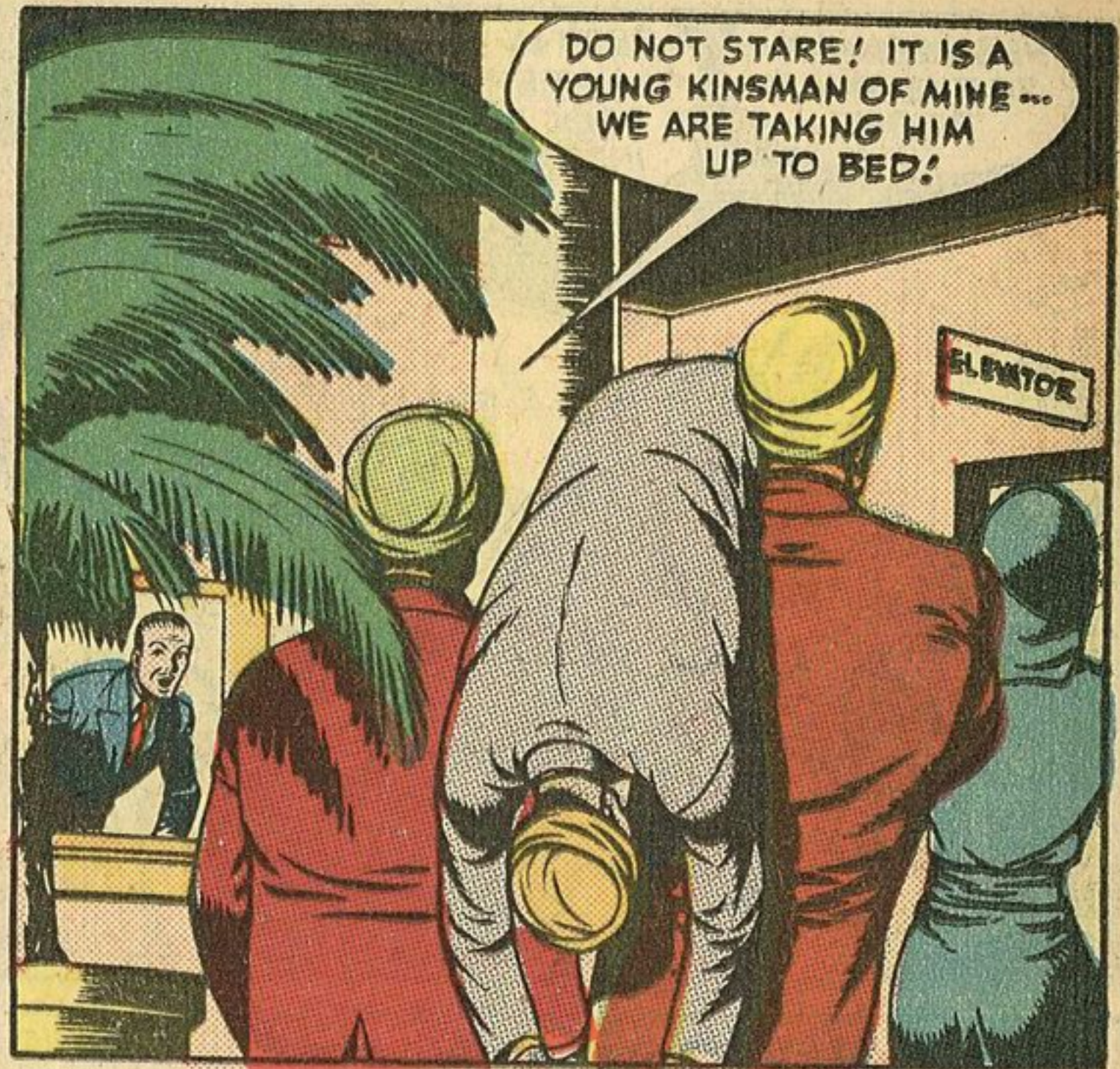


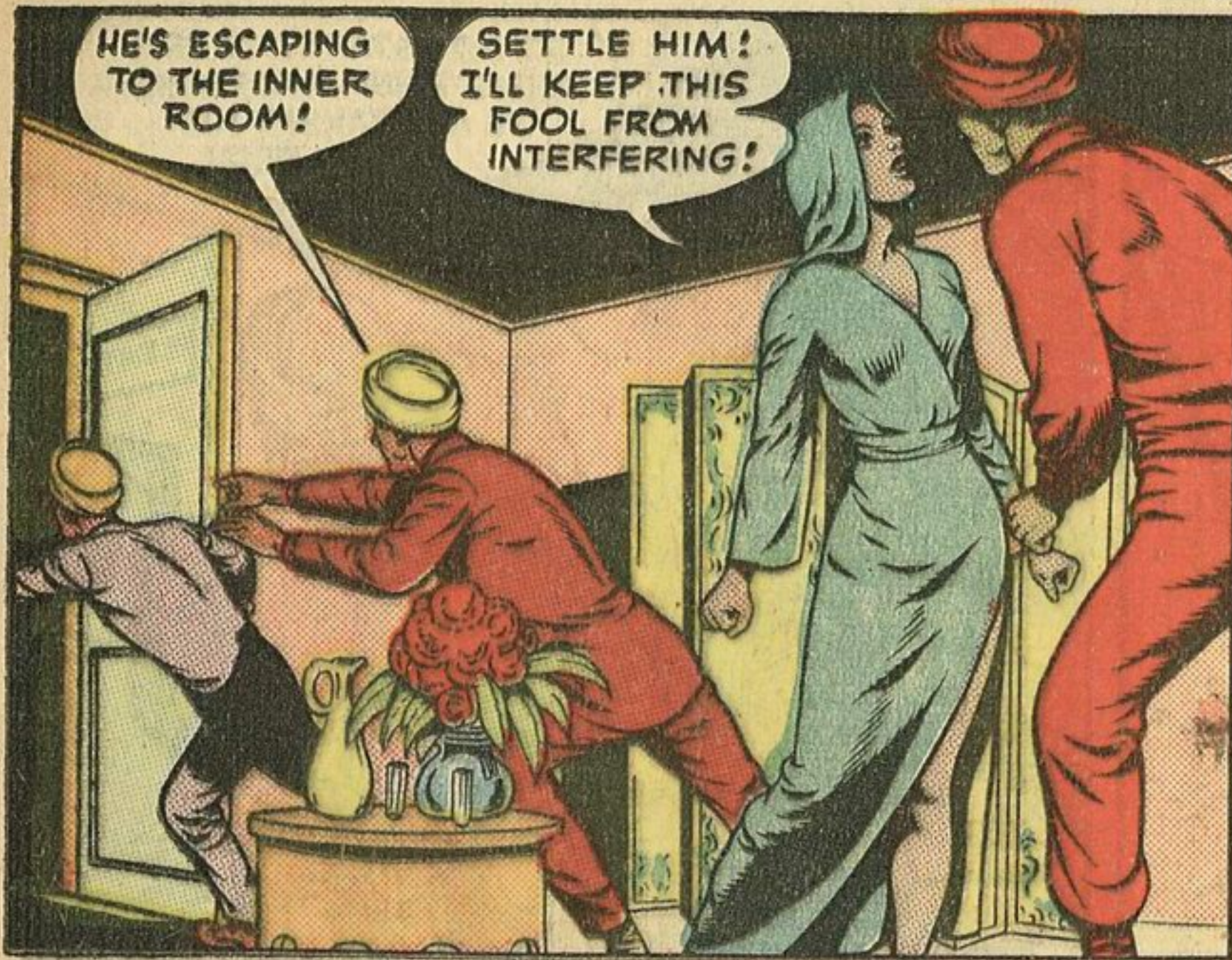














The CAMERA CALLS IT MURDER

THE man in the uniform of a military leader raged and ranted high up on the balcony overlooking the square. He shook his fists, ran his stubby fingers through his bristly hair and roared at the mob below.

The mob was a Balkan mob, fiery, filled with the bubbling hatred that can so easily be started seething in such mobs anywhere. Down with this! And down with that!

The leader cursed and prated of injustices. He howled and threatened at threats. He demanded an army and munitions to put down for all time the oppression that was strangling his—and their—country.

And the mob boomed and bellowed and huzzahed.

"Cut!"

The cameras stopped. The leader lowered his arms and mopped his sweaty brow, then vanished from the balcony. The mob dispersed, most of them heading for the lunch wagons and the street commissary.

Director Mac Baron said, "I think that was a pretty good shot."

Producer Glenwick nodded. "Fair. I think Melnick overdid his part a little. Leave it to him to hog the scene!" He chuckled. "But I guess he really lives that part again. Heaven knows he went through a lot, and not too long ago."

All in all, "The Menace" was turning out to be a successful picture. The "rushes" had so far all been good. Every actor and every extra had done his and her part to a T. There had been no trouble on the sets. Producers and directors liked a picture to run along so smoothly; kept the expense down. Retakes cost money.

But there was internal trouble, trouble that wasn't apparent to Melnick and Baron nor to the other actors and extras and bit players, except one of the latter. Kurt Metz hated the star, Otto Meisner. Kurt was German; Otto was a Pole.

When the director called "Cut," Otto had left

the balcony and gone to his dressing room—a substantial trailer that had been moved to the location spot. Kurt shared a dressing wagon with one of the other bit players, Bolden. They didn't have much in common, Metz and Bolden. But they managed to keep peace.

Metz was supposed to be (in the picture) a radical rabble leader, bent on stirring up strife among the populace of the city, in defiance to the Leader's orders.

Possibly had the studio officials known of the hatred of Kurt for Otto Meisner there would have been other arrangements. But they didn't. Not at the time IT happened.

For the next two or three days, everything went as well as could be expected. A high wind delayed some of the shooting, but there were other inside shots to be made at the studio, which necessitated Meisner and Kurt going to town to the main studio. When they came back to the location, the weather was calm!

The big scene was when the mob, inspired and incited by Kurt, broke out and began shooting and hurling rocks at the balcony on which the Leader was again lecturing his people. This scene took place on a quiet afternoon when the sun was hot, and just after lunch.

The Leader—Meisner—stood on his balcony in his old threatening attitude, waving his arms and shouting for justice—and an army to put down the rebel element.

It couldn't have happened more opportunely. Suddenly the building began swaying, rocking violently. The balcony shook and one end cracked away from the plaster side of the building. It fell down, just as Meisner leaped to safety inside the French doors leading to it.

The whole set creaked and groaned and tottered. The people—extras—ran screaming in every direction.

"Quake!" someone shouted.

"Earthquake!"

Not unusual words in California, but they always cause great excitement, often panic. They

SMASH COMICS

did on this set. Several extras were trampled underfoot by others trying to get away from the vicinity of the swaying buildings—all break-away, or false structures.

Cameras and sound cars were buffeted and several cameras toppled over. Big 600 lights—Kleigs—were knocked over, their carbons sputtering and fusing in a noisy display of electronics.

The quake lasted only a few minutes, seconds perhaps, but the havoc was something to see. Several people had been injured by stampeding folk. A few had been seriously hurt by falling timbers and catwalks. In every direction it looked like a really bad hit.

They found Meisner lying below the broken balcony. He had a great gash in his head. He was dead.

The star dead!

The whole story of his death was easily figured out. He had toppled from the falling balcony. Nobody had seen him fall, it was learned by the studio police and other investigators who arrived on the scene quickly. No, nobody had seen him fall. But so what? There he lay, just below the balcony, which hung itself by a few screws and bits of iron. Nobody could have remained on that thing when it let loose.

Meisner's death was charged off to an Act of God. He had been killed in the quake.

Bolden was a good friend of the still man, who went about the sets taking single shots of stars and interesting things during the making of a picture.

One evening Bolden was watching Williams, the still man, print some of his pictures, shot that day. They were back at the main studio. When Williams had finished he held up a can of film and said to Bolden, "Not processed yet. I found it that day the quake struck. Let's develop it and see what's on it."

They soon had the length of 35mm film in the processing "soup." They wandered outside while the automatic development process worked. The film would have to dry before projecting it.

"Funny about that balcony and Meisner's death," said Williams. "I just happened to be watching the Leader when the quake struck. I don't remember seeing Meisner fall. I don't

remember seeing him at all when the balcony fell."

Bolden said, "But he must've fallen, Bill. How else did he get that rip in the head? That balcony was a good twenty feet above the square."

Williams nodded. "Just the same I'll be interested in seeing this film we're developing. I took it from a camera that was still running after the quake. It must have caught everything."

When the green light flashed outside the darkroom, the two men entered. One of the attendants had the film on the reeling machine.

"Only be a couple secs," he said, "and you guys can run it off."

At last they were sitting in the little test projection room and the piece of film was being flashed on the screen. There was the Leader waving his arms (the sound hadn't been added) and shouting to the mob. Then the quake. The building shaking and swaying; the people below running madly to get out of the way. The balcony breaking loose—and at that exact moment Meisner leaping to safety inside the French doors!

"You see!" cried Williams. "He didn't fall. Ah—look!"

They could see a form jump into view just inside those doors. A raised arm, then that arm falling hard. Meisner toppling to the floor. And then for a fleeting moment a face peering out through the doors—the face of—

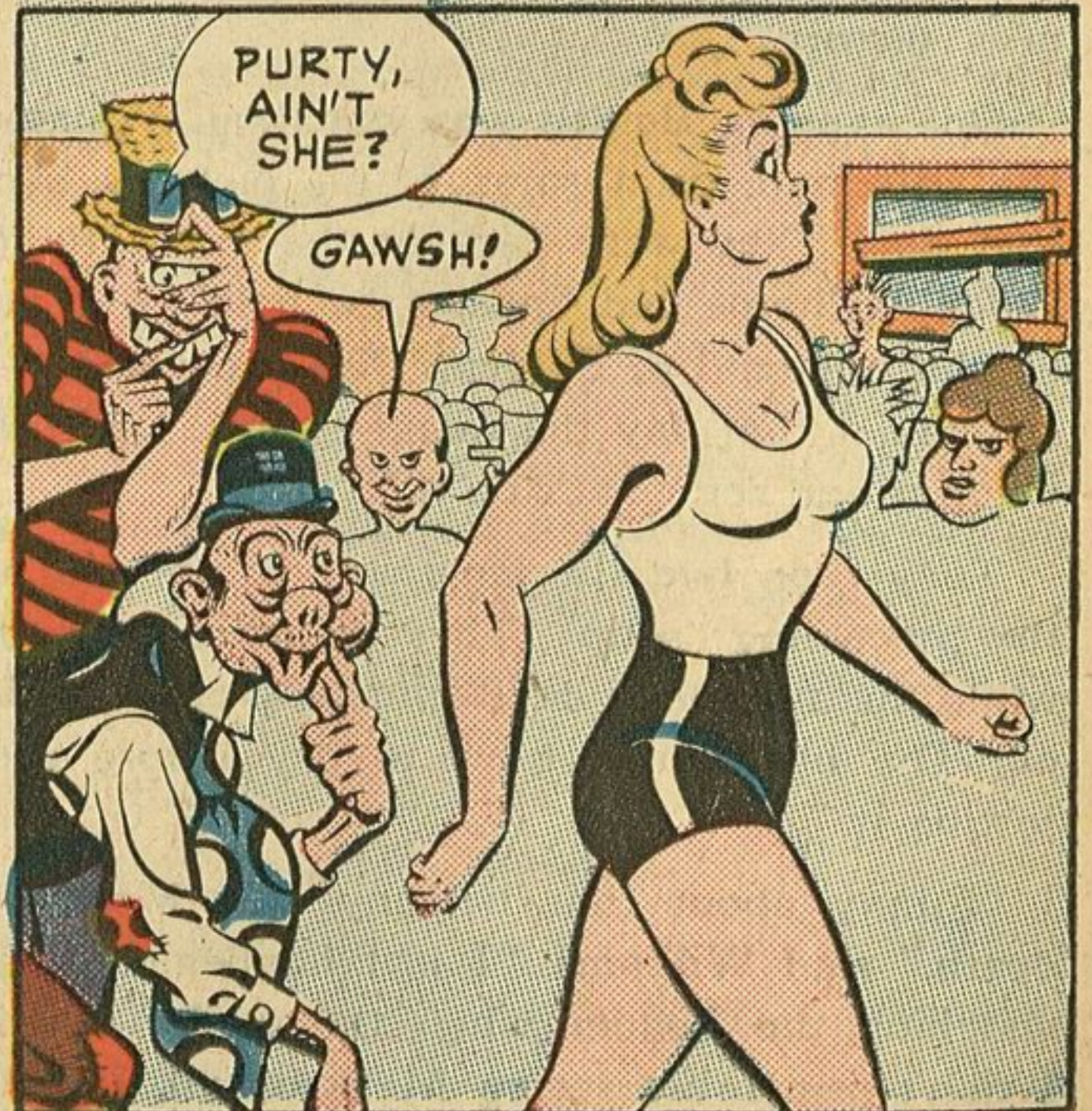
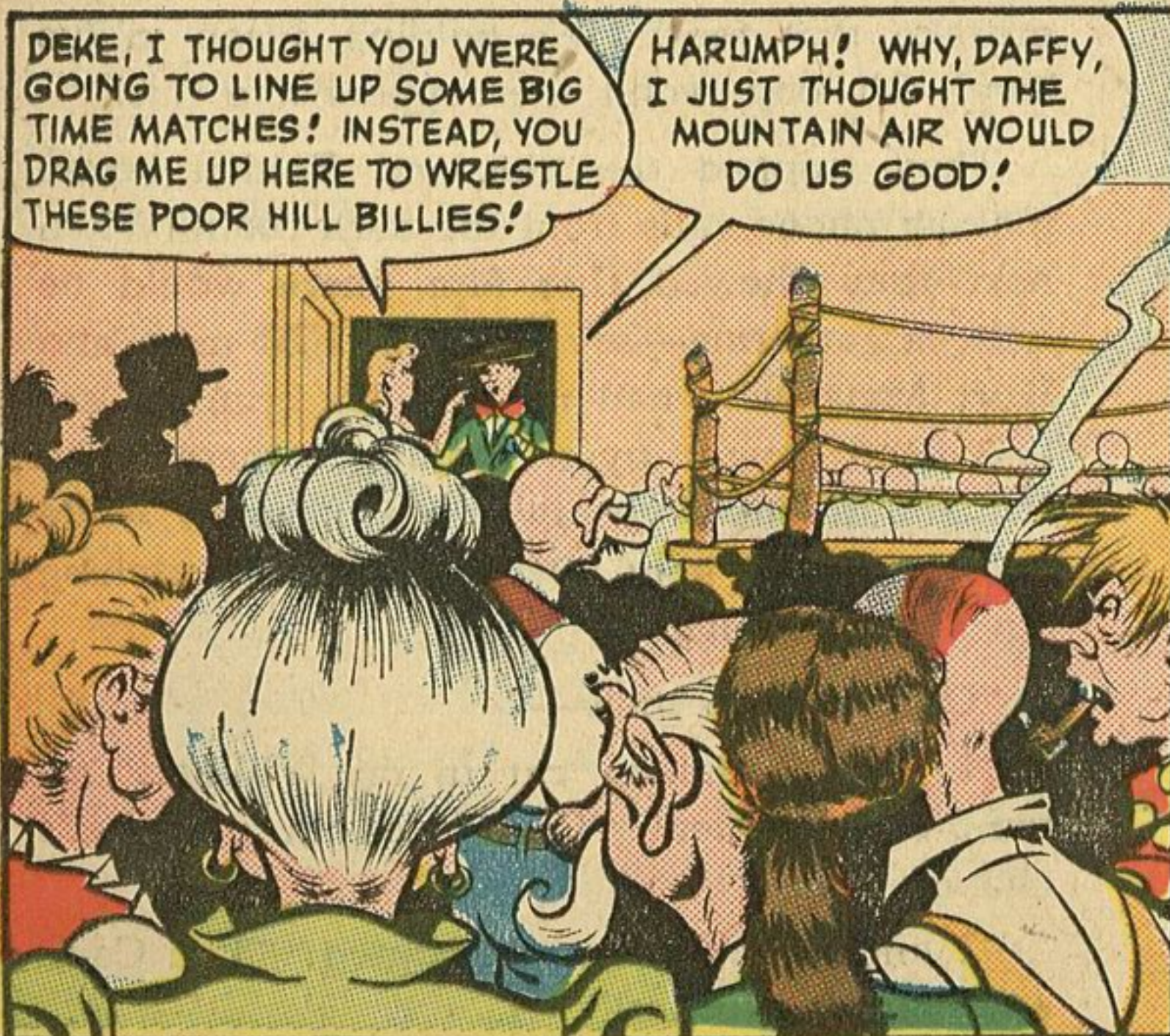
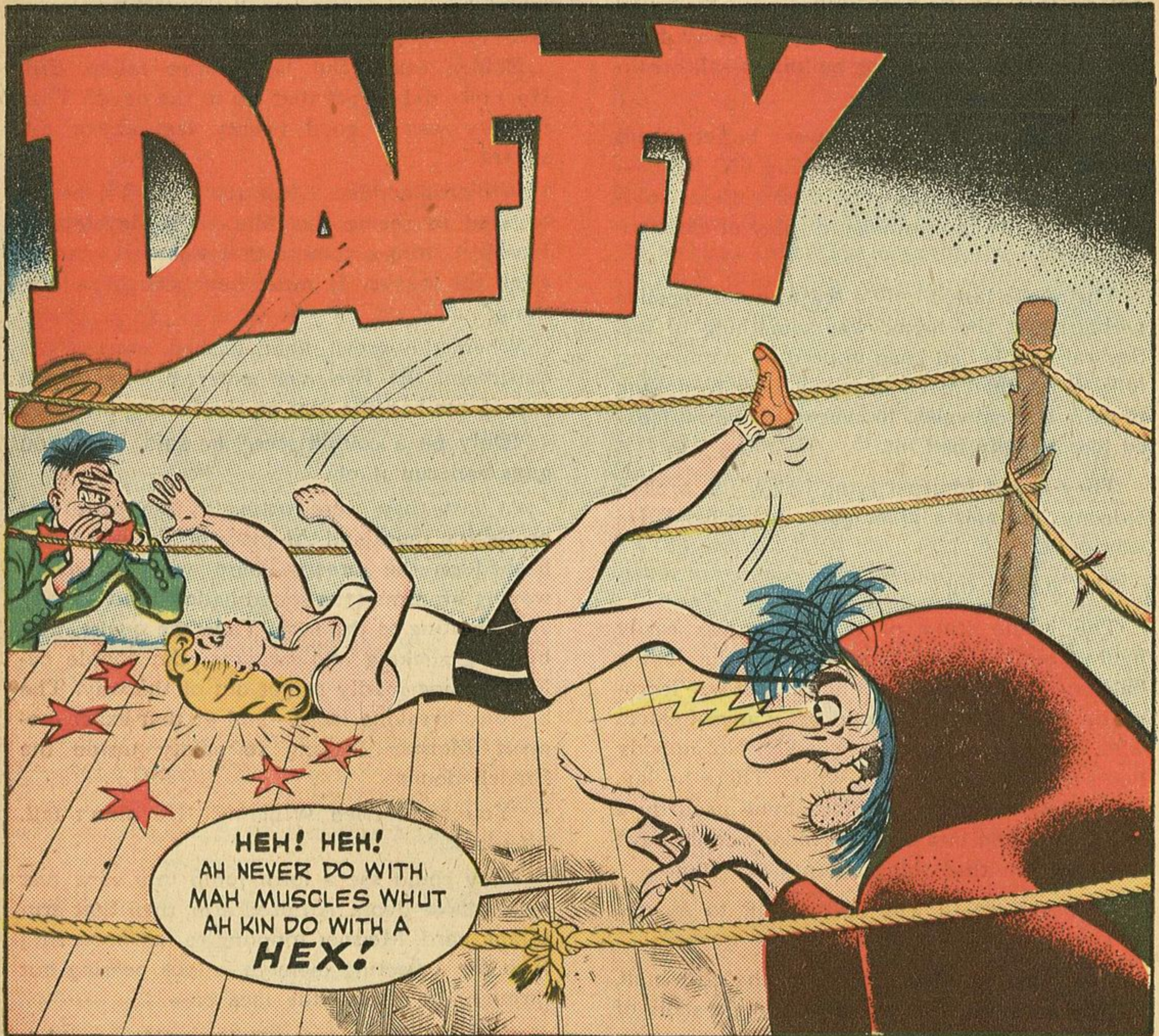
"Kurt Metz!" shouted Bolden. "You couldn't mistake that face! He's holding a sap in his hand. Oh, boy, won't the coppers like this!"

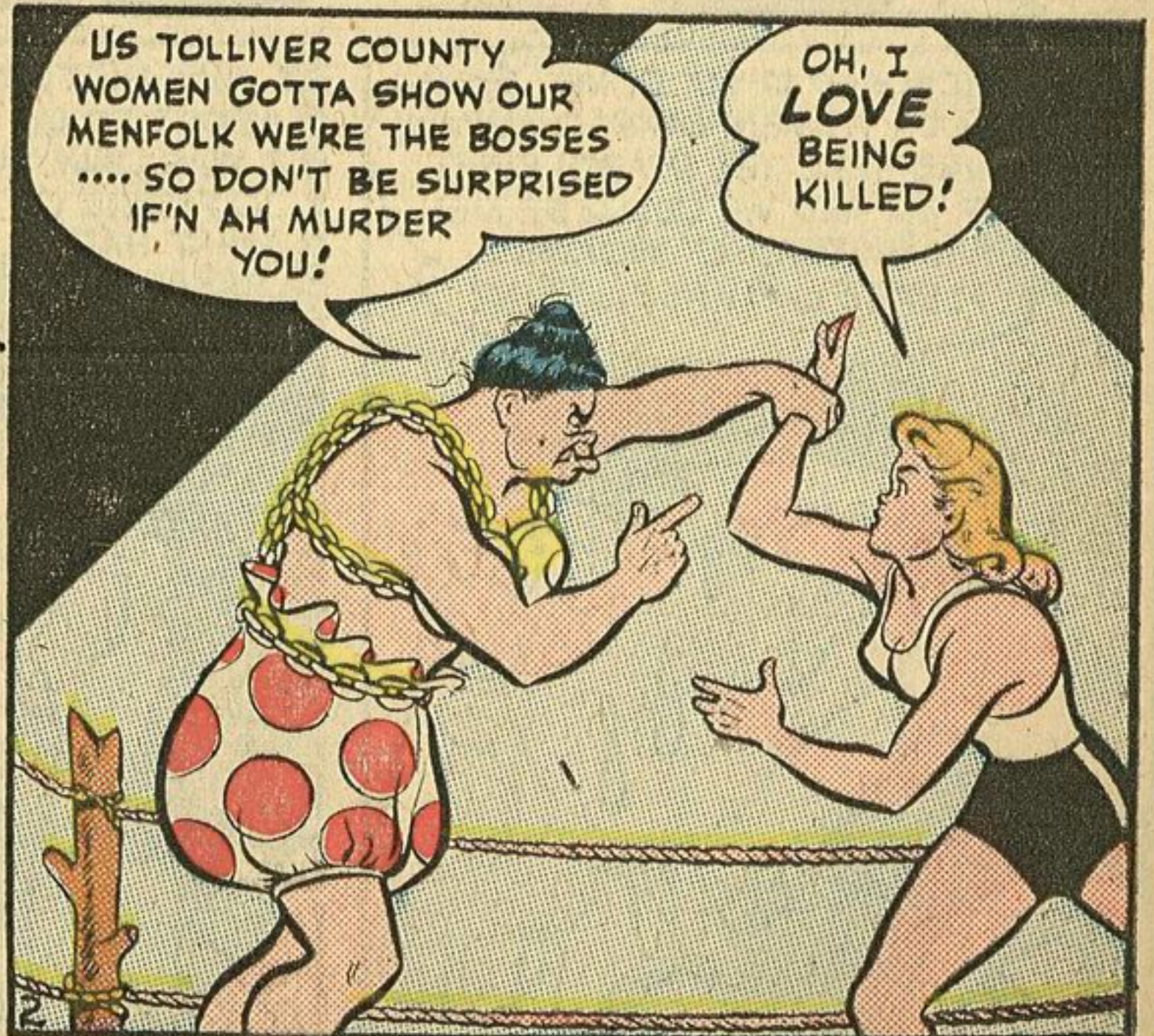
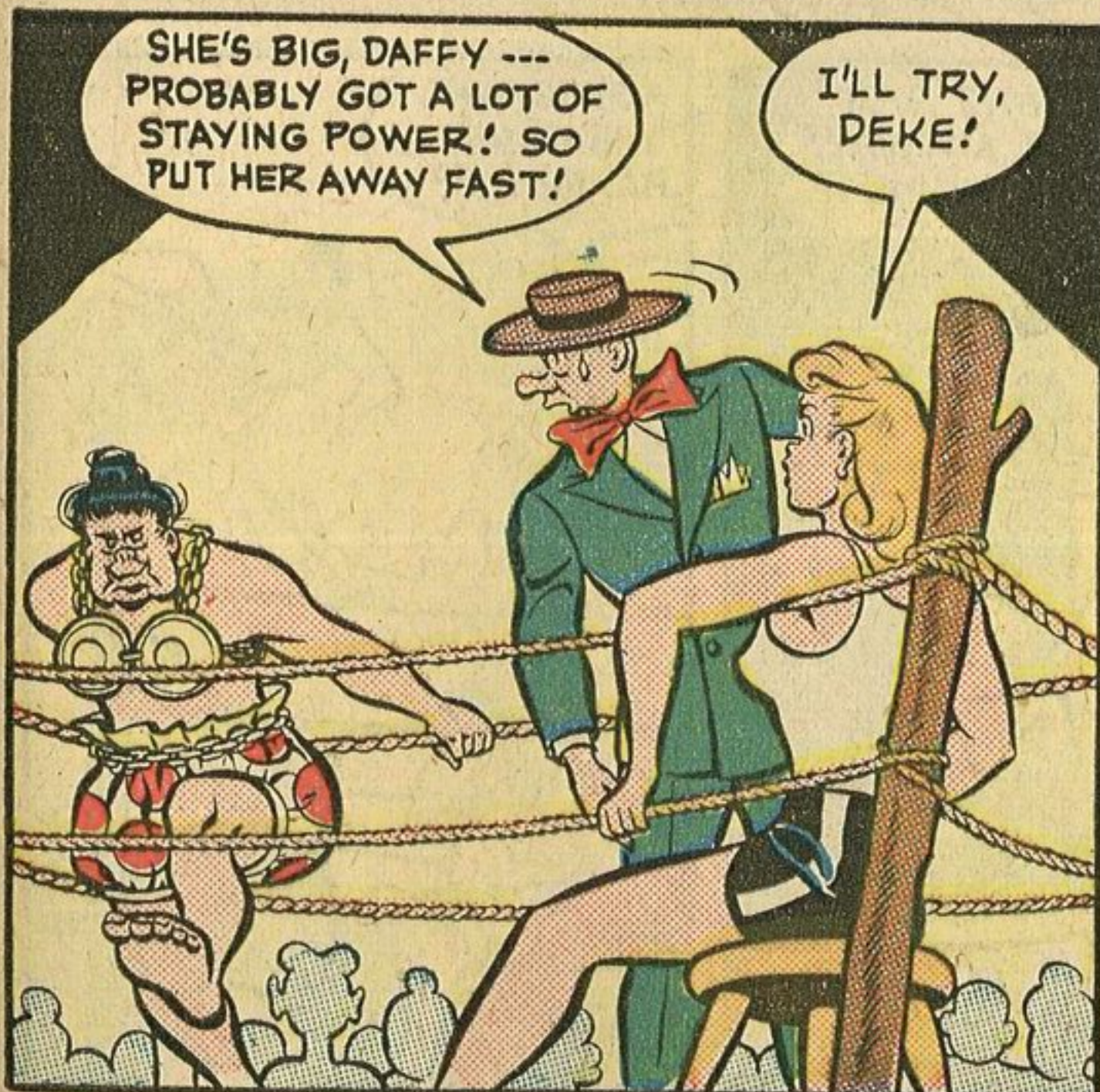
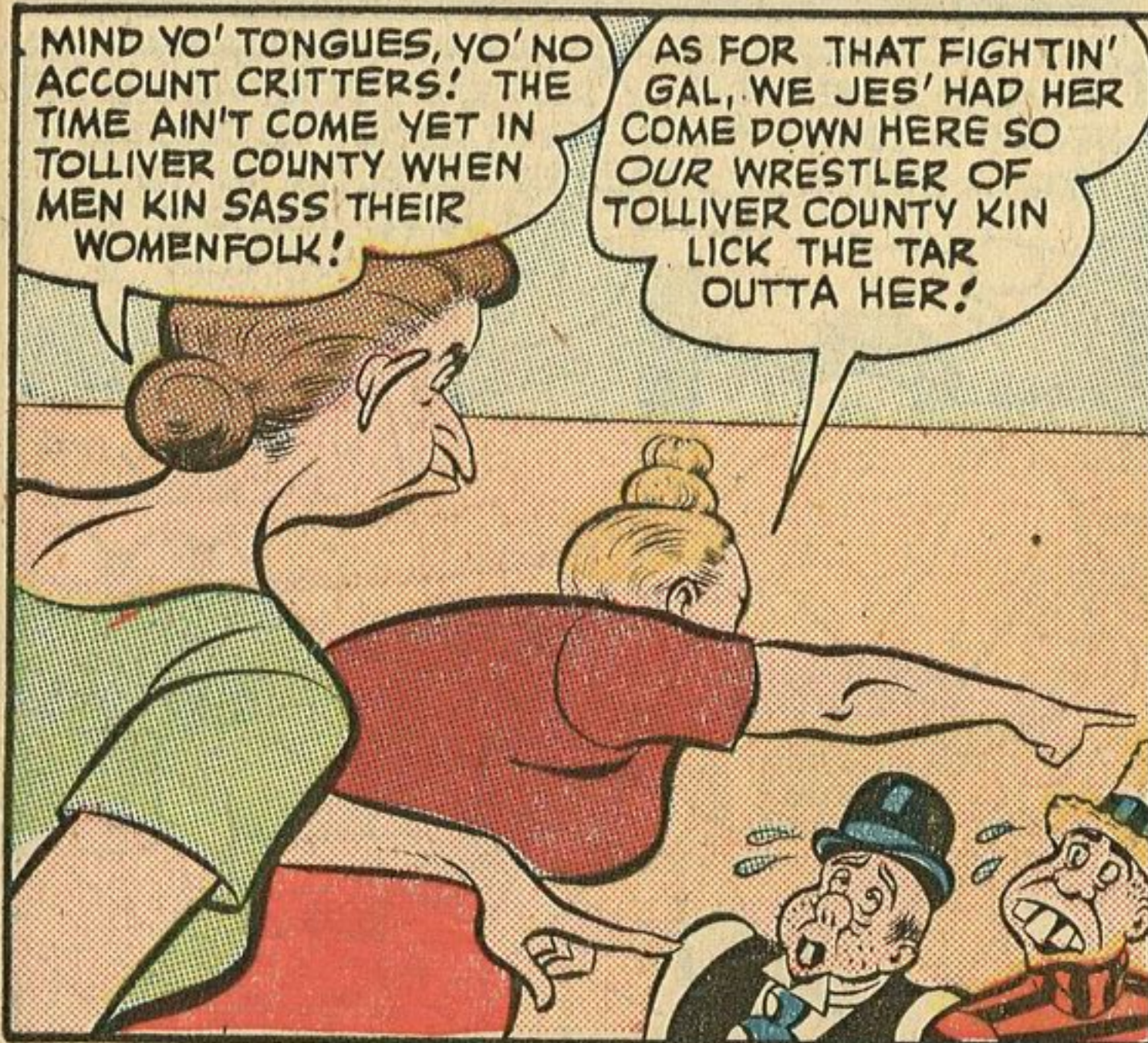
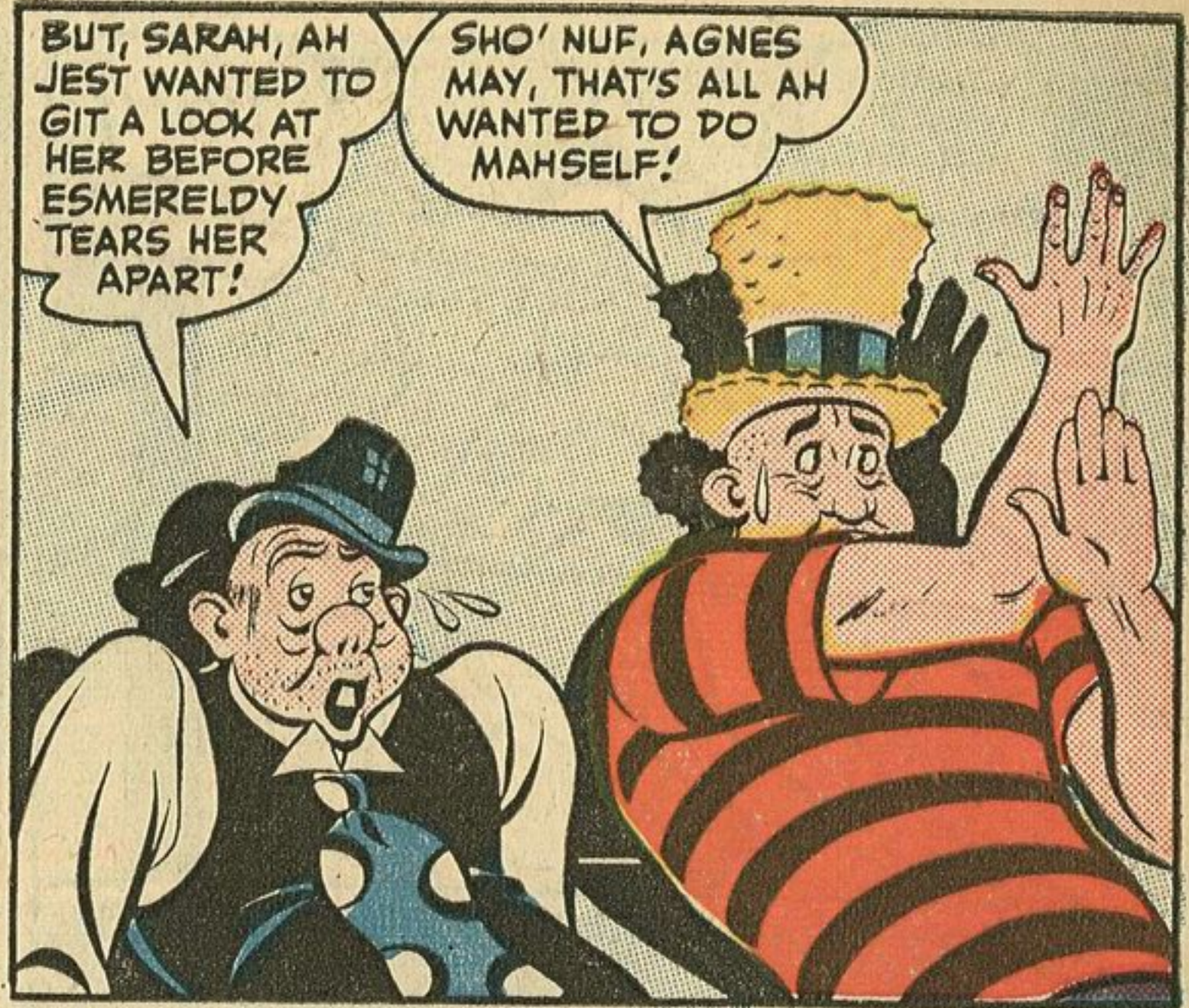
They stopped the film, and Bolden began making phone calls from the dark room. When next they showed that film, there would be quite a gathering—several cops, FBI men, and Kurt Metz, who had no idea his criminal act had been caught by a running camera, who thought he could get away with murder while an earthquake kept everybody busy watching out for themselves.

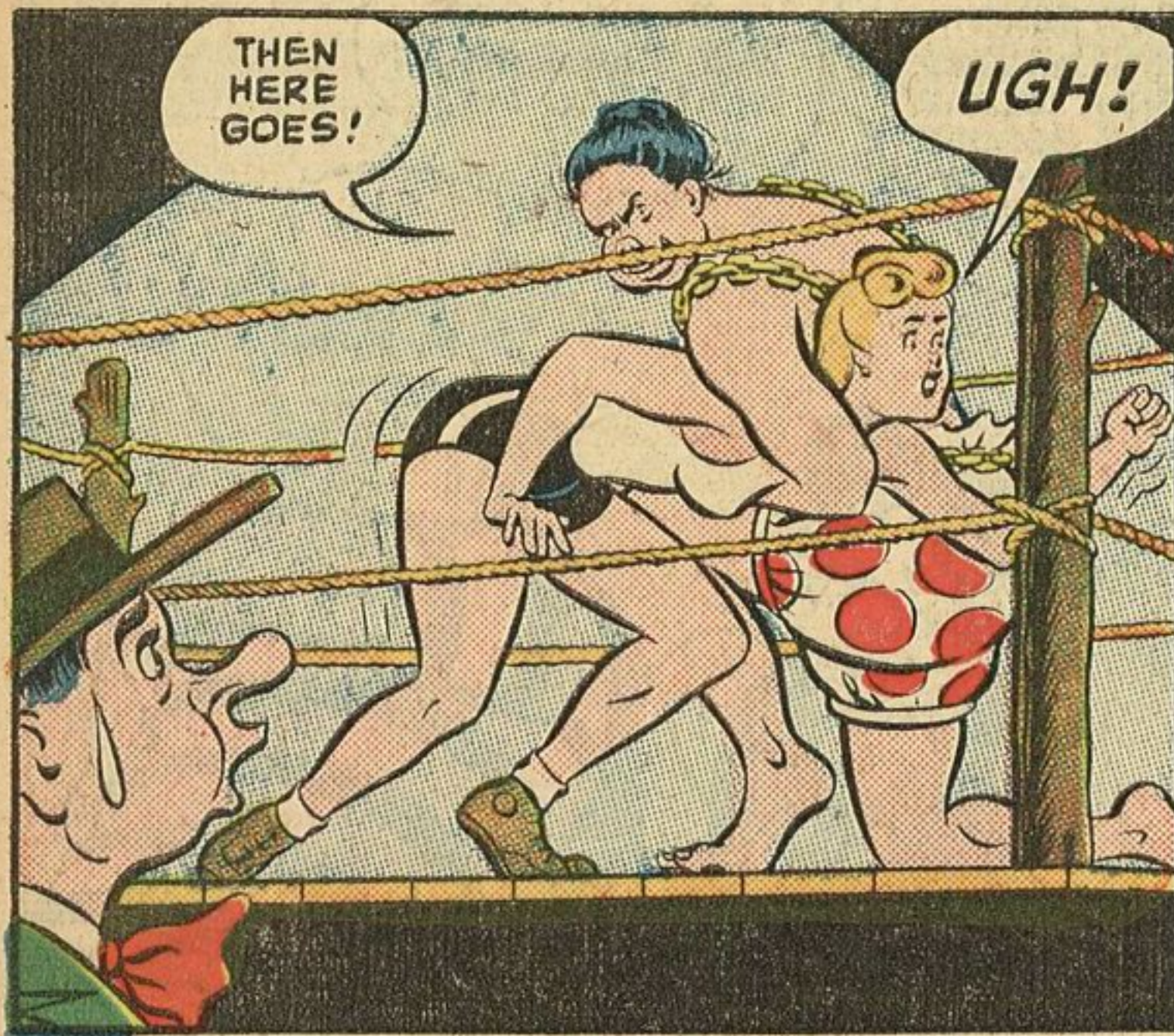
"Only goes to show—"

"I know," Bolden cut in on Williams' attempted statement, "Crime doesn't pay. Let's change it to—"

"I know," Williams interrupted: "The Camera Calls It Murder!"

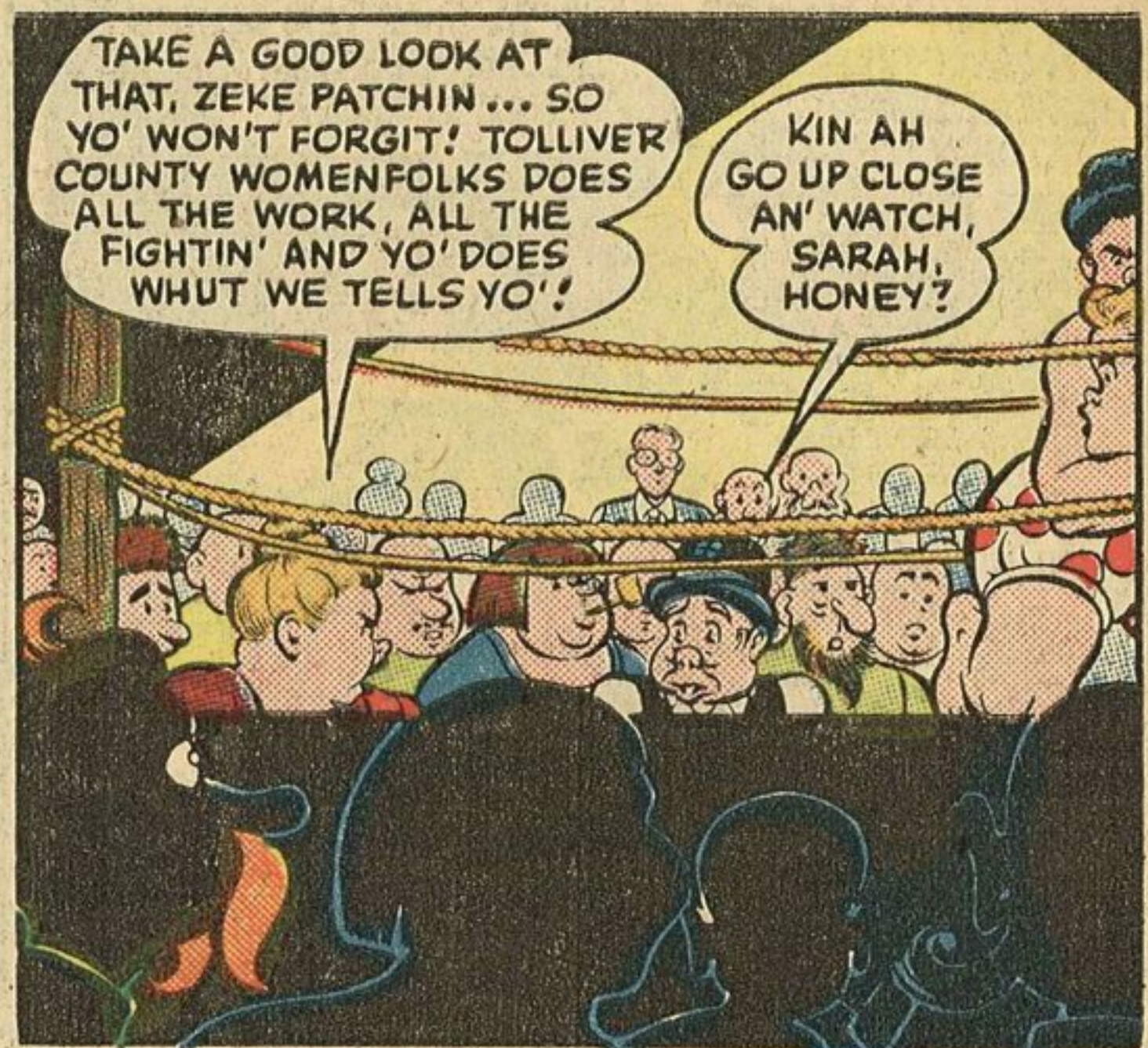






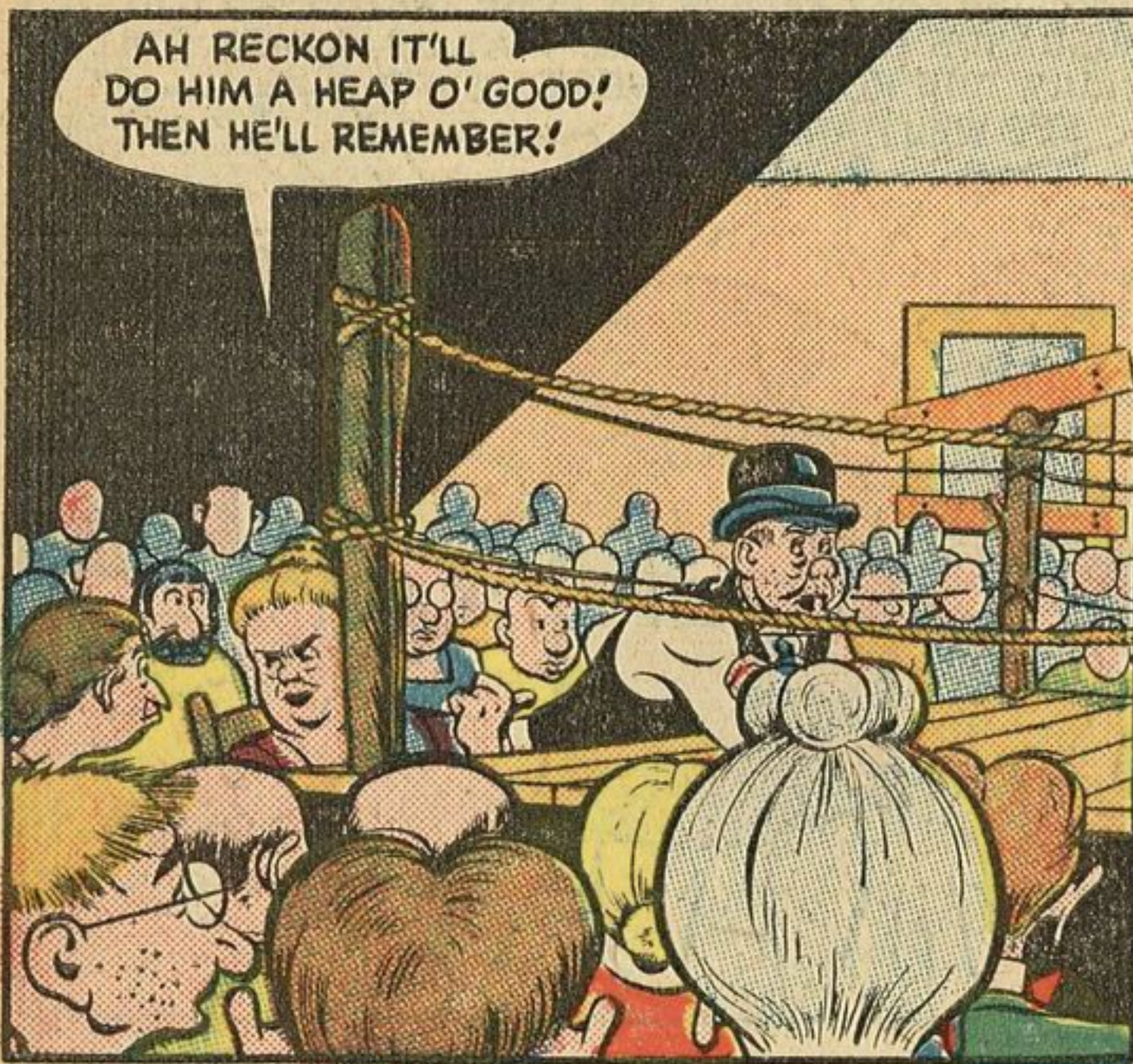
THEN
HERE
GOES!

UGH!

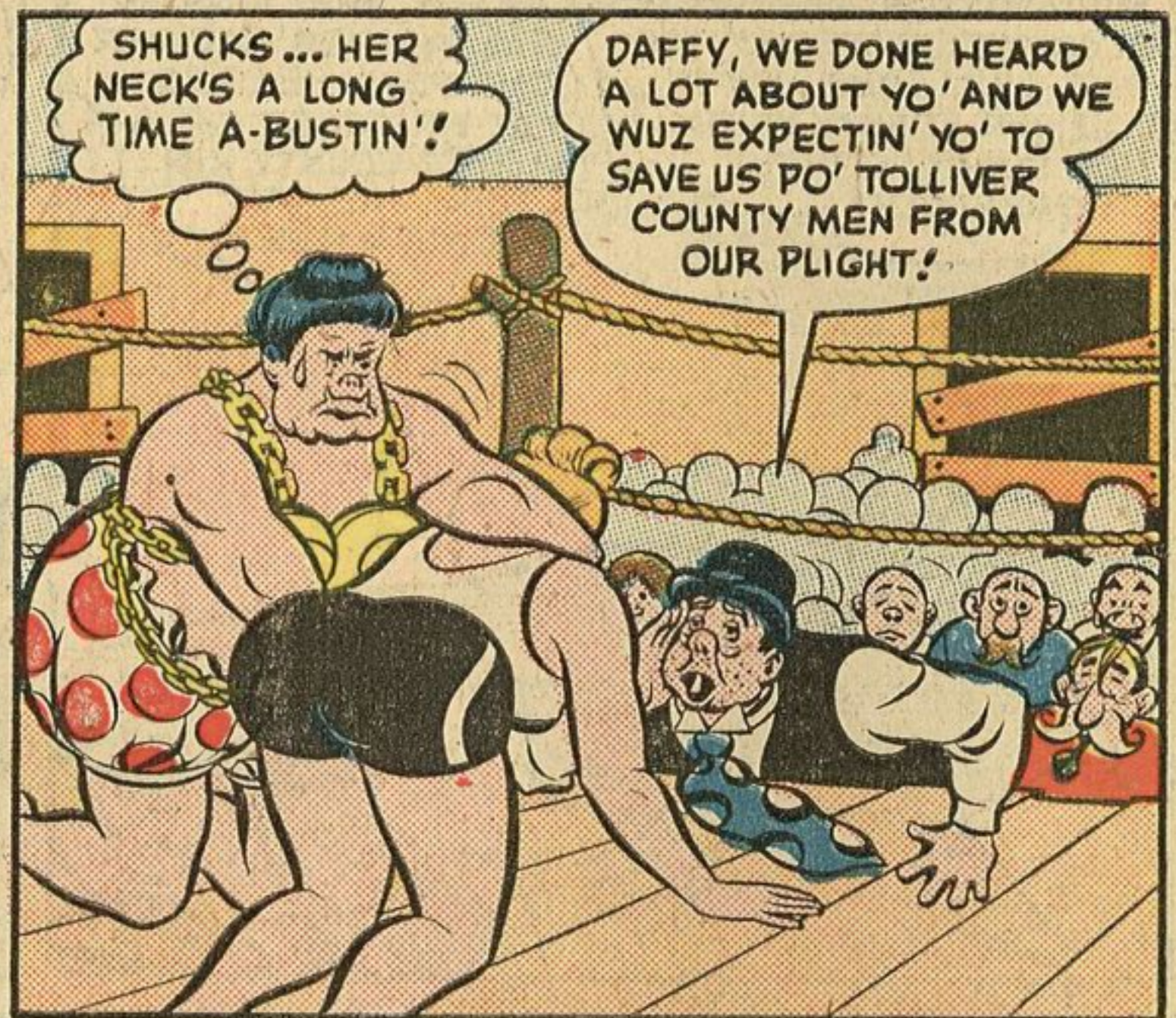


TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT
THAT, ZEKE PATCHIN ... SO
YO' WON'T FORGIT! TOLLIVER
COUNTY WOMENFOLKS DOES
ALL THE WORK, ALL THE
FIGHTIN' AND YO' DOES
WHUT WE TELLS YO'!

KIN AH
GO UP CLOSE
AN' WATCH,
SARAH,
HONEY?



AH RECKON IT'LL
DO HIM A HEAP O' GOOD!
THEN HE'LL REMEMBER!



SHUCKS ... HER
NECK'S A LONG
TIME A-BUSTIN'!

DAFFY, WE DONE HEARD
A LOT ABOUT YO' AND WE
WUZ EXPECTIN' YO' TO
SAVE US PO' TOLLIVER
COUNTY MEN FROM
OUR PLIGHT!

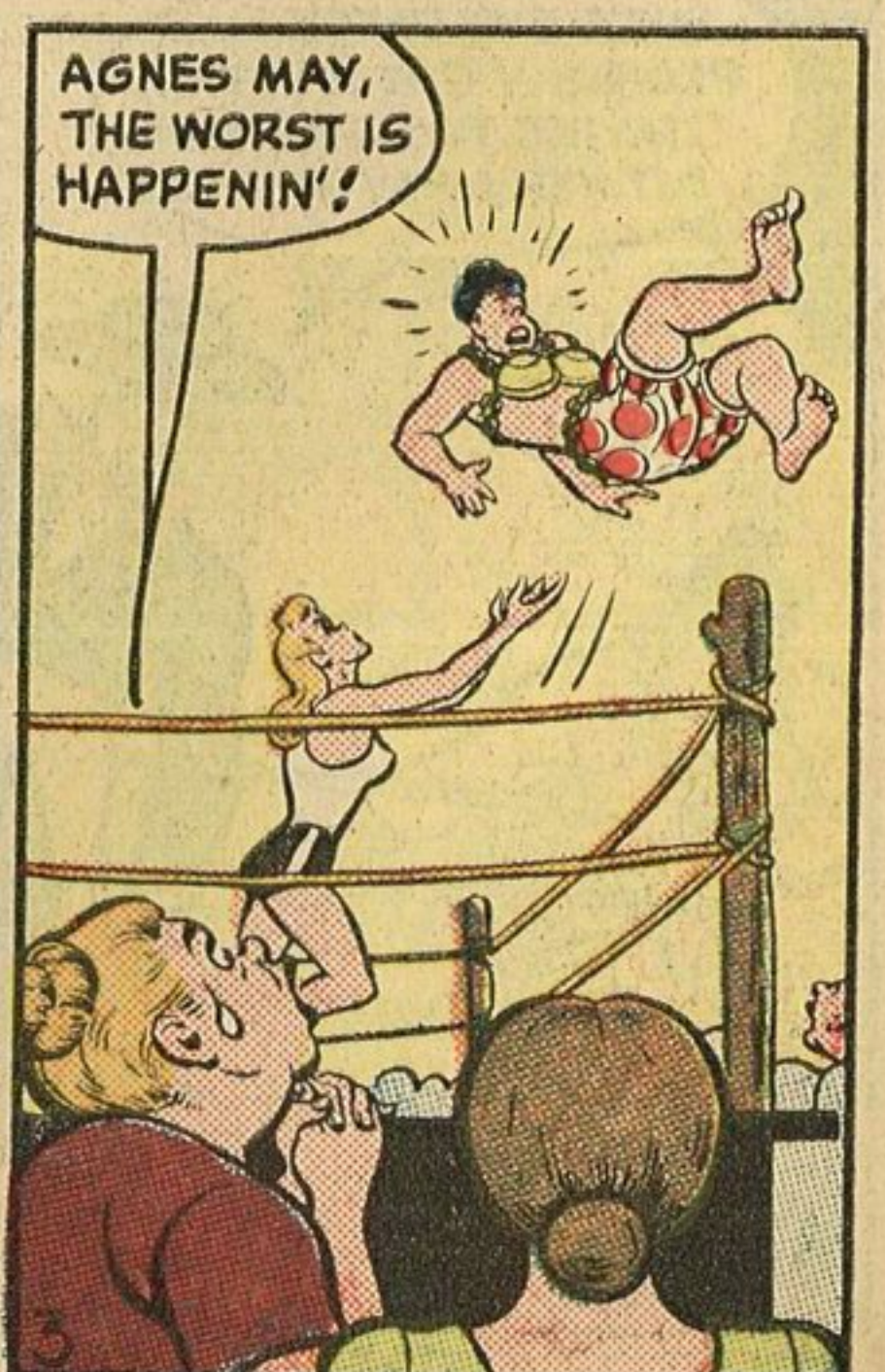


WE RECKONED IF YO' DONE
LICKED OUR WOMENFOLKS' CHAMPION,
IT'D PLUMB TAKE THE STARCH RIGHT
OUT OF 'EM AND WE COULD BE MEN
AGAIN INSTEAD O' WORMS!
PLEASE ... PLEASE ... WIN!

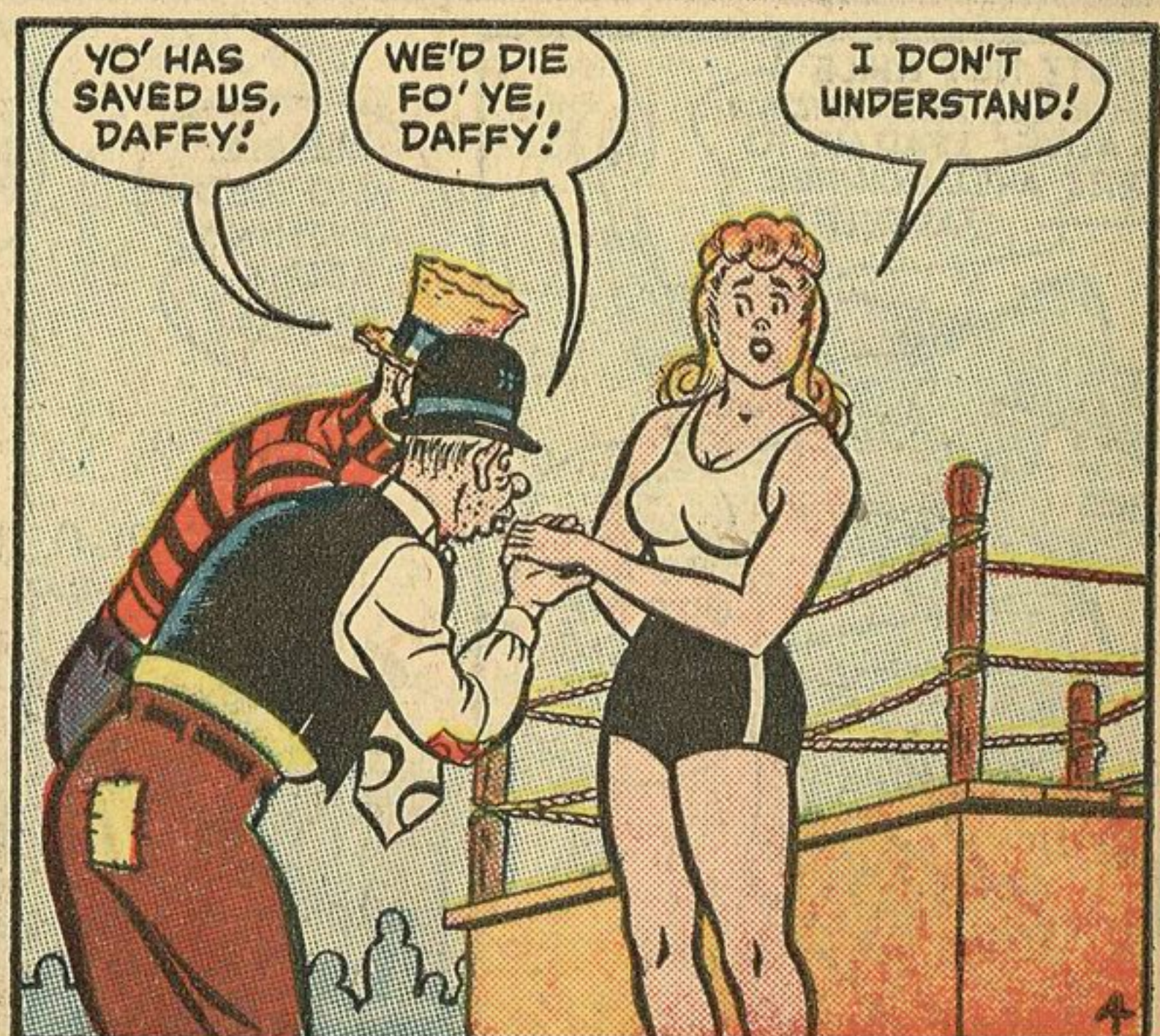
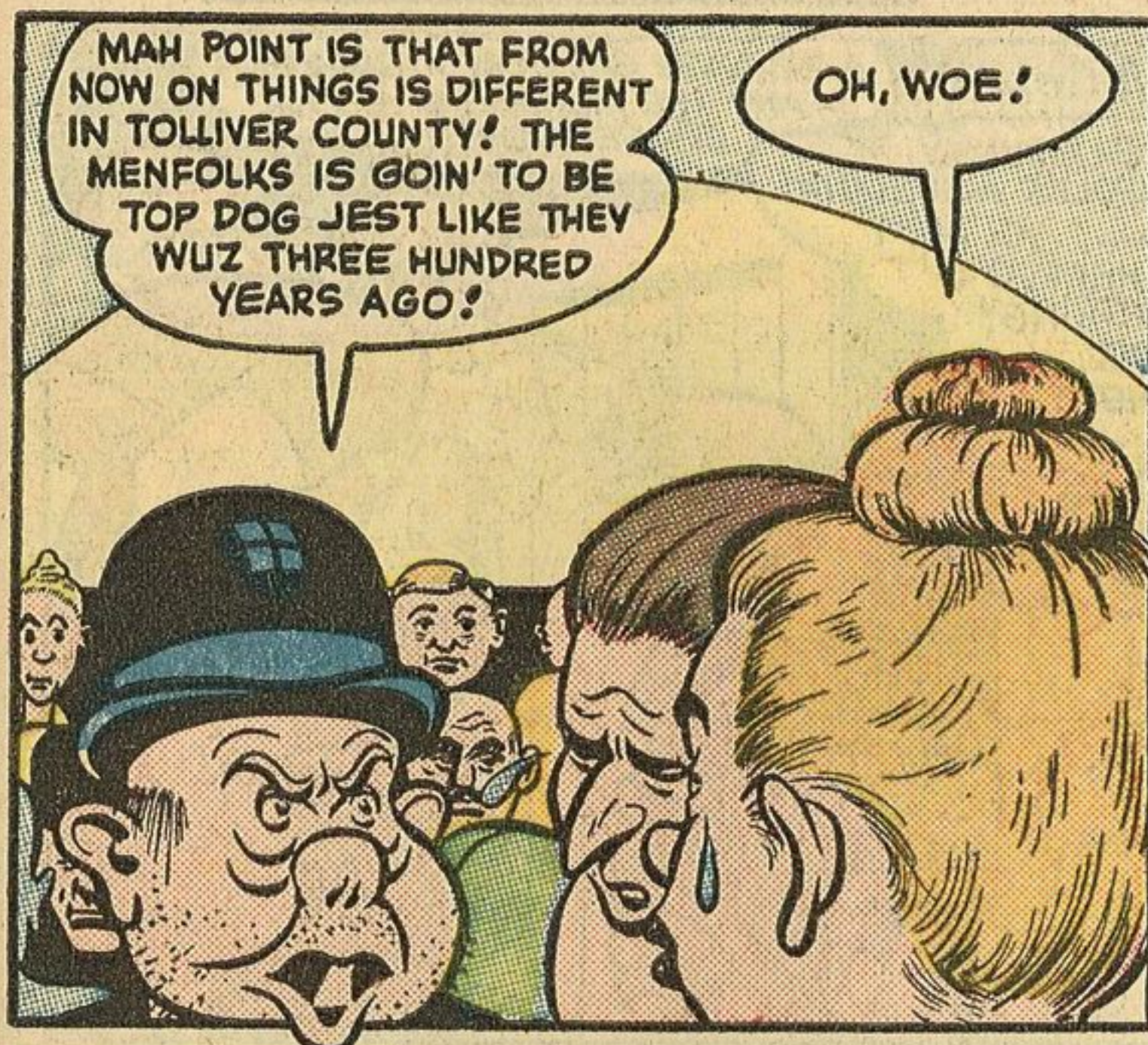
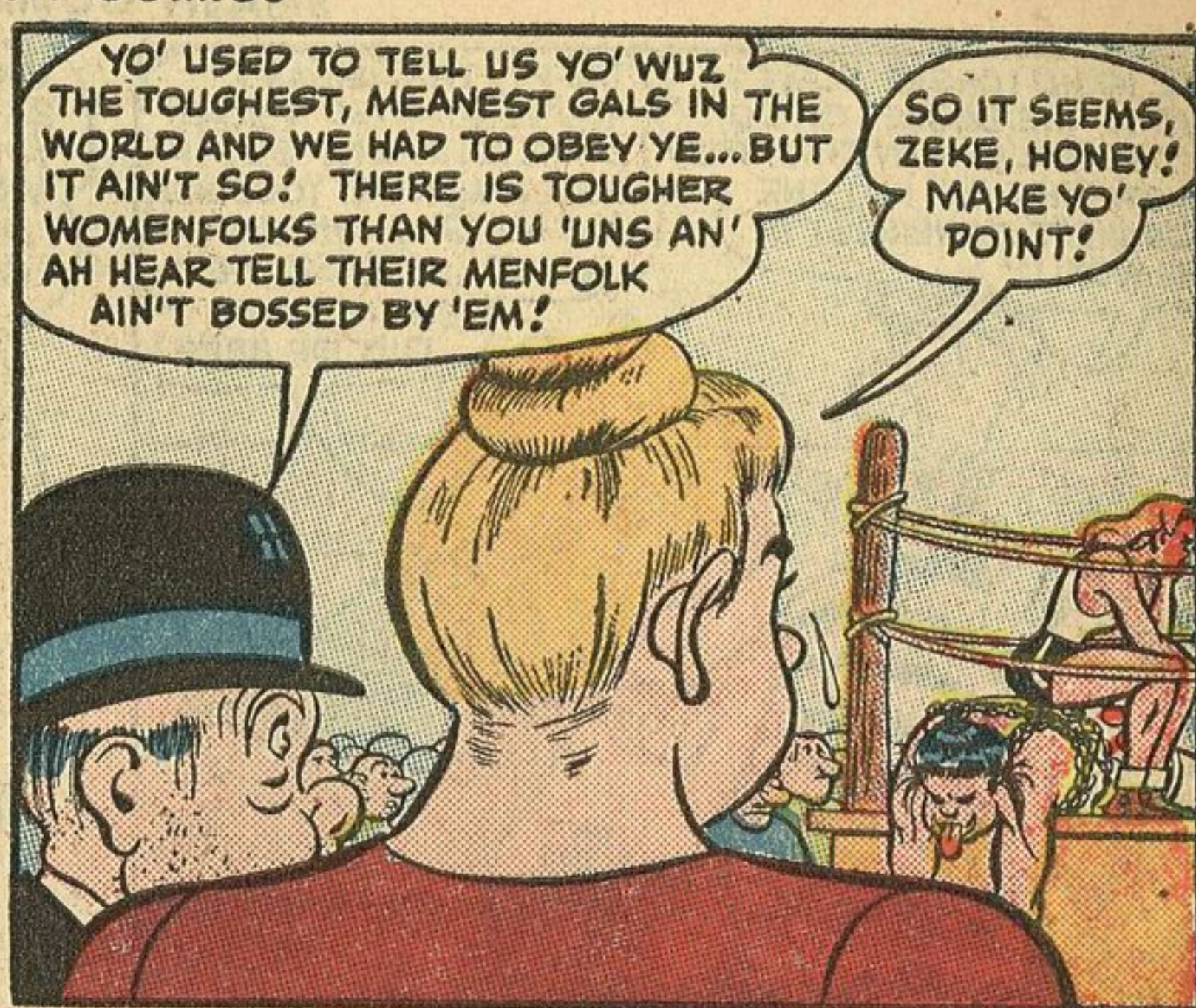


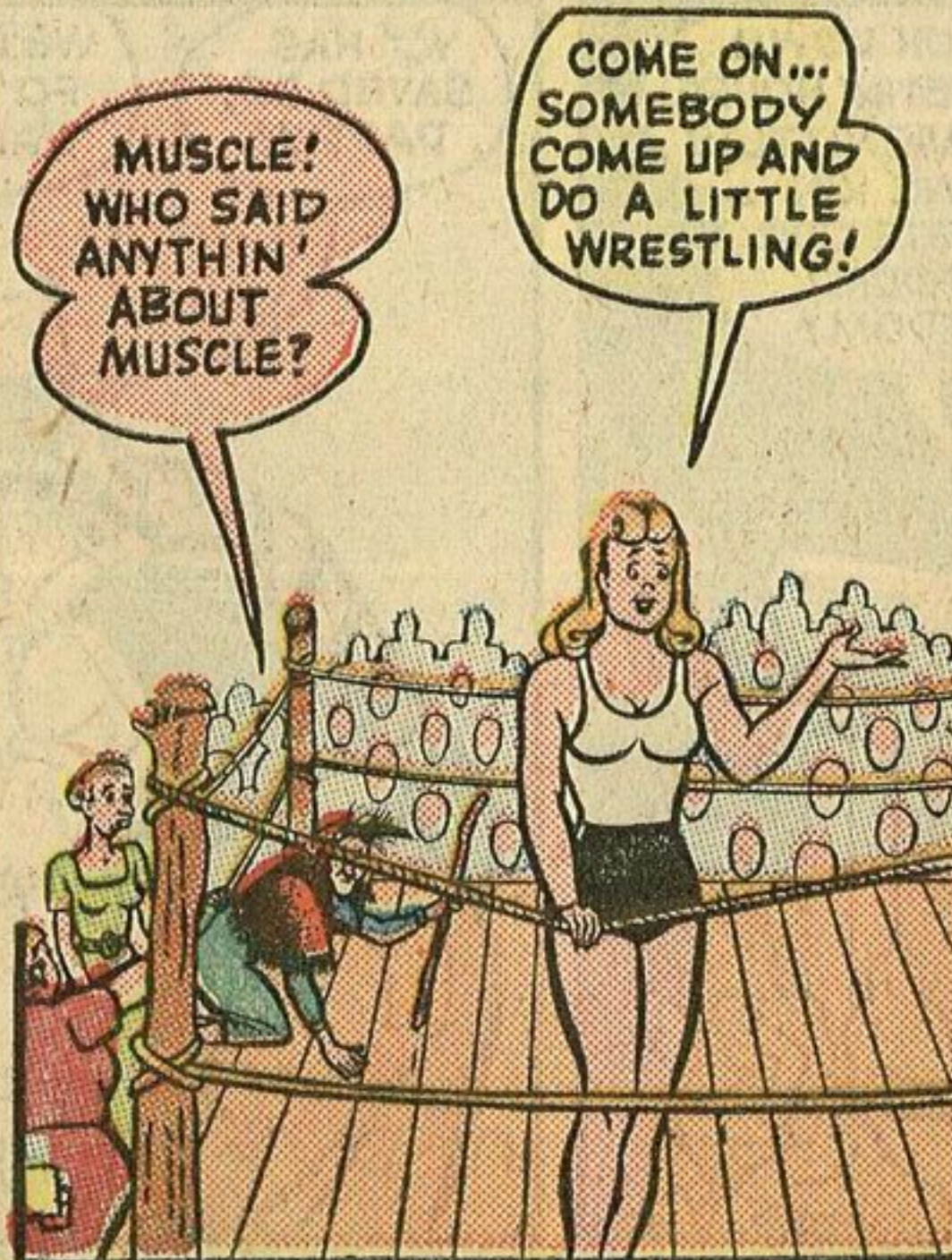
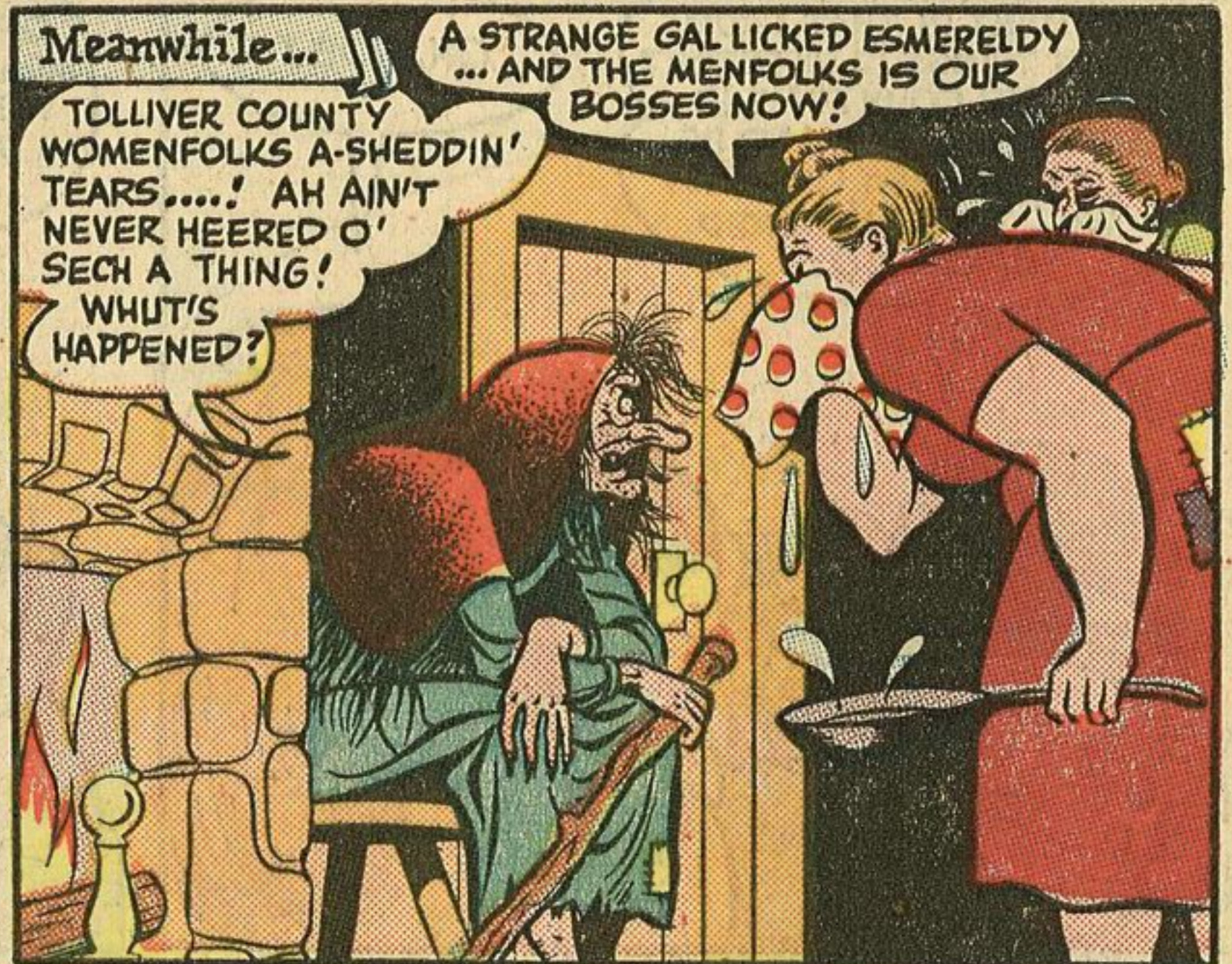
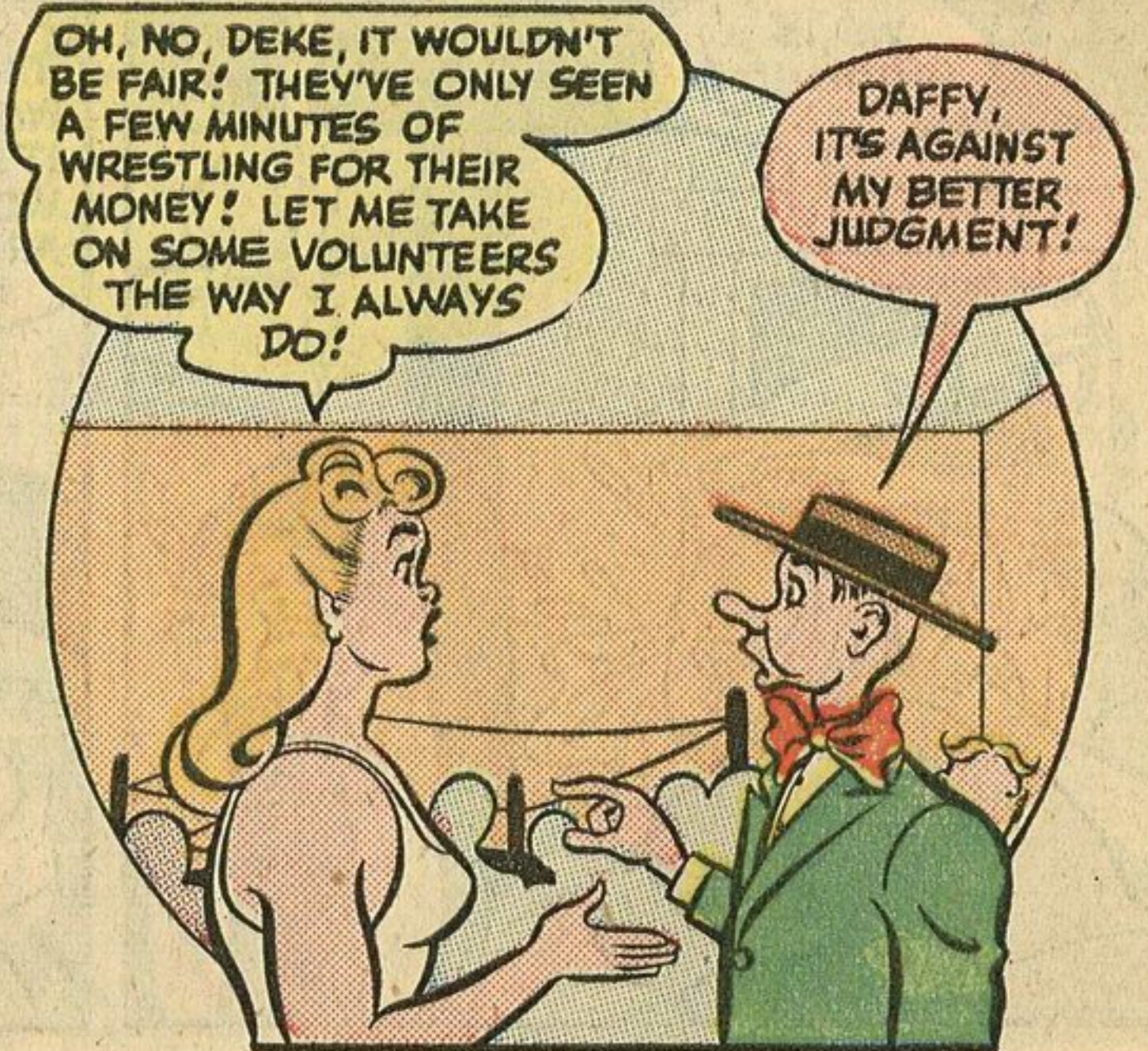
WHY, MISTER, I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO DO THAT, ANYWAY!
I WAS ONLY TAKING A MINUTE
TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT HAD
HAPPENED!

GAWSH!
GAWSH!



AGNES MAY,
THE WORST IS
HAPPENIN'!

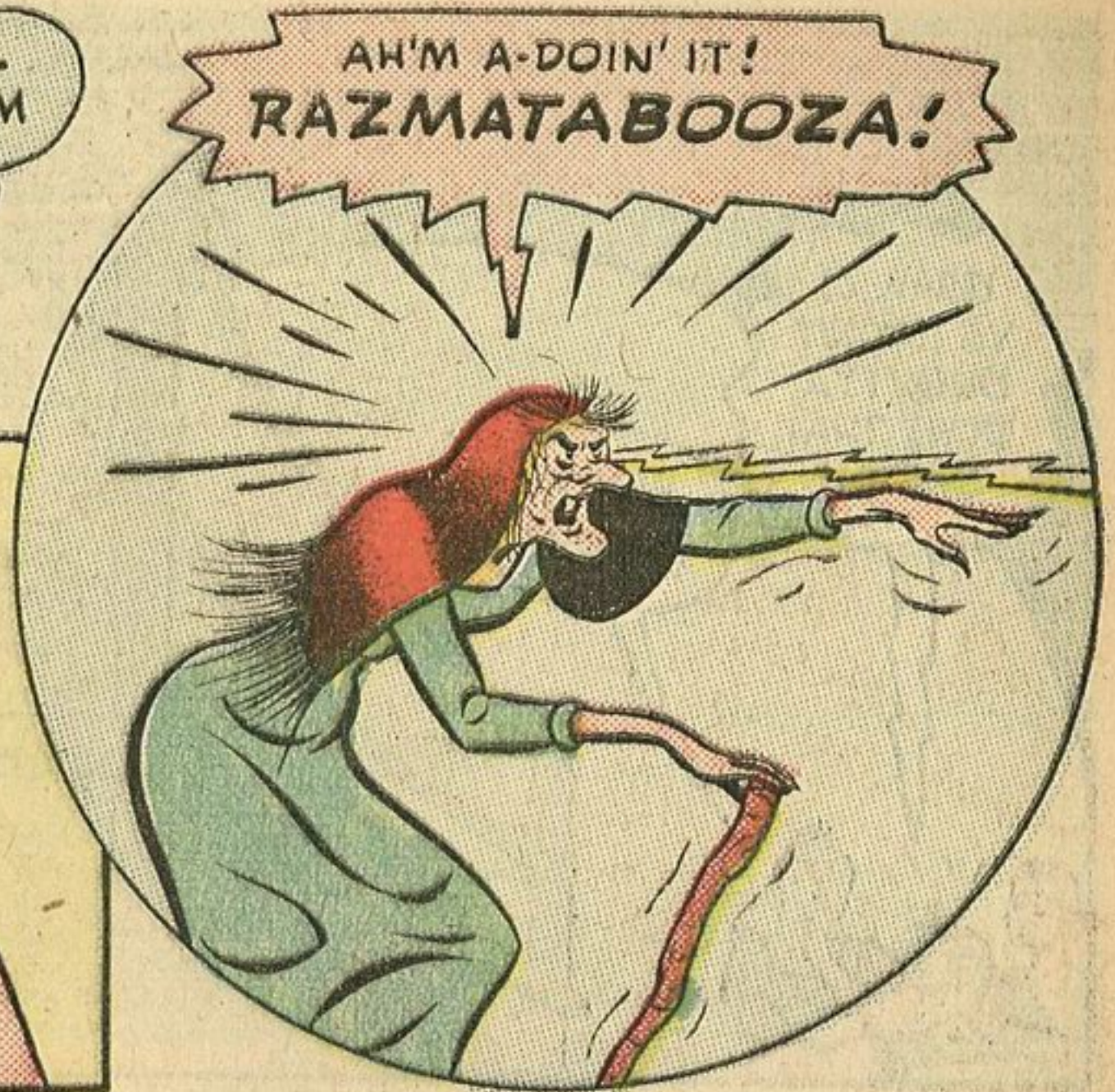
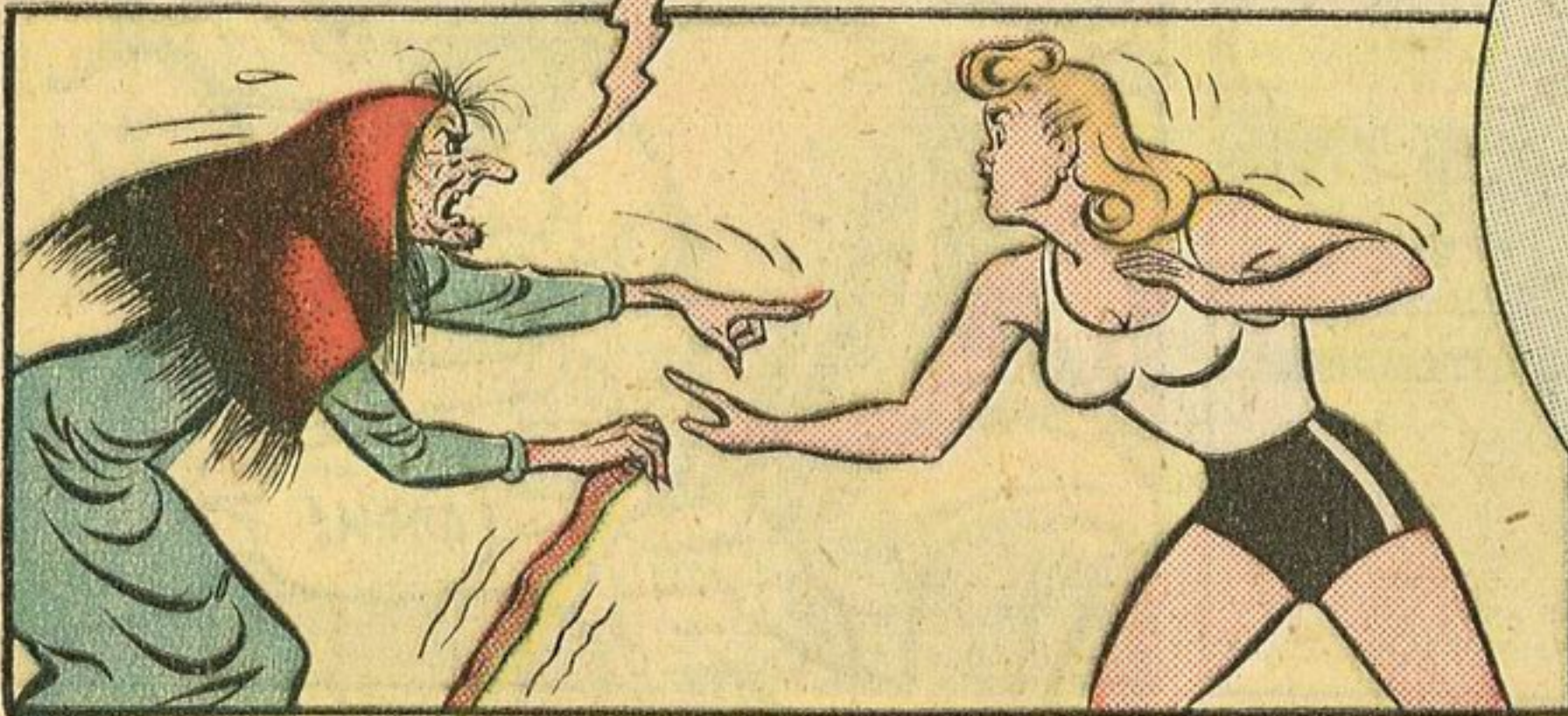




FEEBLE OLD
WOMAN, EH? AH'LL
LARN YE
DIFFERENT!

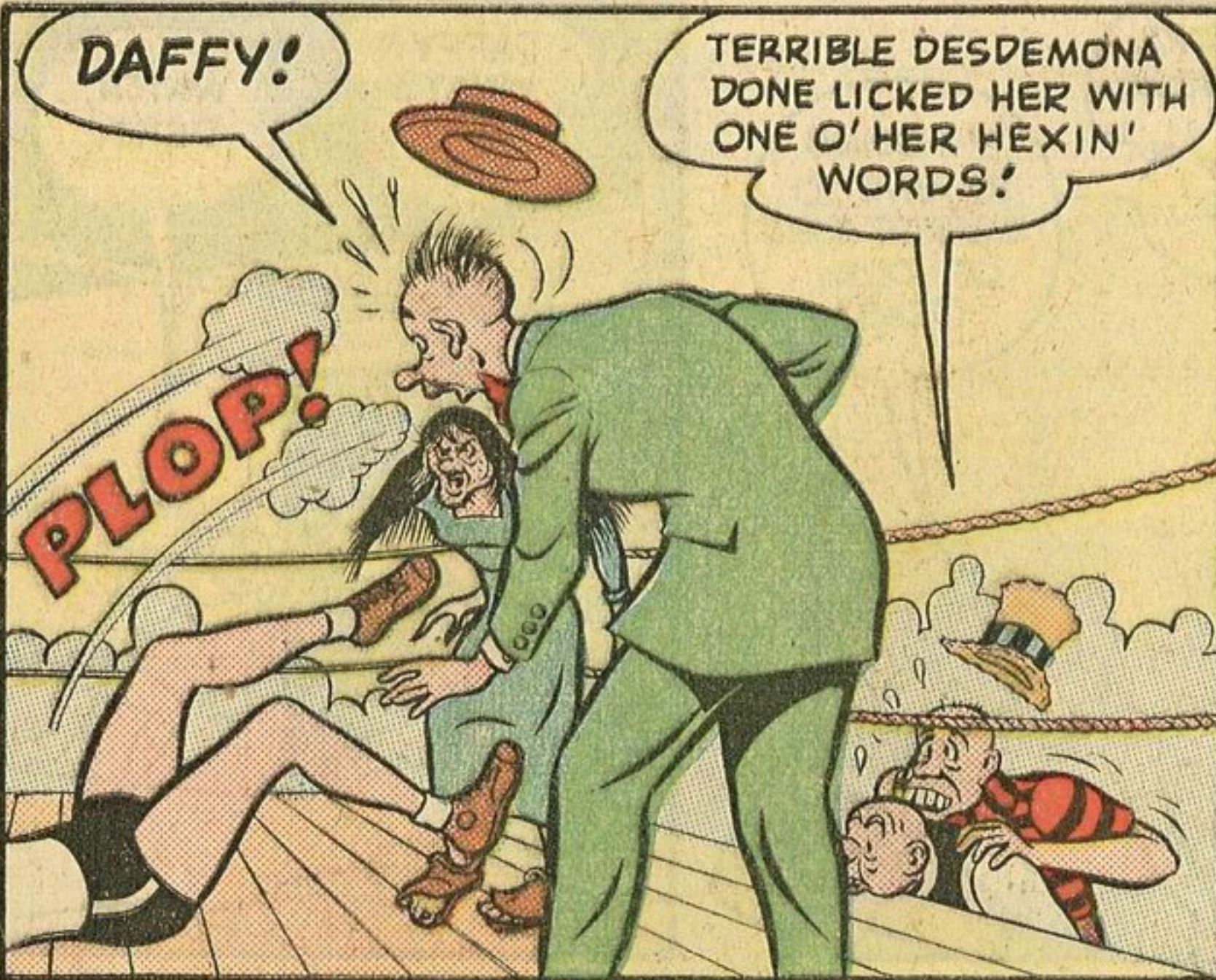
OKAY, GRANDMA...
IF YOU INSIST! I'M
WAITING! DO
SOMETHING!

AH'M A-DOIN' IT!
RAZMATABOOZA!



DAFFY!

TERRIBLE DESDEMONA
DONE LICKED HER WITH
ONE O' HER HEXIN'
WORDS!



NOW WHUT
WUZ ALL THIS
ABOUT YO'
MENFOLKS
BOSSIN' US
WOMENFOLKS
AROUND?

WE MUSTA
BEEN OUT OF
OUR MINDS,
SARAH,
HONEY!



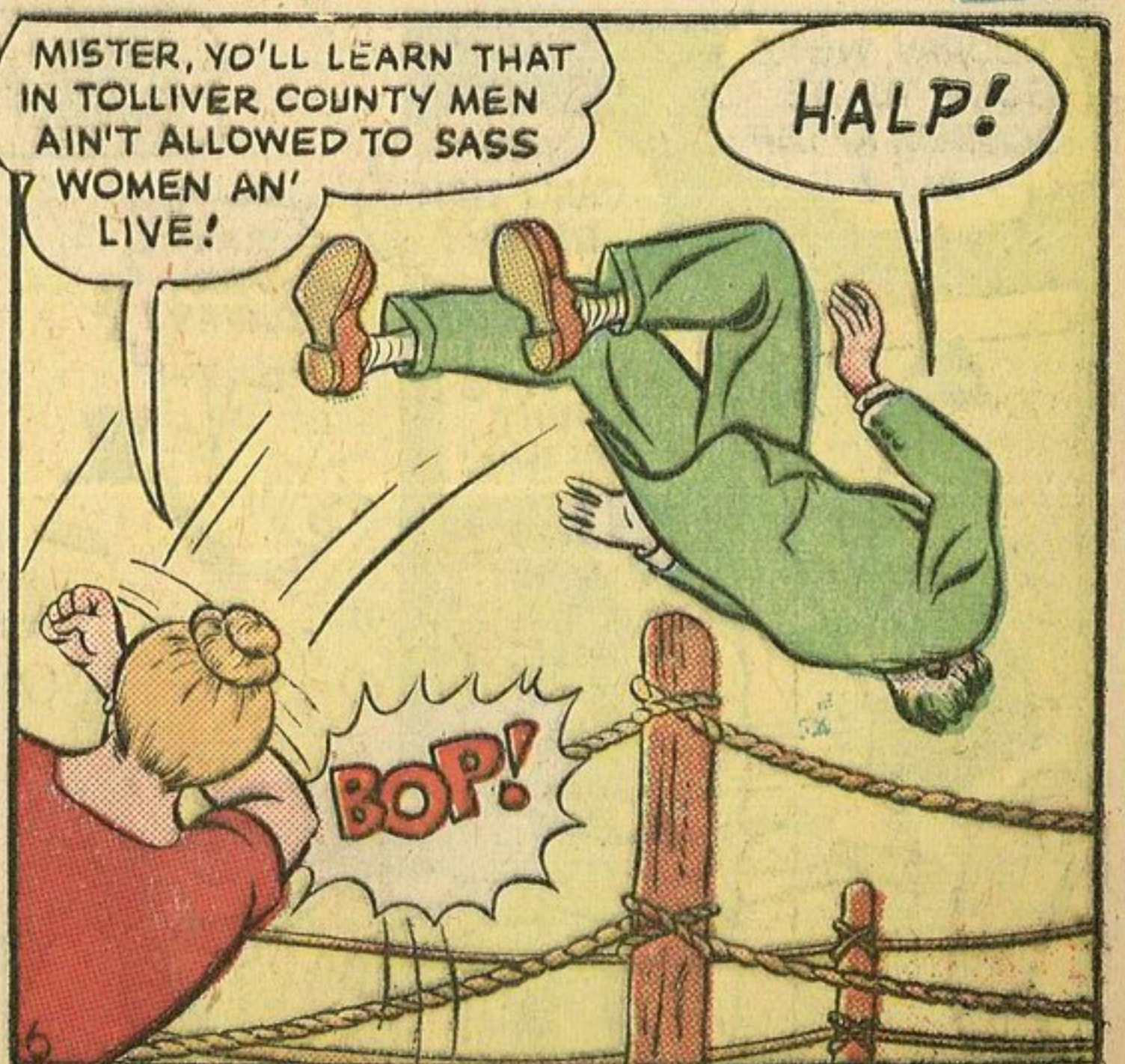
NO FAIR! NO FAIR! YOU
DID SOMETHING UNETHICAL
TO MY WRESTLER! YOU
PUT HER INTO A TRANCE--
YOU CAST A SPELL OVER
HER! YOU'VE GOT TO
BRING HER OUT
OF IT!

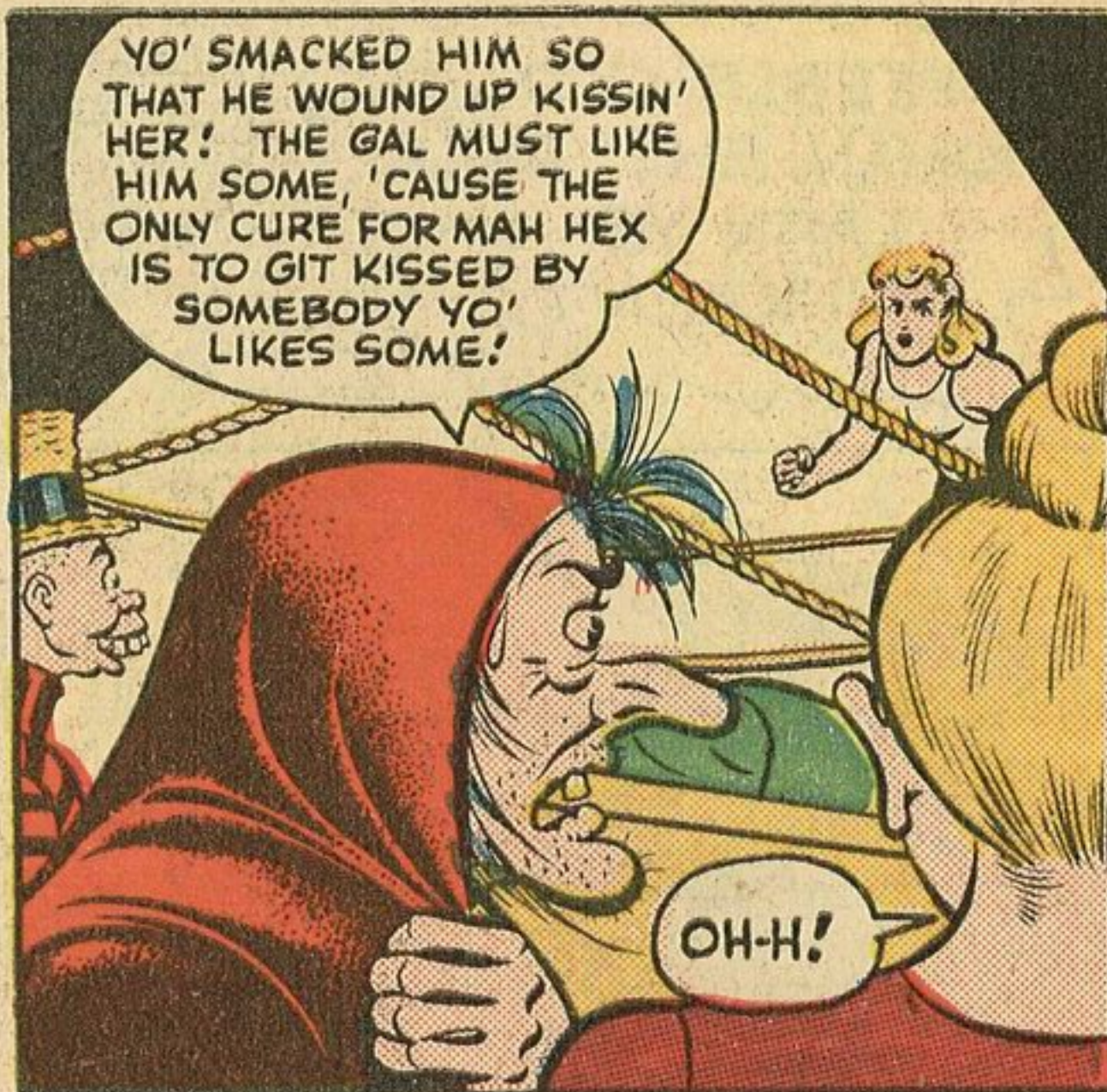
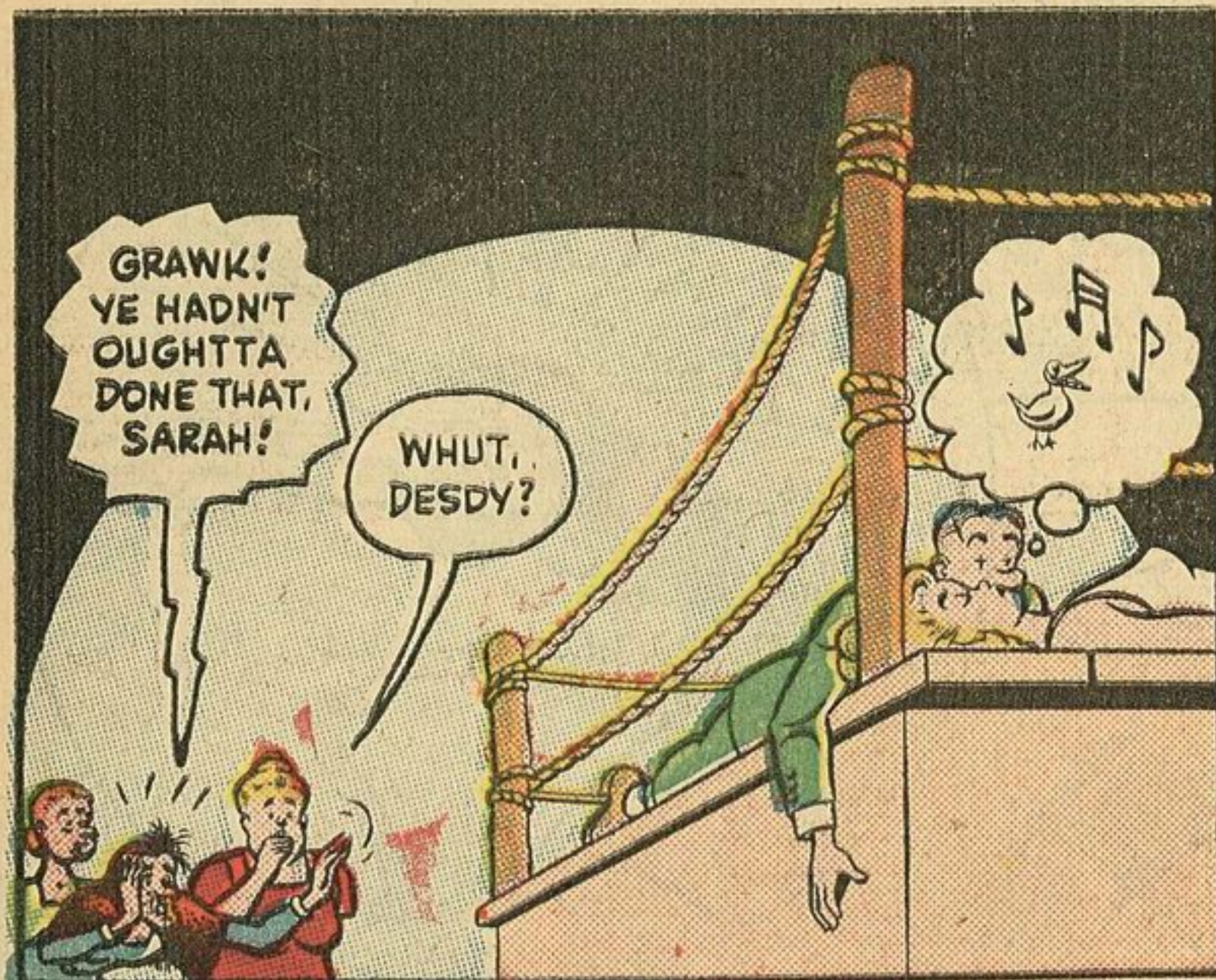
HUH?



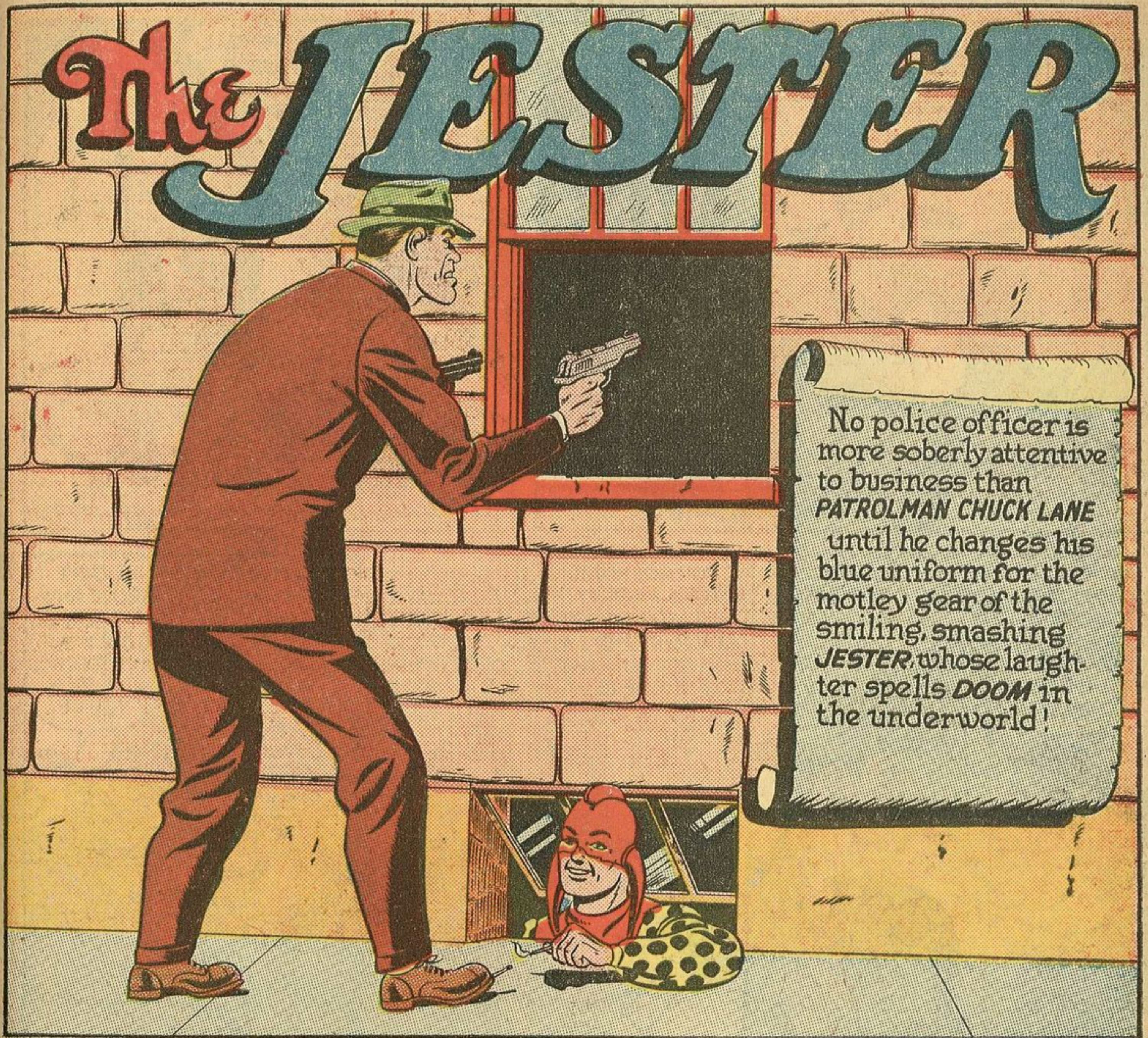
MISTER, YO'LL LERN THAT
IN TOLLIVER COUNTY MEN
AIN'T ALLOWED TO SASS
WOMEN AN'
LIVE!

HALP!





The JESTER



GRIM SUCCESS IN THE WORLD OF CRIME HAS ENABLED MR. CHOWDER CHANNAY TO RETIRE, BUT HE STILL HAS HIS PROFESSIONAL WAY!

YOU LAUGHING AT ME, MISTER?

NO OFFENSE, SIR! YOU JUST REMINDED ME OF-- SOMETHING!



MAYBE I REMIND YOU OF A CODFISH! OR IS IT A HERRING? GO ON, FINISH IT!

NO OFFENSE, I SAID! HERE, LET ME BUY!

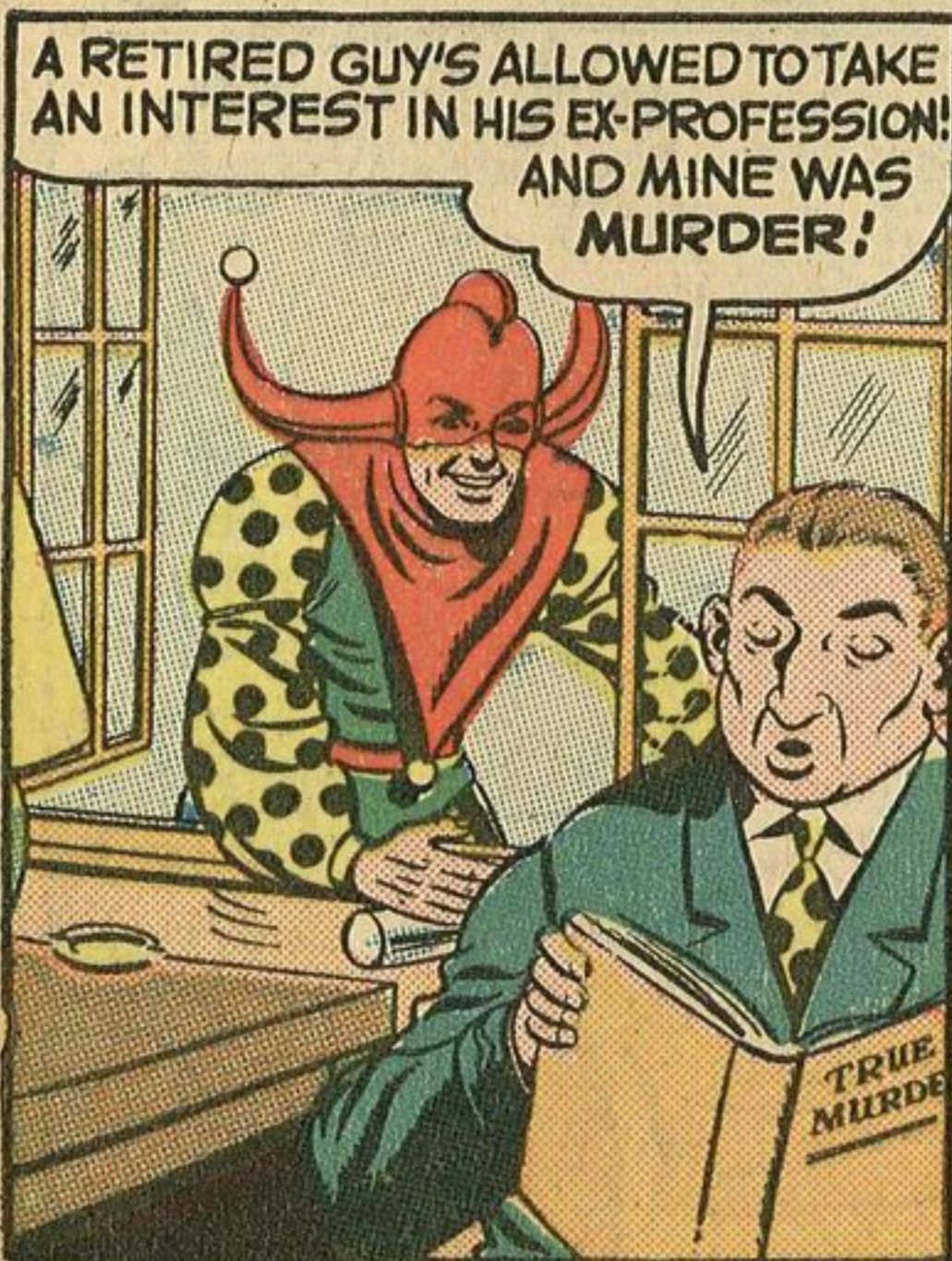
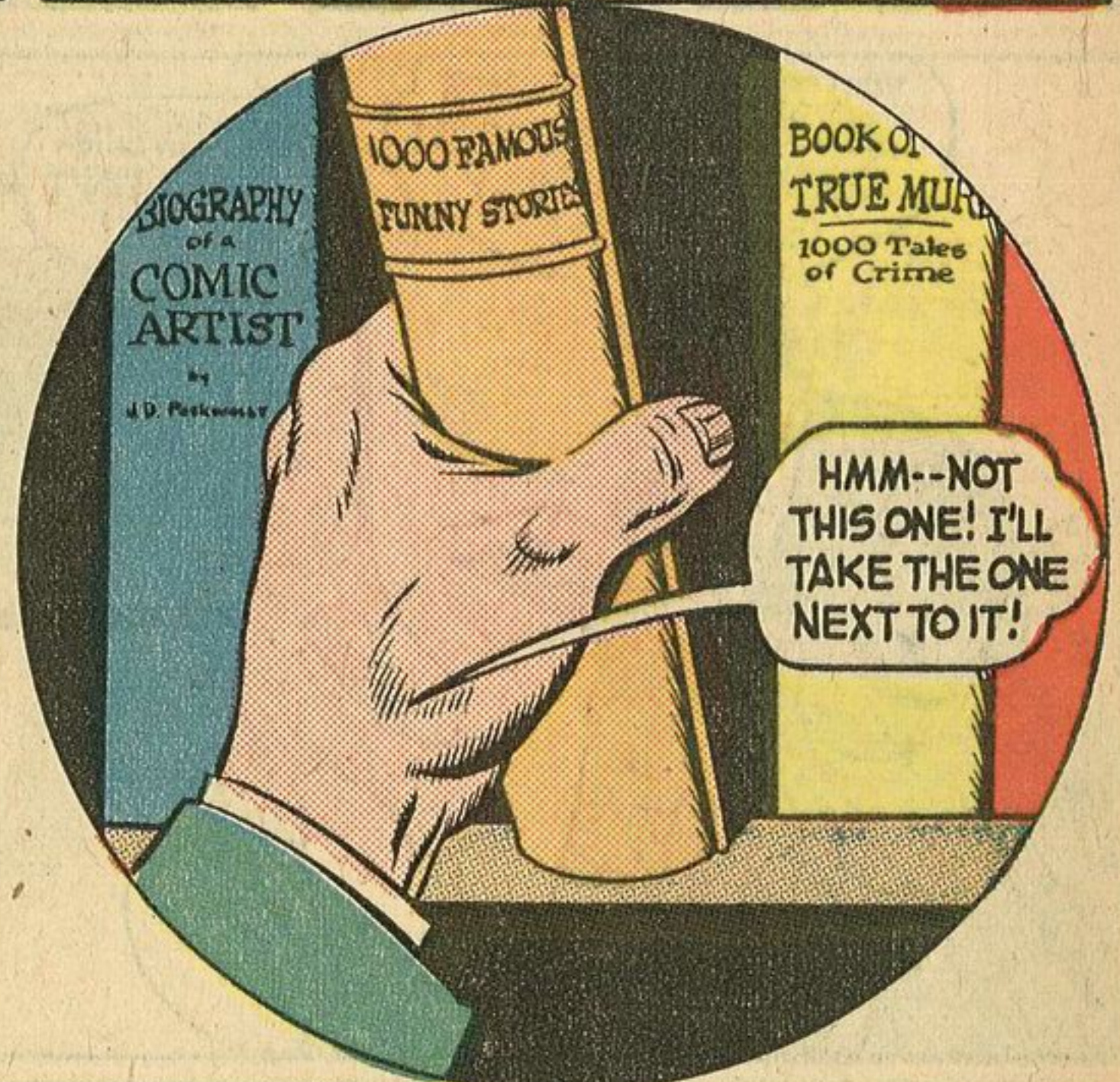
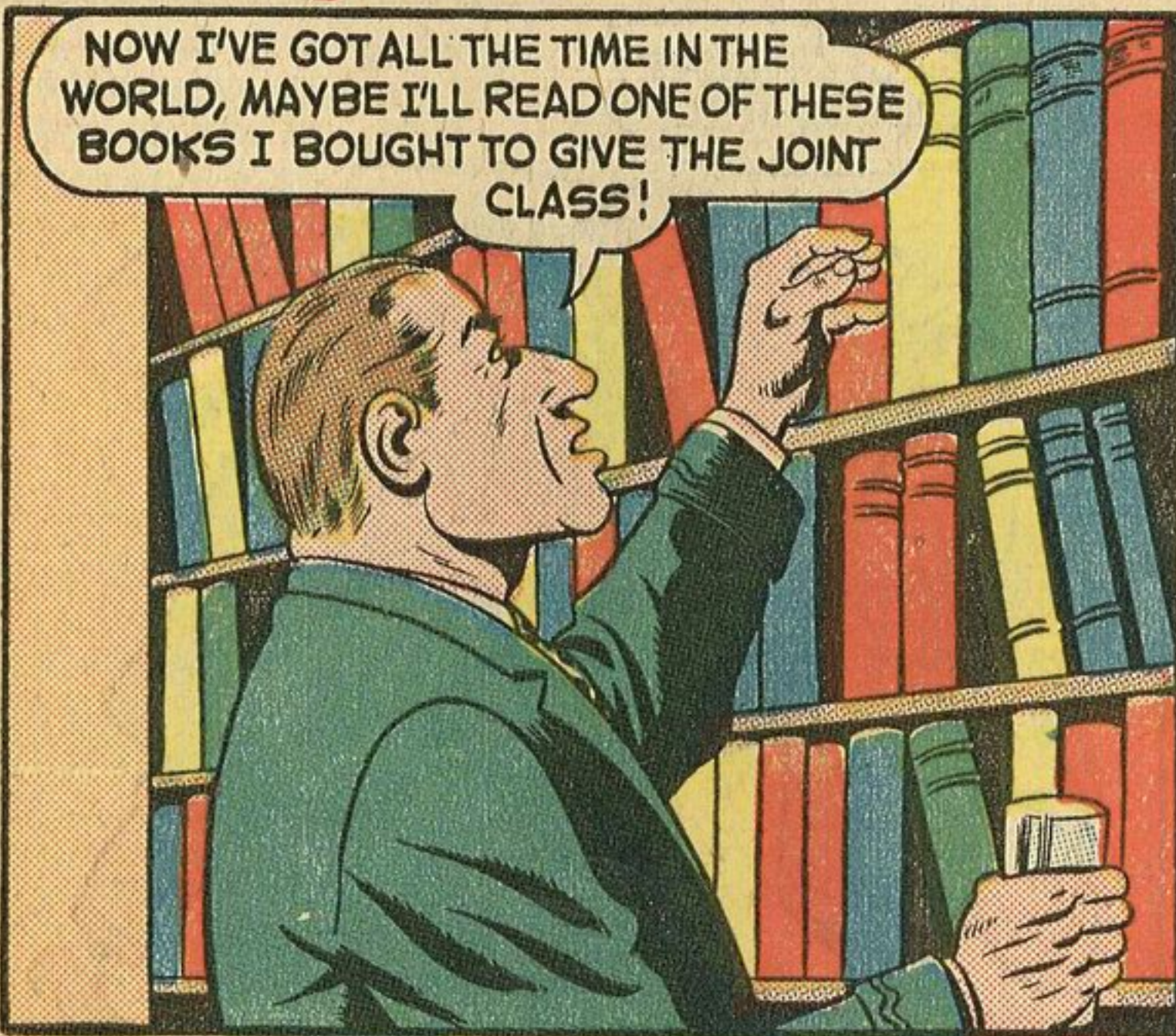
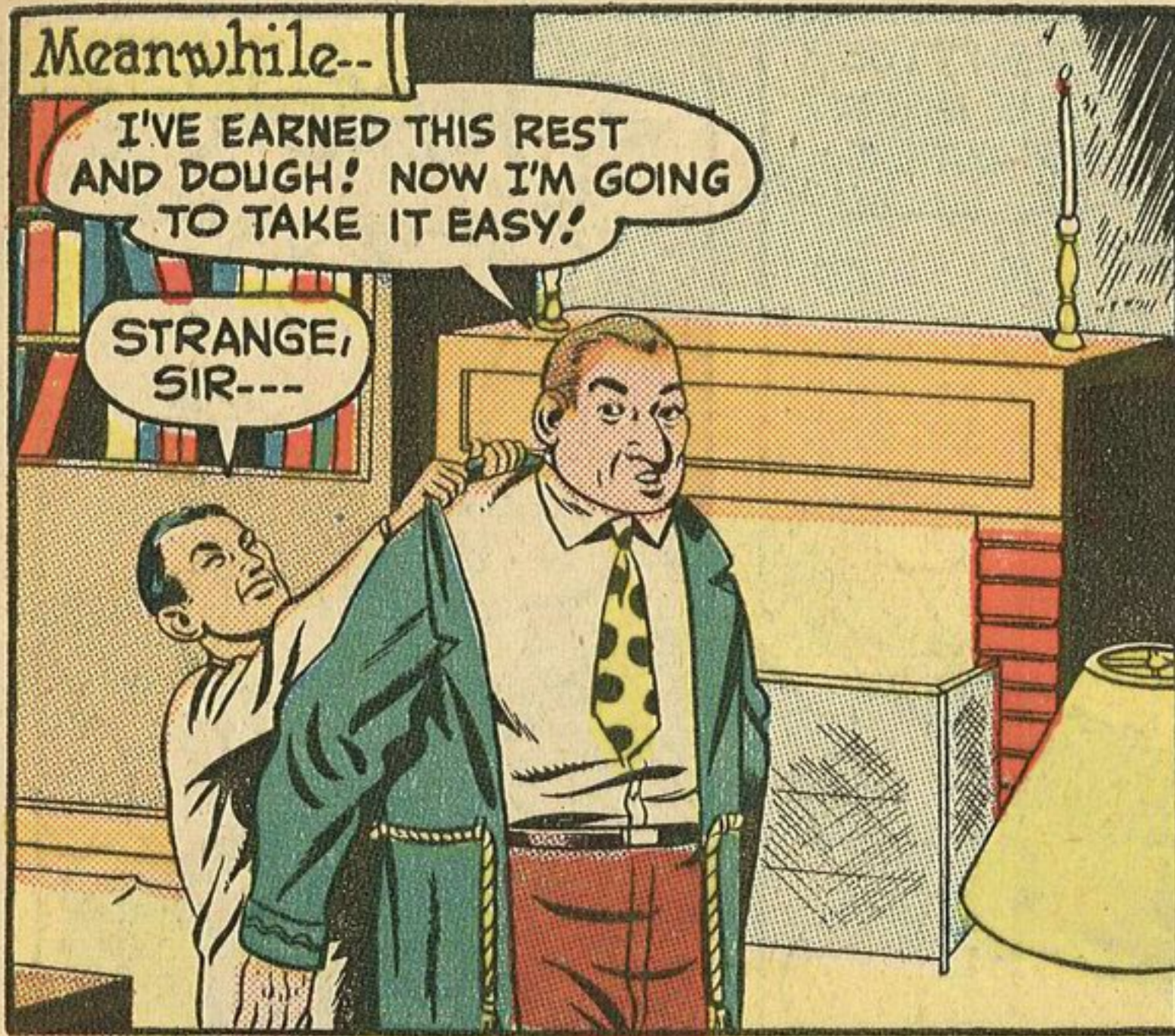


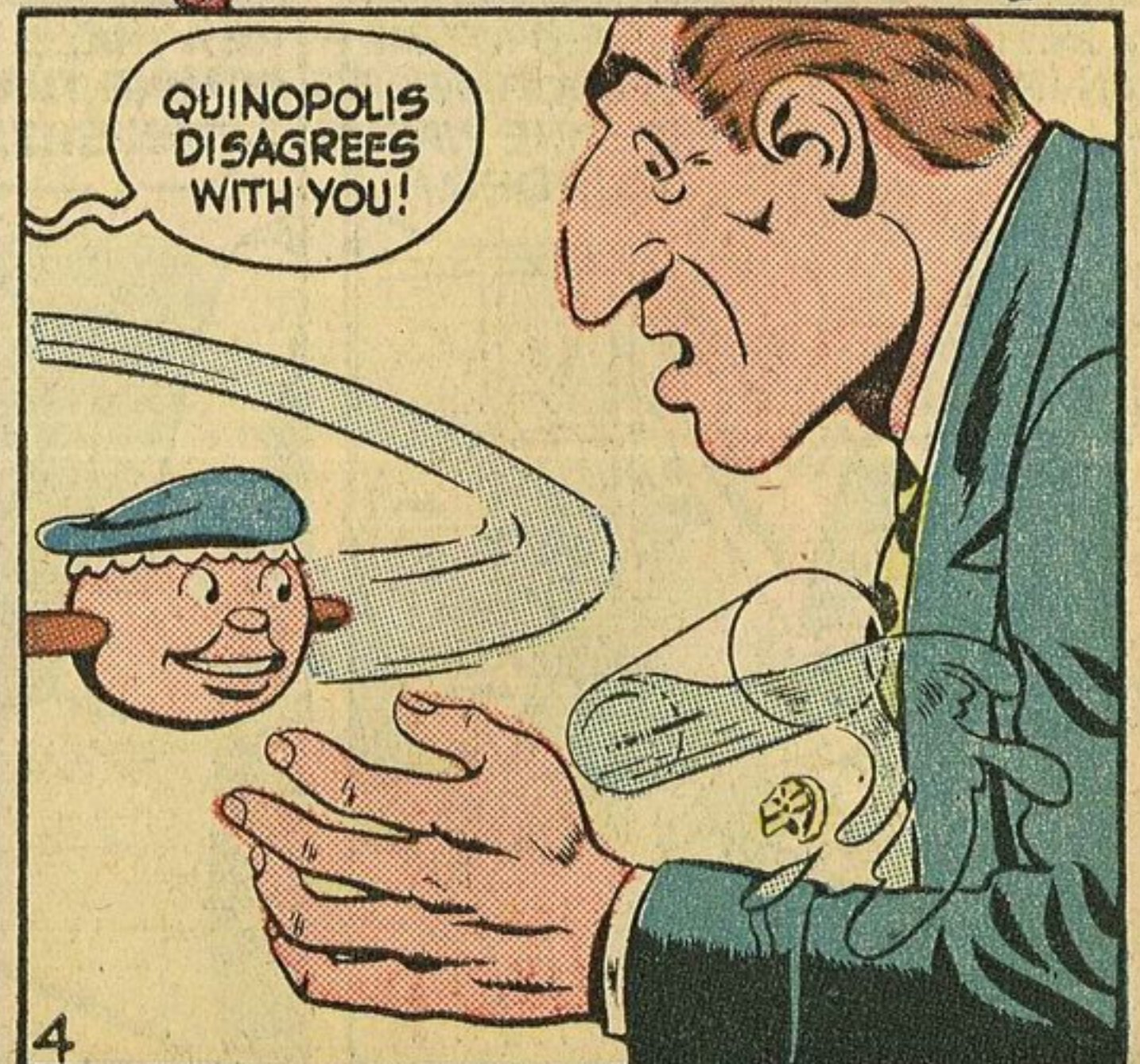
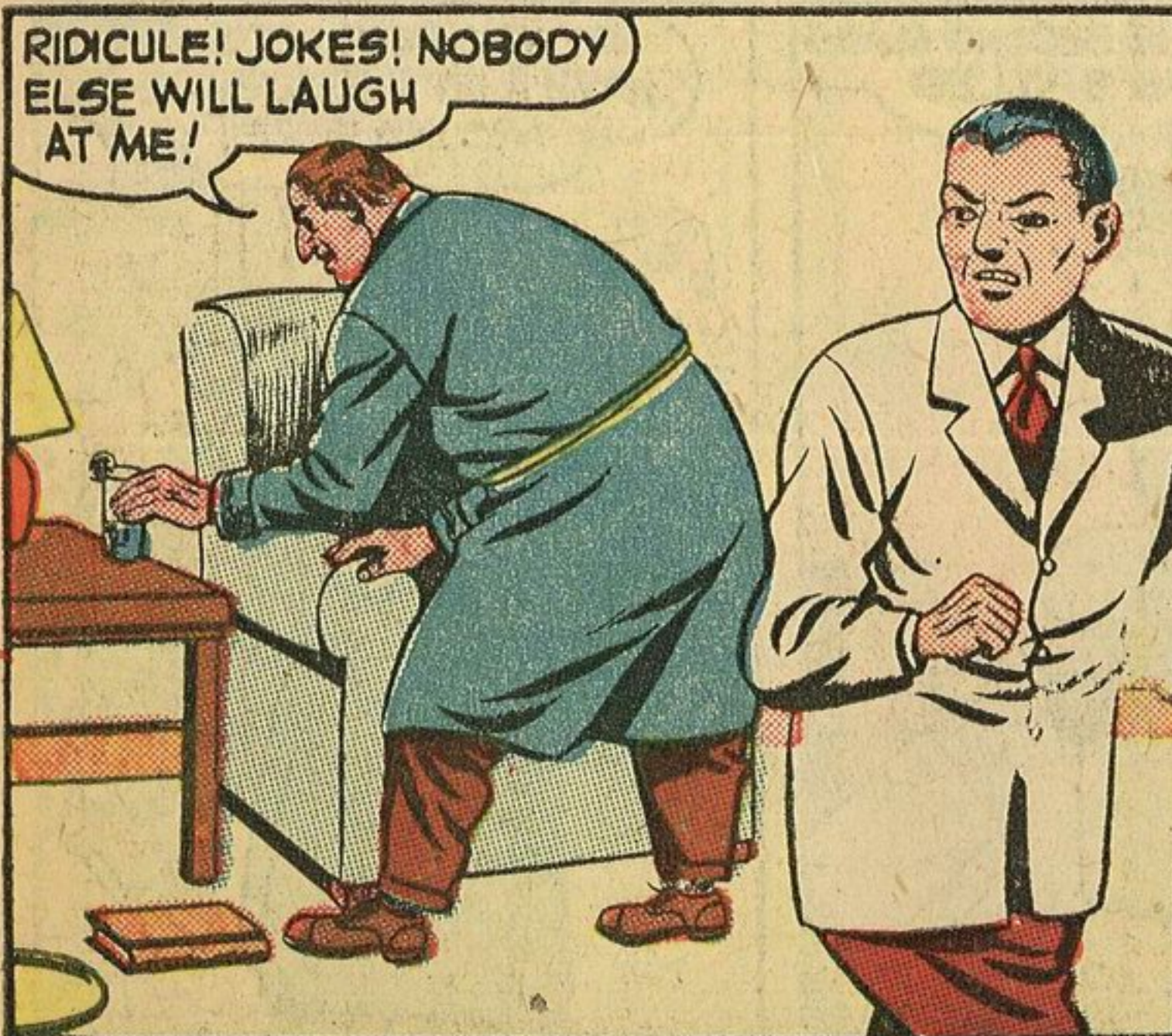
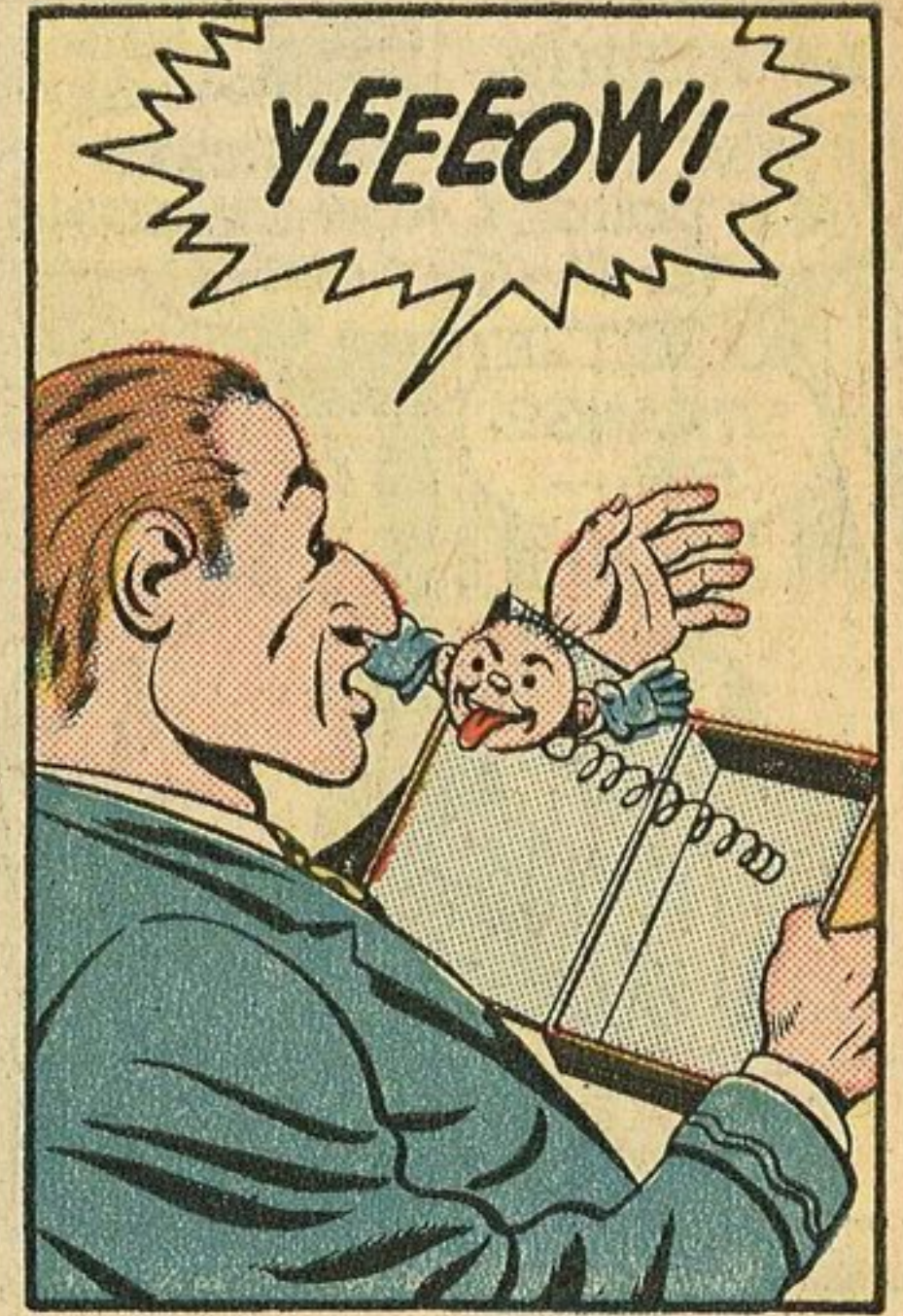
NOTHING DOIN'! I COULD BUY OUT YOU AND A MILLION LIKE YOU! NOW GET OUTA HERE!

SURE, SURE! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE!

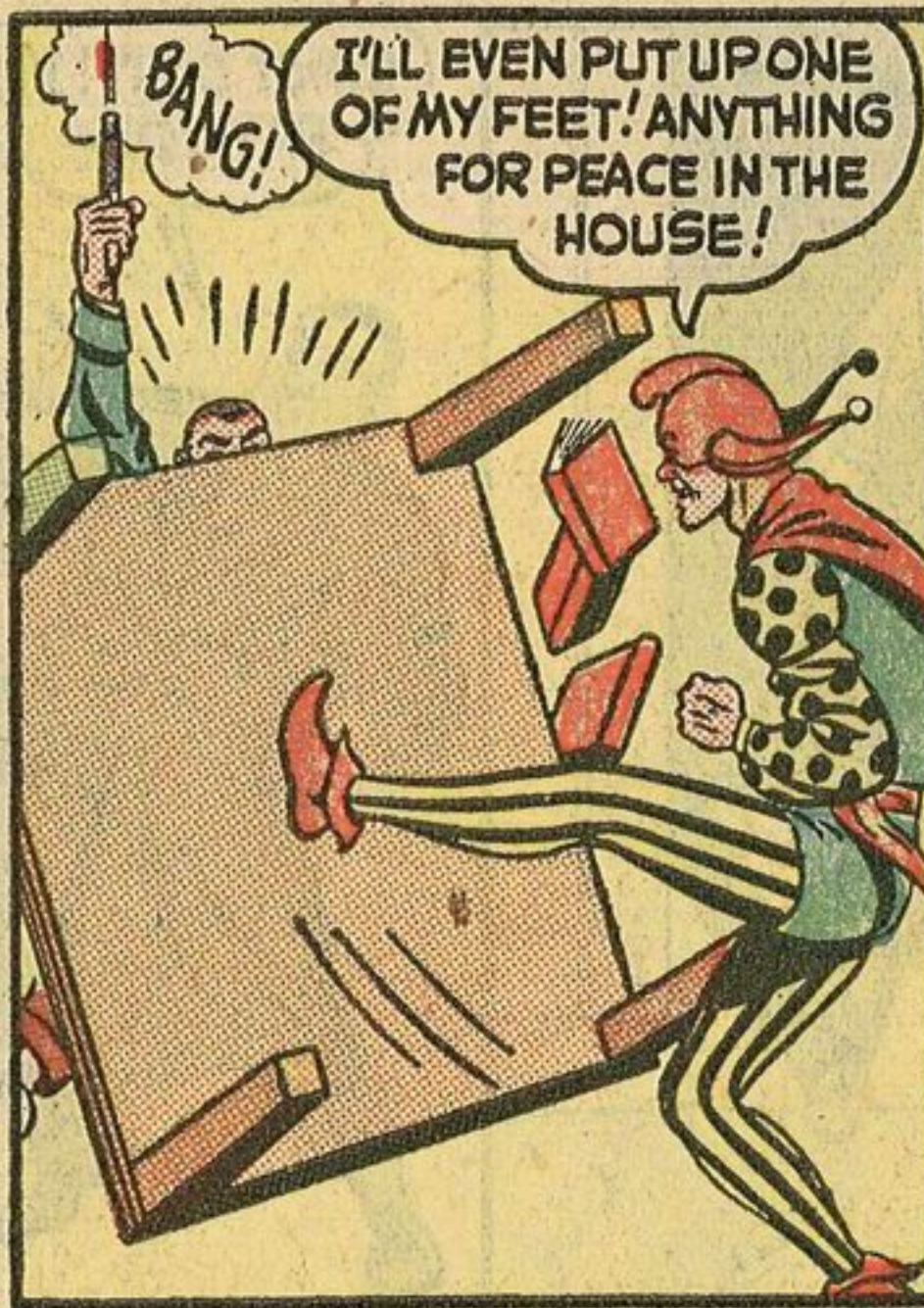


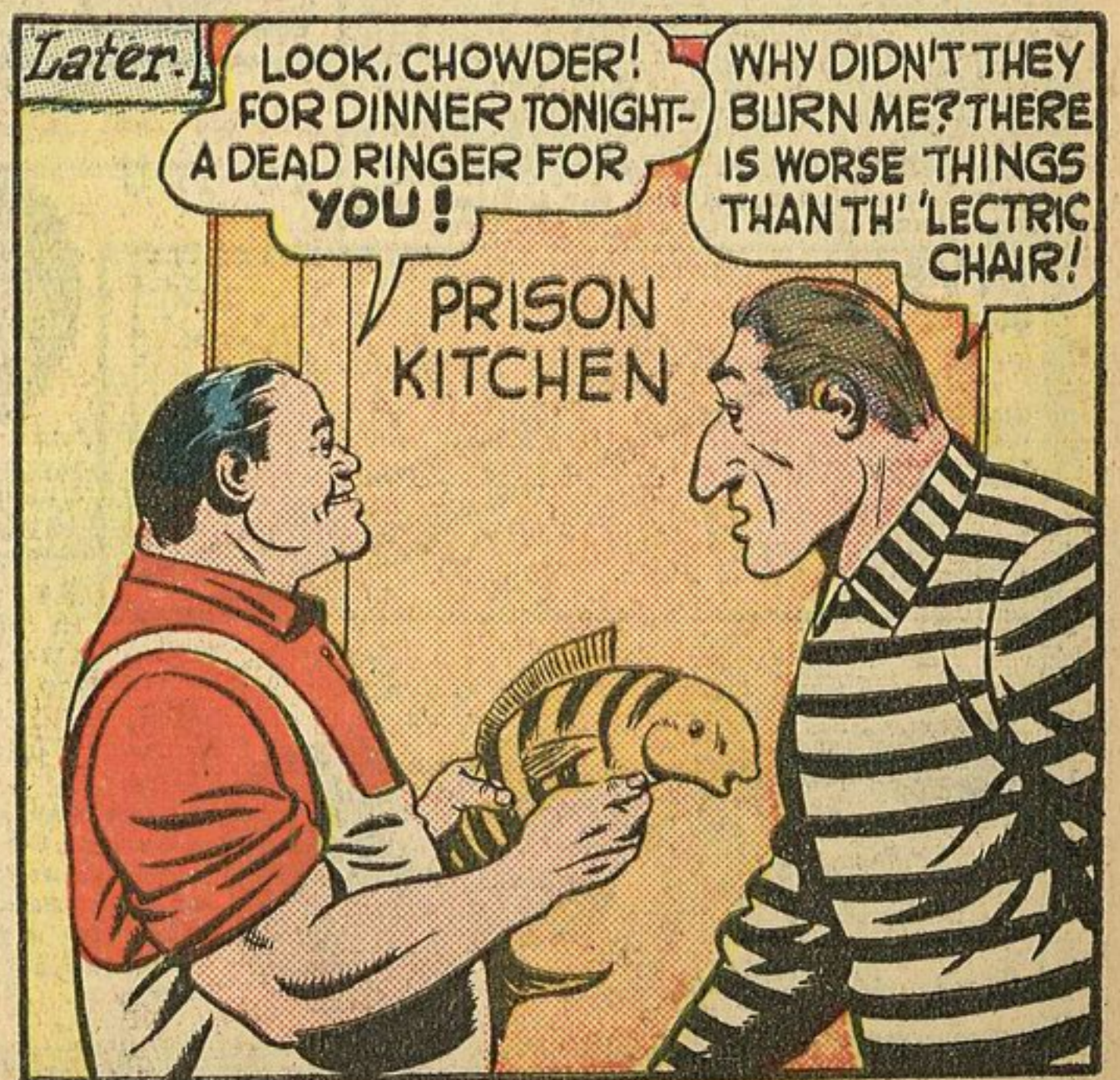
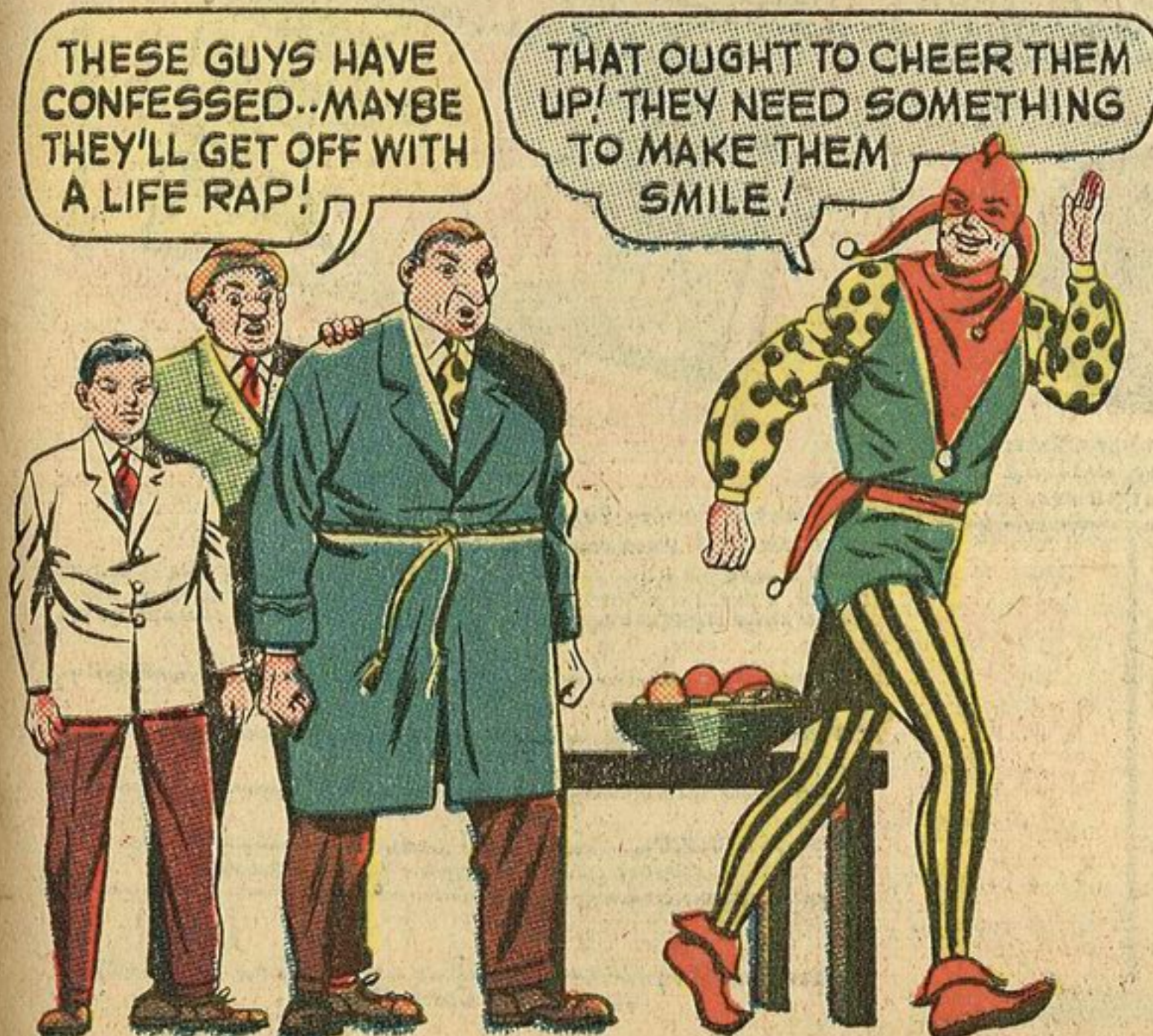
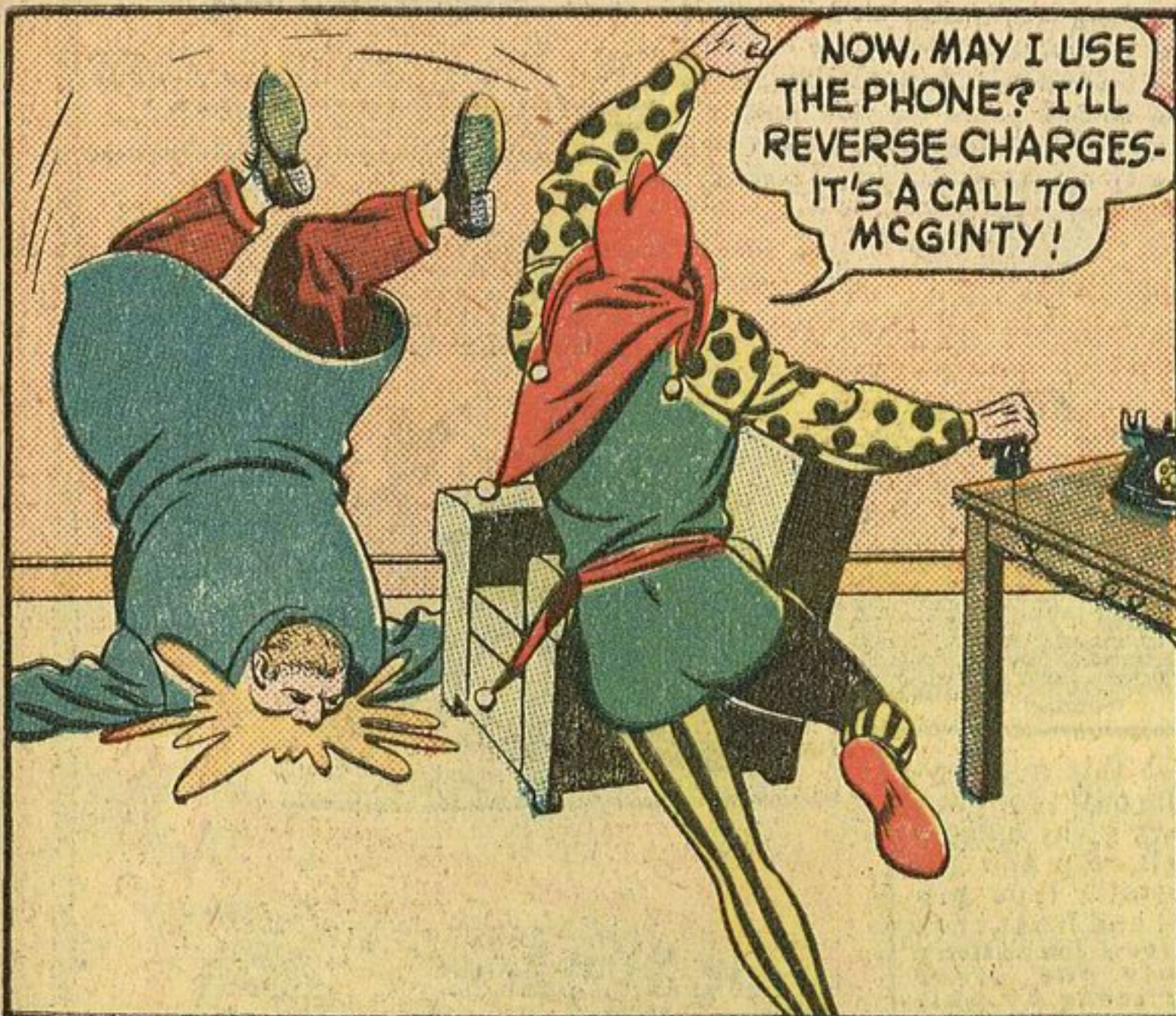














Blue Bird

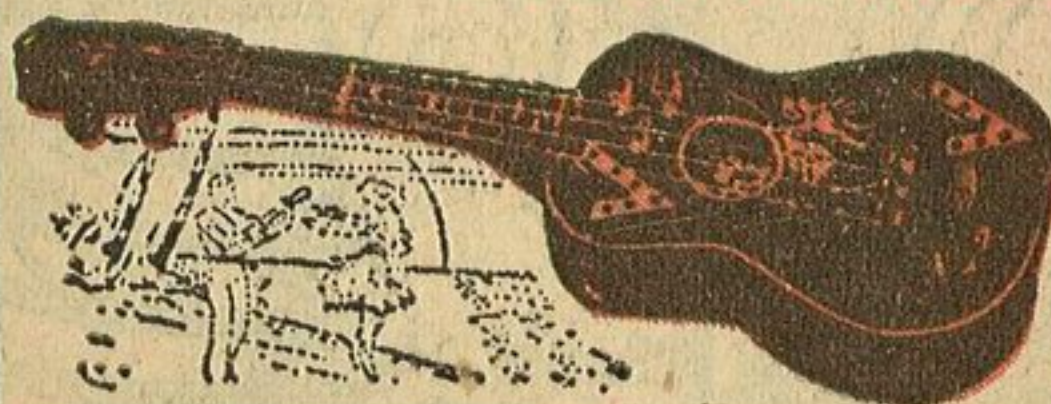
**One Pair
Racing HOMER PIGEONS**

It's fun to raise,
train and handle
racing Homer Pigeons. One pair
of mated birds
given for selling
2 orders
of seed.
Sent Ex.
Collect.

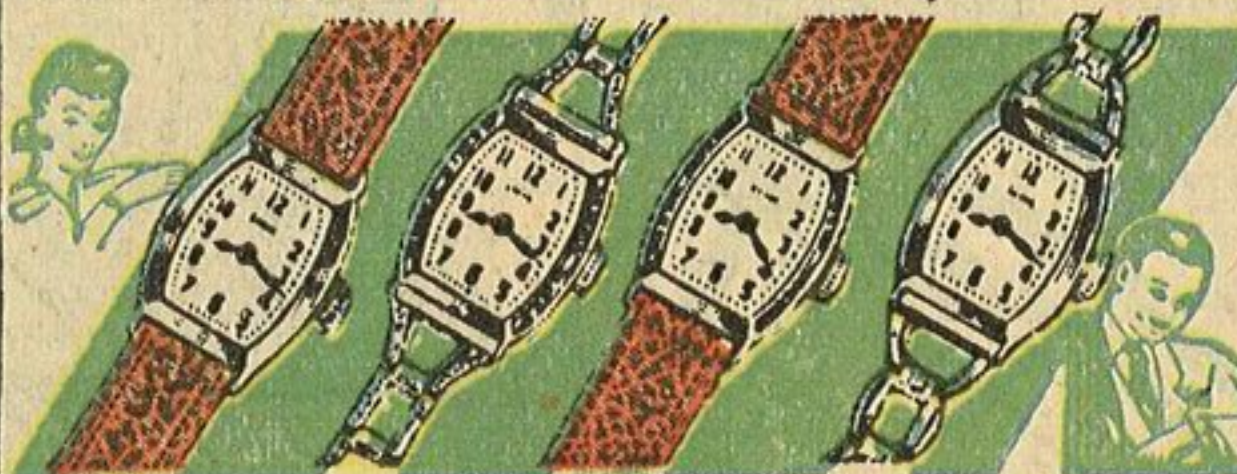
GIVEN
Good Luck
FISHING
OUTFIT.

A collage of various objects including a red stamp, a black and white photograph of a person, a red circular stamp, and a black and white photograph of a person in a boat.

"VICTORY UKE"



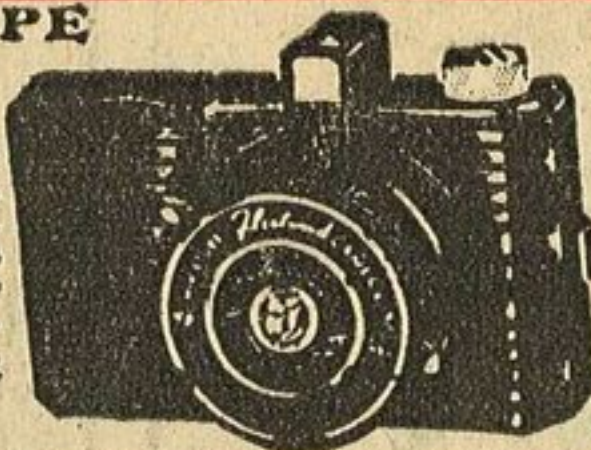
Choice Models for Men and Women, Boys and Girls.



Model "A" Model "B" Model "C" Model "D"

Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

Get only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.



Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts at 10c a packet. **SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.**

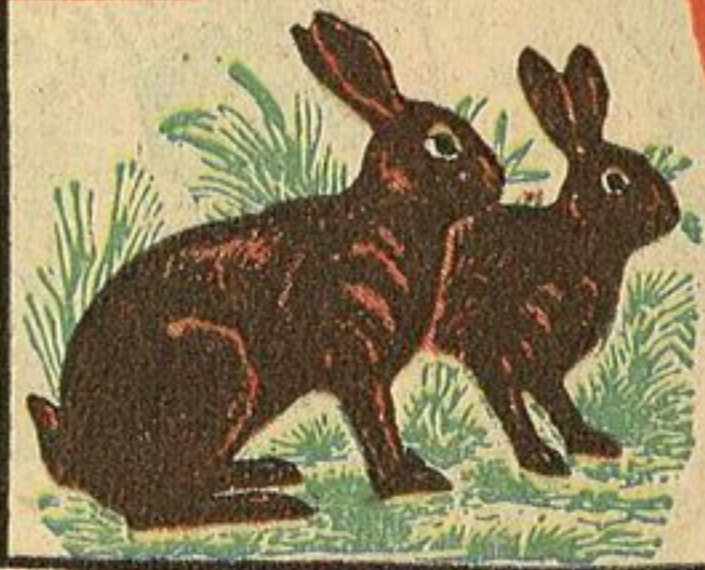
**Latest Rubber Valve Type
Given for selling only
40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.**

Plant A Victory Garden Again This Year



What a Pet! You will love it. Canary given for selling only two orders of seeds at 10 cts. a packet.
Sent Ex. Collect.

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and guarantee safe arrival One Pair of Rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.



**SEND
NO
MONEY**
**WE
TRUST
YOU.**

THIS BOOK IS YOURS **FREE**
WILL BE SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH SEEDS

BIG BAG of TRICKS

TRY THEM ON YOUR RELATIVES and FRIENDS

MAIL COUPON TODAY

40th
Year

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds "Bag of Tricks" shown above.

Name _____

Post Office _____

8124

Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____

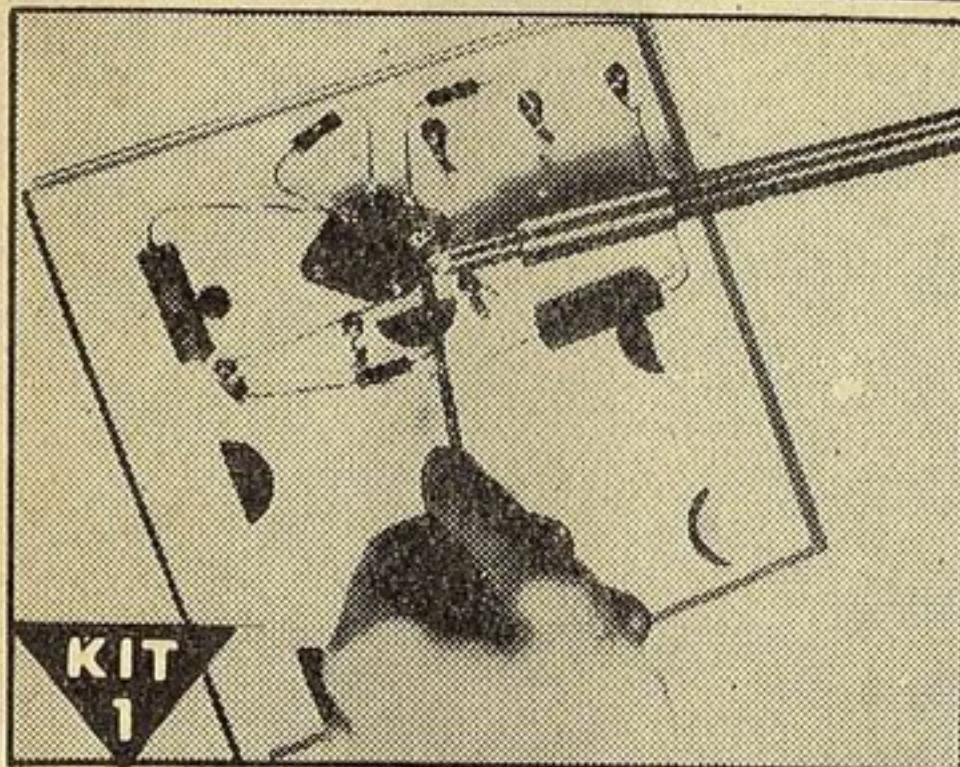
Print your last name plainly below

Save 3 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon
on a 16 Post Card **TODAY.**



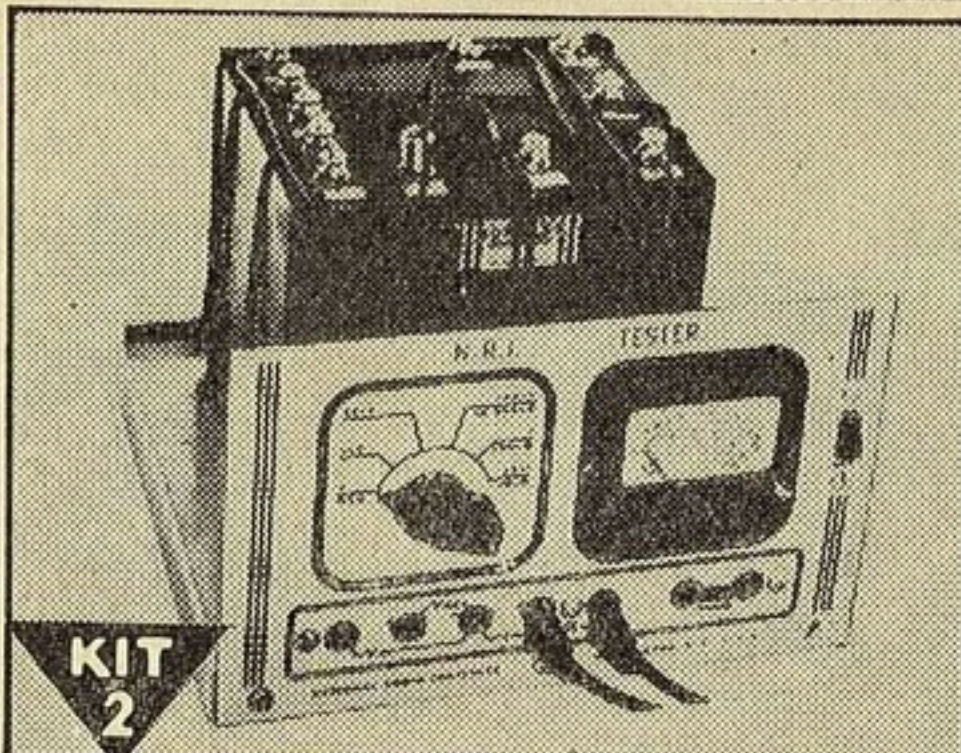
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



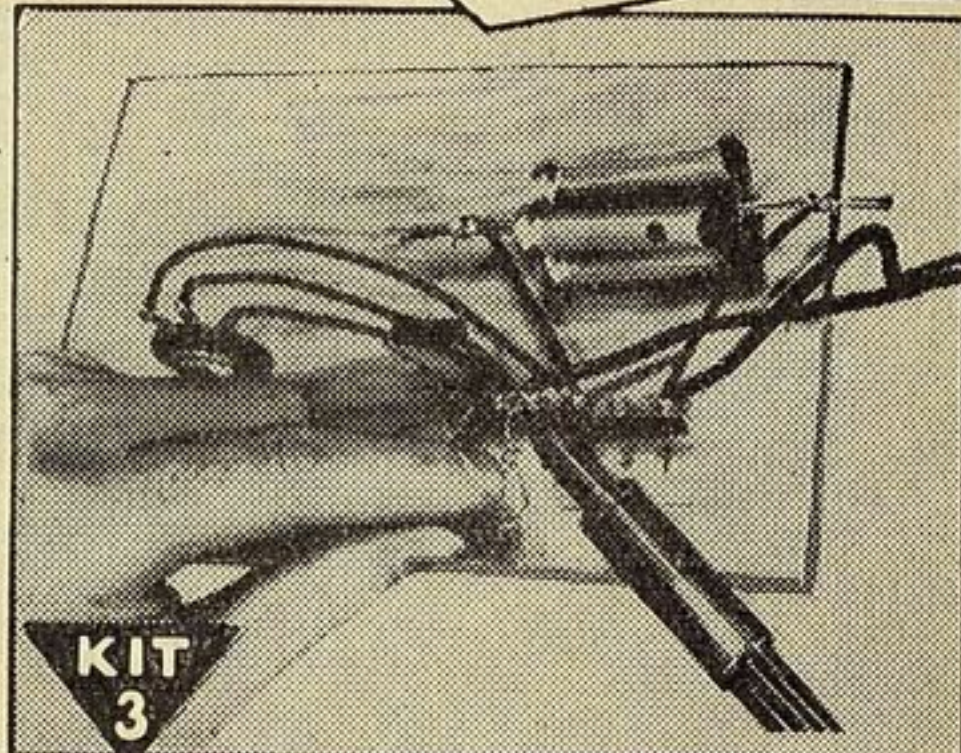
**KIT
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



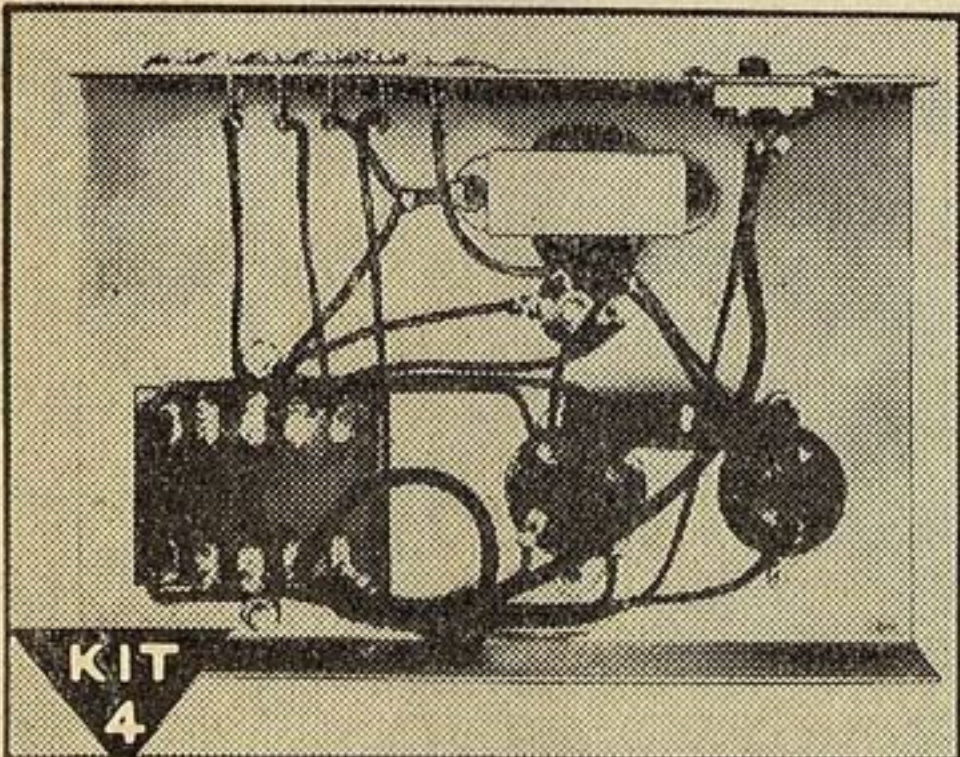
**KIT
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



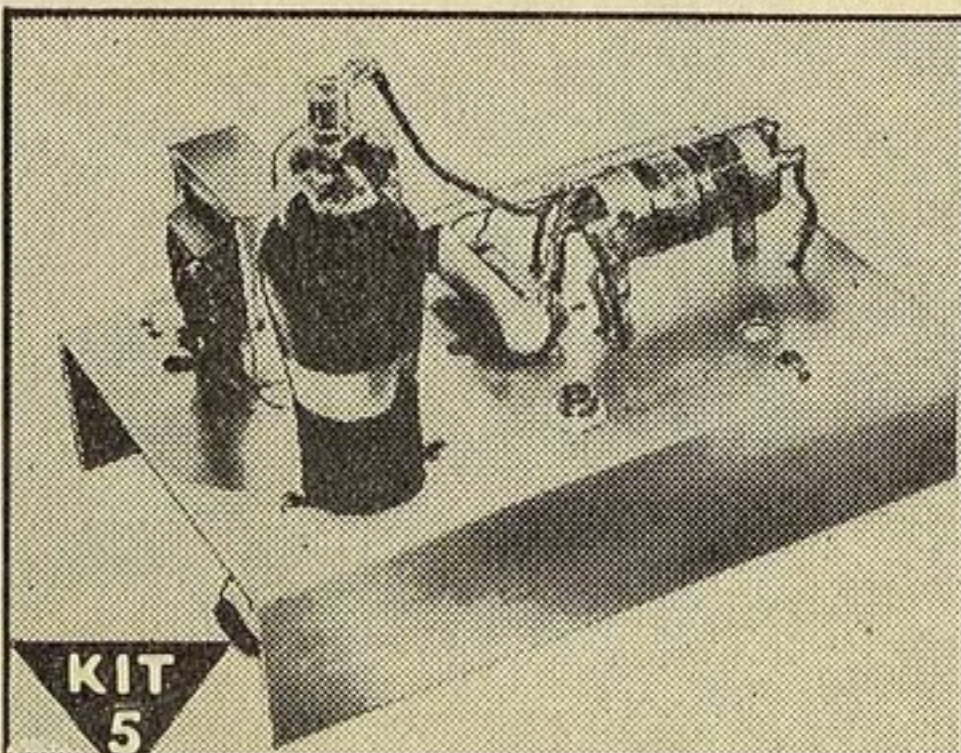
**KIT
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



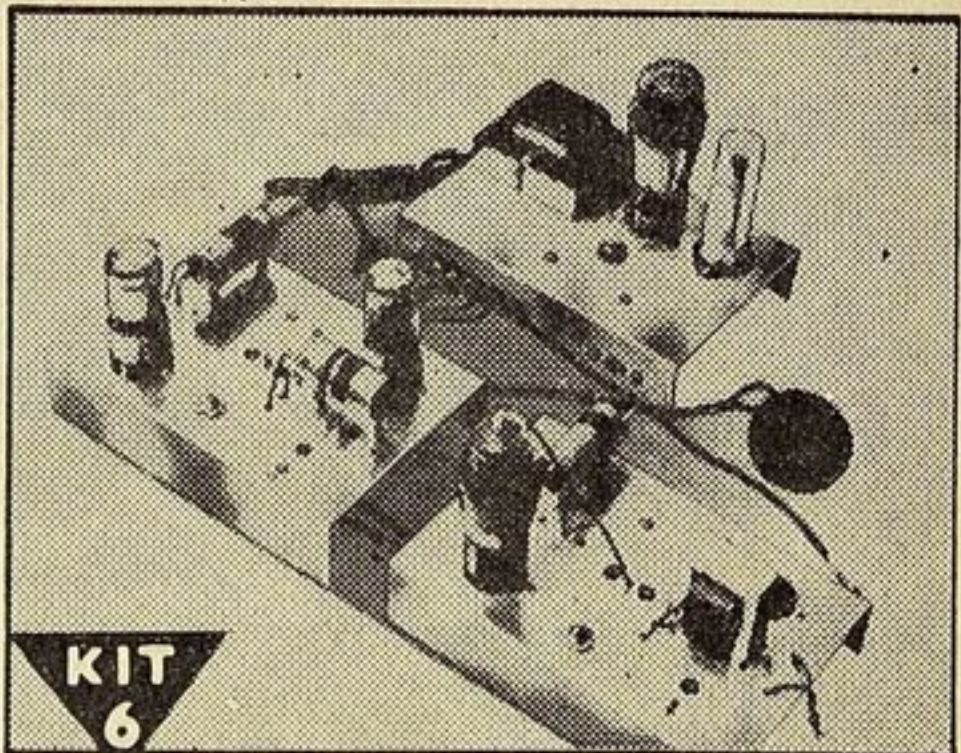
**KIT
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON. NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7BA3,
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
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GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
RECEIVER SERVICING



NEW

"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

**Tiny cell packs enough
ENERGY
to kick 186 field goals**

Like football? Like to sit breathless while the Big Team goes into kick formation for a last-minute winning try? Then listen: The great new "Eveready" flashlight cell NOW has energy equal to that used in making 186 *big-time field goals* from the 25-yard line? *Extra power* makes "EVEREADY" batteries the All-American choice for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



THE NEW "Eveready" flashlight cell literally *blasts* darkness with a dazzling beam of powerful white light. And does it for nearly *twice* as long as famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. Because this new cell packs 93% *more energy*! Service from "Eveready" flashlight batteries is nearly *doubled*...yet you *pay no more* for this far greater value! For longer life of brighter light...get these new "Eveready" flashlight batteries!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times longer life* than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. *That's* today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.



High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

